Collier's

TEN CENTS

SEPTEMBER 15, 1945

© THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

BEGINNING A NEW SERIAL

By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE

(AUTHOR OF ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT)

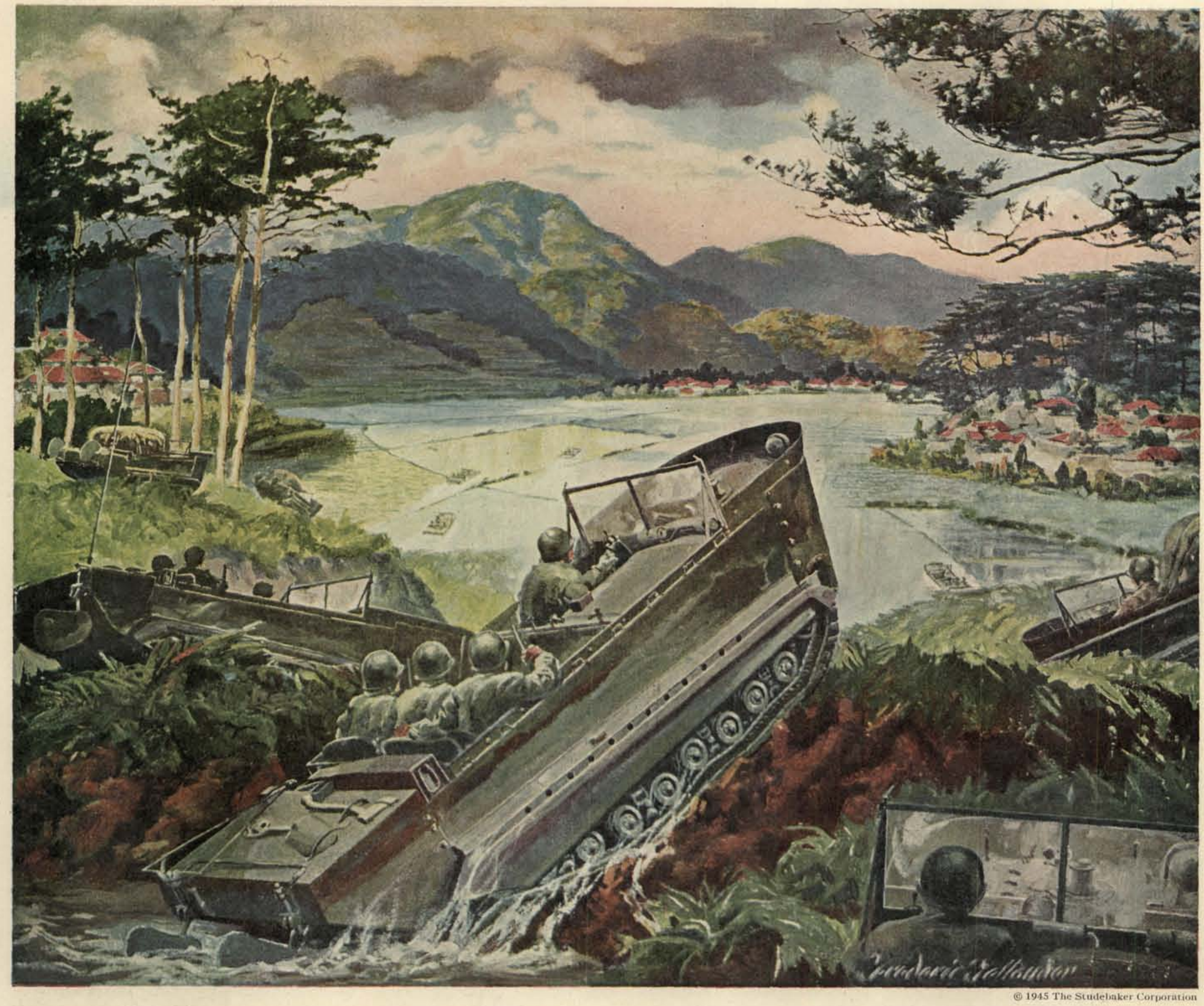
Library
Iola, Kansas

PHOTOGRAPH BY U. S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

GENERAL OMAR N. BRADLEY
Administrator of Veterans' Affairs

Sept. 15 - 1945

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY A
IOLA 5231
KANS C
RSS
24AU46



© 1945 The Studebaker Corporation

They never pick snap jobs for these Studebaker Weasels

THAT stretch of muck you see the Studebaker Weasels heading into in the picture is a soldier's nightmare of a truck trap and tank trap called a rice paddy.

Heavier vehicles would sink helplessly into the ooze. But these lightweight, broad-tracked Studebaker Weasels churn right through it with full loads of sorely needed men and supplies.

No wonder our hard-hitting fighters on the Pacific land fronts like to see plenty of Weasels around for emergency transport. Powered by the brilliant-performing, 6-cylinder Studebaker Champion engine, the Weasel glides right over swamp or mud, sand or snow. It can climb almost straight up—and its buoyancy enables it to travel like a boat in deep water.

Building more and still more Weasels is the first order of the day at Studebaker where scores upon scores of thousands of Flying Fortress engines and military trucks have been produced.

Of course, some new Studebaker Champion cars in a distinctive new skyway styling will be available soon for essential civilian transportation. But supplying needed war equipment for our fighting forces is Studebaker's number one job.

Awarded To All *Studebaker Plants*

Studebaker

South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

PEACETIME BUILDER OF FINE CARS AND TRUCKS

Wartime builder of Flying Fortress engines—military trucks—Weasel personnel and cargo carriers

Uncle Sam says:

"Take care of your car, brother—no telling when you'll be sure of a new one!"

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS, TOO!

In war or peace
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

Rubber springs for cars will bring the feather bed that rolls

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

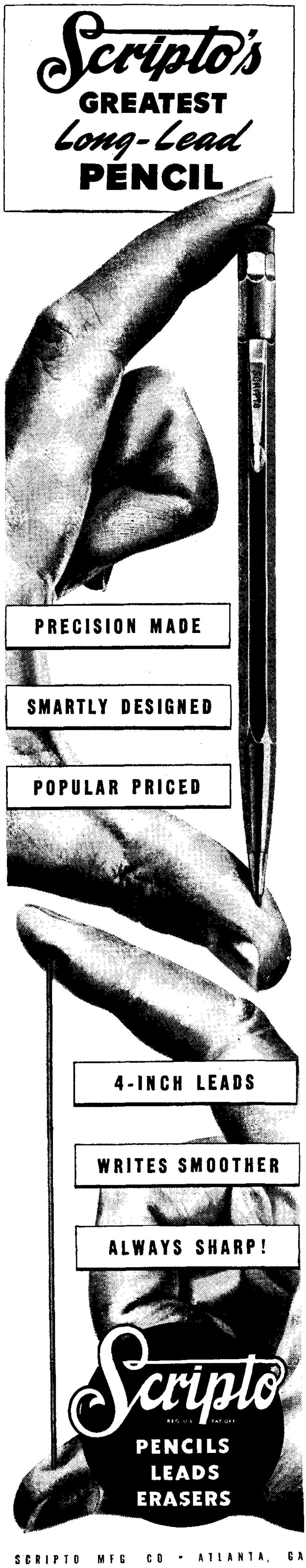
THIS is no future hope, no drawing-board dream—this B. F. Goodrich postwar contribution is finished, tested, will soon be on the road in the newest, most modern buses. It isn't yet being used in automobiles but *can* be—also in farm tractors, bicycles—in fact, almost any vehicle you can mention. It is the "feather bed ride" that designers have longed for—it is the rubber spring.

This B. F. Goodrich development will add more to riding comfort than anything since the air-filled tire replaced the solid tire many years ago. It consists of two cylinders—the space between them filled with rubber. The weight of the car connected to the inner cylinder makes it turn within the outside cylinder, gives a twisting action to the rubber. This absorbs practically all the bumps and road shocks that would pass right through the stiff steel springs.

Research at B. F. Goodrich applies not *just to new, unusual things like this but* to every type of tire and every kind of rubber product used in home or industry. No product, however familiar, is ever regarded as too "standardized" to be steadily and constantly improved. When you buy a B.F.Goodrich tire or conveyor belt or length of hose or anything that includes use of rubber or synthetics—you may be sure you're buying the latest improvements that science and study can make. This new spring is just one of a series of developments that started years ago and will continue. Research, to create better values, never stops at *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B. F. Goodrich

RUBBER *and* **SYNTHETIC** *products*



SCRIPTO MFG CO • ATLANTA, GA

Collier's
FOR SEPTEMBER 15, 1945

HENRY LA COSSITT • *Editor*
WILLIAM L. CHENERY • *Publisher*
JOE ALEX MORRIS • *Managing Editor*
KENNETH LITTAUER • *Executive Editor*
ALLEN MARPLE • *Fiction Editor*
WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN • *Art Director*

WALTER DAVENPORT *Politics*
W. B. COURTNEY *London*
MARTHA GELLHORN *France*
JIM MARSHALL *West Coast*
GRATTAN O'LEARY *Ottawa*
FRANK GERVASI *Mediterranean*
FRANK D. MORRIS *Pacific Fleet*

FREDERICK R. NEELY *Aviation*
EDWARD TOMLINSON *The Other Americas*
GEORGE CREEL *Washington*
ROBERT DE VORE *Washington*
WILLIAM HILLMAN *Washington*
JAMES C. DERIEUX *Washington*

KYLE CRICHTON *Articles*
HERBERT ASBURY *Articles*
AMY PORTER *Articles*
JIM BISHOP *Articles*
ANDRÉ FONTAINE *Articles*
HELEN P. BUTLER *Syntax*

ULRICH CALVOSA *Photographs*
GURNEY WILLIAMS *Humor*
AIMEE LARKIN *Distaff*
IFOR THOMAS *Studio*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
ELIZABETH BOUTELLE *Fiction*

this week

FICTION

PAGE

ARCH OF TRIUMPH By ERICH MARIA REMARQUE 11
The Serial Story. The first of six parts.

A PAIR OF SPECTACLES By DAVE GRUBB 15
They held magic only for those who needed magic to see the truth.

THE LAST STAND OF FELICITY JONES By ARTHUR GORDON 16
She wagered she'd make him kiss her, but he wasn't the type—at first.

MINSTREL BOY By KATHRYN FORBES 21
The Short Short Story.

BRING THEM BACK By MARK SCHORER 36
The wisdom of children can be a strong weapon against an adult world.

SAILOR, TAKE WARNING By WILLIAM L. WORDEN 64
A pin-up girl and a one-eyed cat play hob with a boat owner's emotions.

ARTICLES

COAL OR CHAOS IN EUROPE By HAROLD L. ICKES 14
We must ship 6,000,000 tons to the war-torn continent this winter—if only for selfish reasons.

BROOKLYN'S STURDY BRANCH By CHARLES DEXTER 17
The boss of the fabulous Dodgers is neither colorful nor boisterous.

LIGHTS OUT AT GOD'S LAKE By AMY PORTER 18
Photographing an eclipse of the sun in the arctic wilds.

THE GREAT NAZI GOLD RUSH By SYLVIA PORTER 20
A billion-dollar game of cops and robbers.

SEX IN THE CLASSROOM By DEAN JENNINGS 22
A university conducts a co-ed class in connubial happiness.

AIR POWER—TODAY AND TOMORROW By W. B. COURTNEY 24
Conclusion. The U.S. and her allies will have to develop and control the new air weapons to maintain world peace.

WORK AND GET WELL By GENE CASEY 26
A man-size job is the best therapy for partially disabled veterans.

BYE-BYE, BUSHIDO By MAC R. JOHNSON 46
How American psychological warfare upset the Jap warrior's code.

POINTLESS—BUT GOOD By RUTH CARSON 75
New ideas for preparing fruit and vegetable menus everyone will enjoy.

●

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By FRELING FOSTER 6

WING TALK By JIM MARSHALL 8

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW By DAVID O. WOODBURY 80

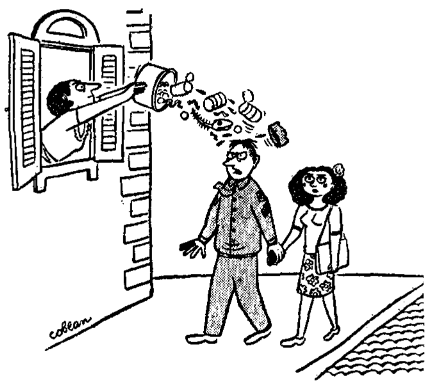
THE WEEK'S WORK By AMY PORTER 89

EDITORIAL: *Charter for Postwar America* 90

COVER By *U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS*

any week

WE DON'T know who is the author of A Soldier's Guide to Bressanone, Italy. This is a brochure designed to help our soldiers enjoy that lovely town while waiting transportation back to the States. For example: "When walking down the street with a local girl don't be surprised if she insists on walking on the outside. Thus when garbage is thrown out an upper window it will not fall on your date but fall on you, which is very chivalrous. What's a little garbage if you're in love?"



A YOUNG woman from Maine had just completed her first three months as a secretary in the War Production Board. An extremely intelligent young woman—mind open at one end and closed at the other. Nothing escaped her. As she launched herself on her fourth month, her boss asked her what she thought of government work. "Hardly requires any thought," she replied. "All the government has to do is to tell the people what they may not do. But some day a red, ravening revolutionist is going to think up something that the people may do and he'll probably get in awfully bad with the F.B.I."

AND we've just heard of a congressman who was all packed to make a European junket—on the cuff, of course. He was all set—speeches and statements for the press all written, uniforms bought and everything. But one day the War Department telephoned his secretary, who went to his boss and said: "There's bad news for you, Chief. They've decided not to let you march valiantly into the jaws of death."

ONE of our customers has a sixteen-year-old son whose school requires him to listen to a select few radio commentators. This customer isn't much of a political fan, being somewhat more interested in such simplicities as baseball. One morning he dashed down his newspaper and said he'd be doggoned, Pitcher Borowy had been waived out of the American League by the Yankees. His son shook

(Continued on page 49)

Vol. 116, No. 11. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1945, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $5.00 for two years, $7.00 for three years, in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to Subscription Department. The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and the new addresses.

©L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE 1 N Y

...which typewriter?

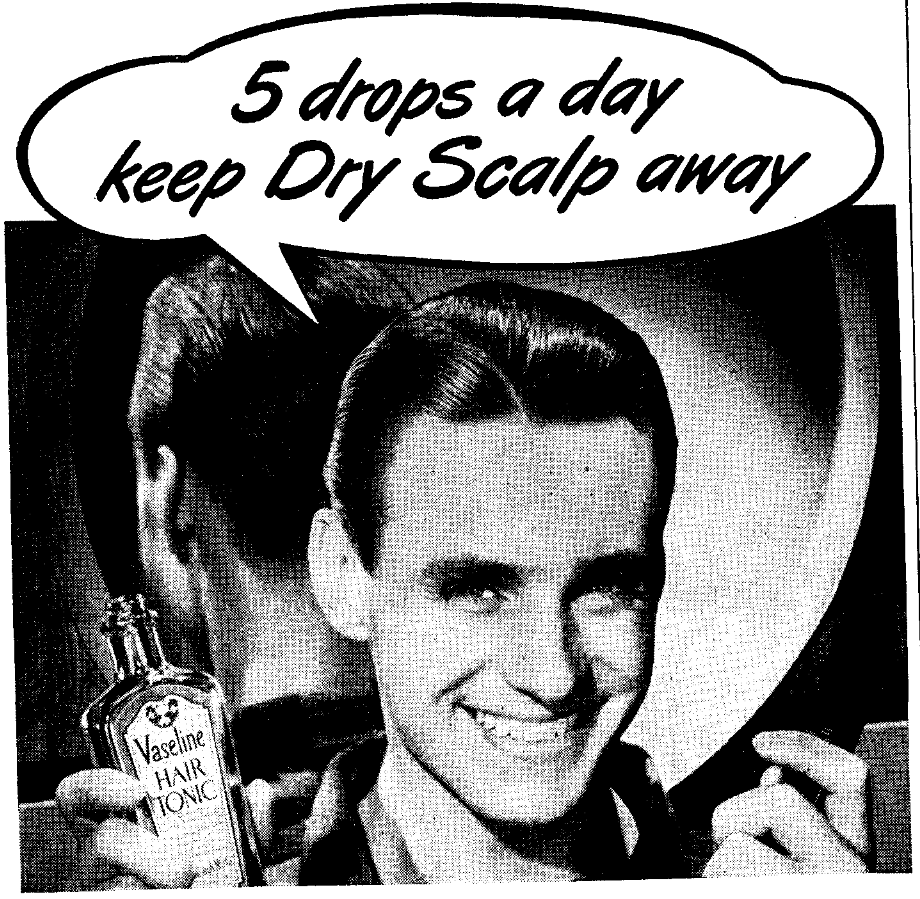
These stroboscopic flash images prove that no human fingers can ever match the top speed of the SMITH-CORONA. Taken at 1/60,000 of a second, you will notice the clear, sharp movement of type-bars and carriage; while the hands of the speed typist appear blurred beyond recognition. If it's professional championship speed you want—or just everyday office speed... the SMITH-CORONA has it... to spare.

Smith-Corona

Groton Plant

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

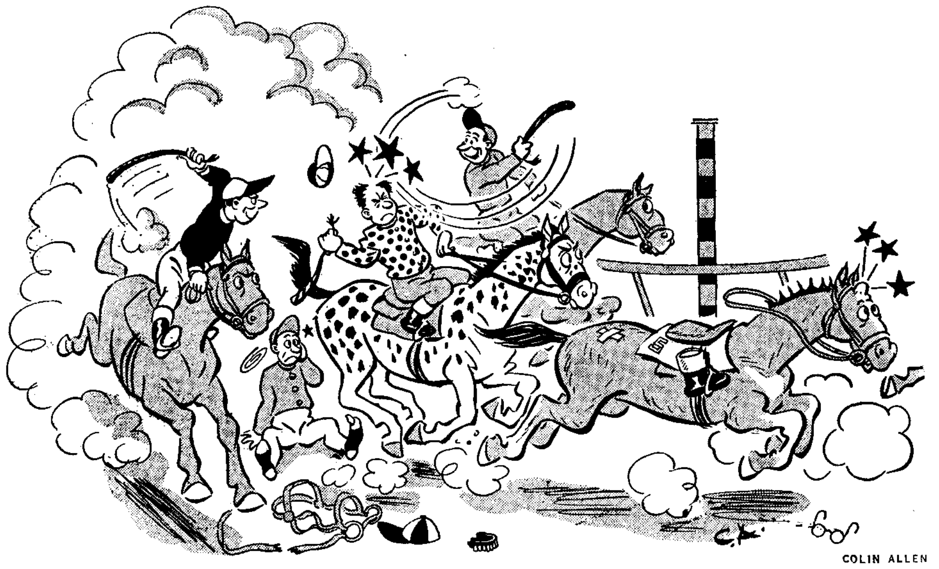
LOOK WHAT HAPPENS when nature fails to supply natural scalp oils your hair needs. Your hair loses its lustre. It's dry and hard to comb. You may be bothered with loose dandruff. That's why Dry Scalp is such a nuisance. It calls for the help of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.


5 drops a day keep Dry Scalp away
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TAKE ANOTHER LOOK! Just five drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic daily check Dry Scalp by *supplementing* the natural scalp oils. Your hair *looks* better. Your scalp *feels* better. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic works with nature—not against it—because it contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before shampooing. It gives double care to both scalp and hair.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

More bottles sold today than any other hair tonic



Keep up with the world

The Palio, a horse race held twice a year in Siena, Italy, for several centuries, creates more rivalry and bitterness than any other sporting event of modern times. The race is run by ten horses, each representing a different ward of the city and, as victory is so vital, every jockey is permitted—or was until shortly before the war—to beat his adversaries over the head with his heavy whip and try to knock them out of the race. Invariably, the winning rider required police protection, as attempts to stab him would be made—a few of which have succeeded.

For decades, distinguishing flags have been owned by many offices in the federal government, such as those of the Secretary of State, the Postmaster General and the Director of the Coast and Geodetic Survey. But the Vice-President of the United States did not have an official flag until 1936 when President Roosevelt ordered one designed for that office.

The only artificial or man-made language in international use is Esperanto which has surpassed all others in popularity because it is simple, easy to learn and free from national pride and prejudice and other psychological barriers. Up to 1939, more than 5,000 books and 100 magazines were published in Esperanto and, in many countries, it was taught in schools and used in cablegrams by large organizations. Today, it is spoken by about 5,000,000 persons of some 60 nationalities who identify themselves by wearing a green five-pointed star.

Since 1942, a traffic safety program in Lansing, Michigan, has not only decreased injuries and fatalities but made the citizens more observant of the motor-vehicle laws, because tickets for violations can no longer be "fixed" and the offenders must appear personally in court. An important factor has been a daily column in The Lansing State Journal, which lists the name, address, age and type of violation of each person receiving a ticket, irrespective of his position, and later publishes the amount of his fine.

Airmen who ferry planes usually know more about aircraft in general than other pilots because they may be called upon to fly as many as 30 different types of machines, each of which they must qualify themselves to fly by passing an examination based on the model's own book of instructions that may contain up to 700 pages.

An age-old wedding custom in Europe is for the bride to weep into a "tear handkerchief" and preserve it for burial with her so she may take to the grave the tears she shed on the happiest day of her life.

Typhoons, or the hurricanes of the Orient, are often named after the most important vessel whose loss they caused.

As the foot-and-mouth disease, the most infectious affecting animals, has no practical cure and is difficult to eradicate, it is still constantly present in nearly 80 countries, one of the few exceptions being the United States. No outbreak has occurred here since 1929, owing to the work of the Department of Agriculture, which even conducts all of its experiments on the virus in other countries, by special arrangement with their governments.

Many trades and professions produce such distinctive calluses and other marks on persons long employed in them that they serve as occupational brands and aids in identification. They include those which develop on the necks of violin players, the shins of paper hangers, and the hands of tailors, stonecutters and numerous others. Not long ago, a man on trial for the murder of a comrade in a coal mine based his defense on the claim that he had never been a coal miner. But he was found guilty after an examination of his face revealed that the skin contained thousands of infinitesimal splinters of coal—the brand of his trade.

In 1895, a young reporter named Louis Stone, in Winsted, Connecticut, realized that most people of his day believed everything they read and that many newspaper editors, therefore, would publish interesting stories irrespective of their veracity. So for many years, Stone invented and sold stories from coast to coast about such freaks of nature as a tree that produced baked apples, and a cow owned by two spinsters that was so modest she would not allow a man to milk her. Eventually, Stone became known as the "Winsted Liar" and Winsted became famous as his birthplace.

The first Diesel engine, made about 50 years ago for commercial purposes, weighed 450 pounds per horsepower; while one made today for the Navy's patrol vessels weighs less than five pounds per horsepower.

New York State now has a law under which the records of youthful offenders, unlike those of adult criminals, are held confidential and subject to inspection only at the discretion of the court.

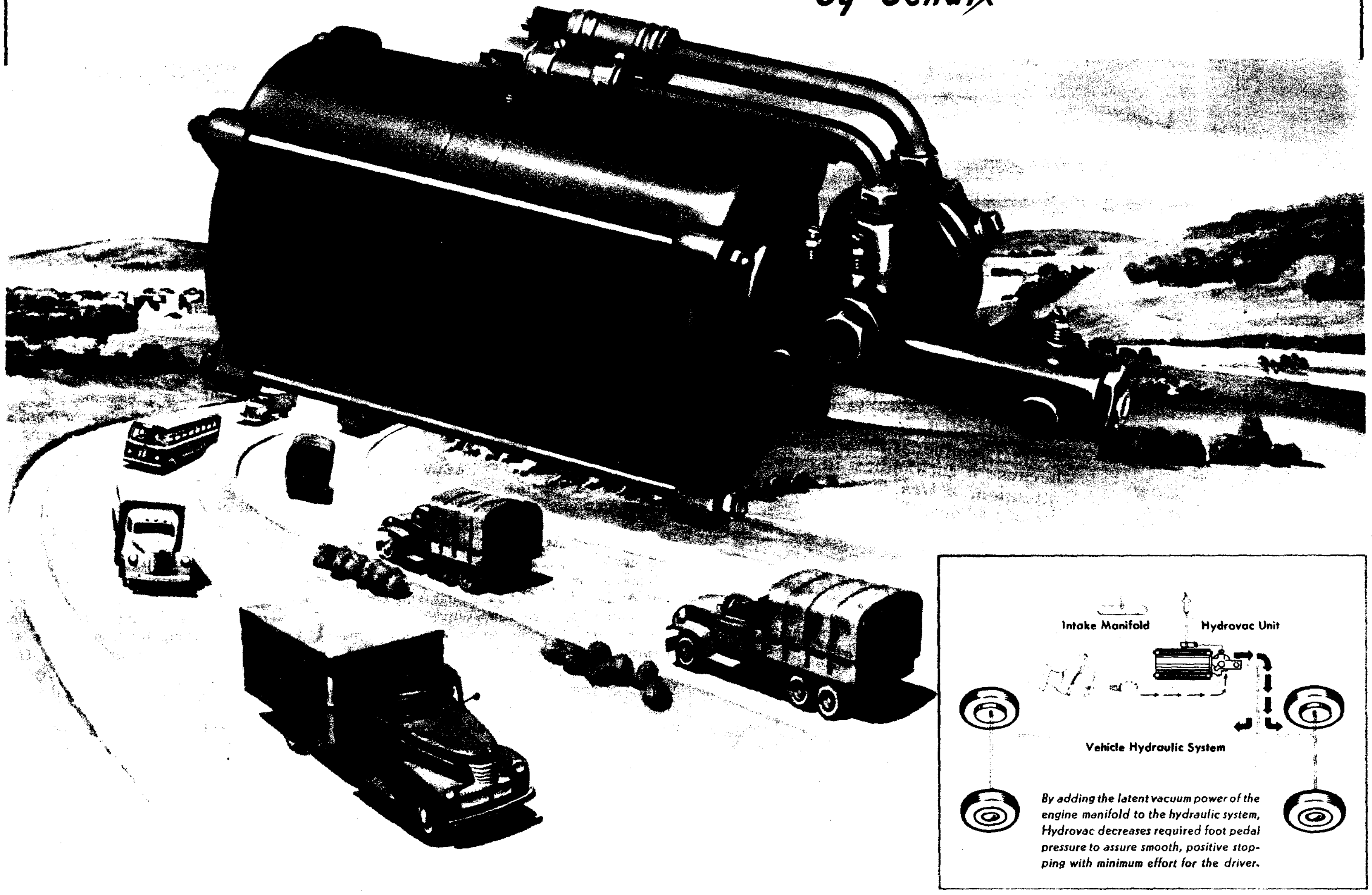
Thirty methods of execution—from sawing asunder to throwing from a high tower—have been used officially in the world at one time or another.

by Freling Foster

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission

THIS IS HYDROVAC

By Bendix



By adding the latent vacuum power of the engine manifold to the hydraulic system, Hydrovac decreases required foot pedal pressure to assure smooth, positive stopping with minimum effort for the driver.

The most advanced and best proved of all new power-braking units Now available for trucks and busses

Hydrovac*—a hydraulic-vacuum power-braking unit developed by Bendix—is everything you expect a genuine postwar product to be. Moreover, although it is entirely new in design and performance—*the last word in advanced engineering*—more than a million units have been built and it has been proved by billions of miles of service on the world's battlefronts.

Now available for civilian trucks and busses, Hydrovac does the hard work of brake application, yet gives drivers the natural pedal action and feel needed for greatest safety and efficiency. This mighty *mechanical muscle* is easily connected into the vehicle's hydraulic system and needs no adjustment at installation or in service. Because of its compact, sealed design, it has no outside working parts to clog with rust and dirt. And it does not burden the engine because its power is derived from the vacuum already existing in the intake manifold.

If you own, sell, buy or service trucks or busses, you will naturally want to know more about Hydrovac—the most advanced and best-proved new power-braking unit. For an interesting booklet giving full details, write direct to

BENDIX PRODUCTS DIVISION
SOUTH BEND 20, INDIANA

*Trade Mark

COPYRIGHT 1945 BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

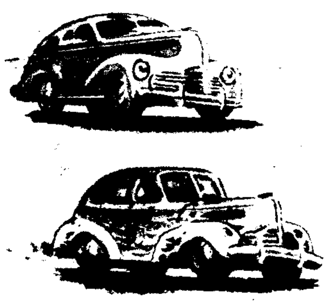
Listen to "MEN OF VISION" Sundays 7 P.M. E.W.T. CBS.

First IN CREATIVE ENGINEERING
Builders of the INVISIBLE CREW

PRODUCT OF
Precision
Equipment
Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

Bedtime Stories FOR GROWN-UPS

Beauty AND THE BEAST



Once upon a time, before the war, these two cars were identical in looks and performance. Now one of them is a "clunker" . . . neglected, abused, ready for the junk heap. The other is in A-1 condition because it got the best in care and attention. *Which is your car . . . beauty or beast?*

Alice IN WONDERLAND

Our Alice is a smart, capable young woman. But when she gets in her car, she finds herself in Wonderland . . . wondering whether it will start, wondering whether it will take her where she's going, wondering whether the brakes will work. *Have you kept your car dependable . . . or is it like Alice's—all awonder?*

JACK THE GIANT KILLER

Here's the man who can put an end to your car service troubles, large or small. He's your United Motors Service man. Let him give your car the care and attention it deserves . . . with the assurance that all necessary repairs will be made with *original-equipment parts* for top performance, long life.

UNITED SERVICE MOTORS

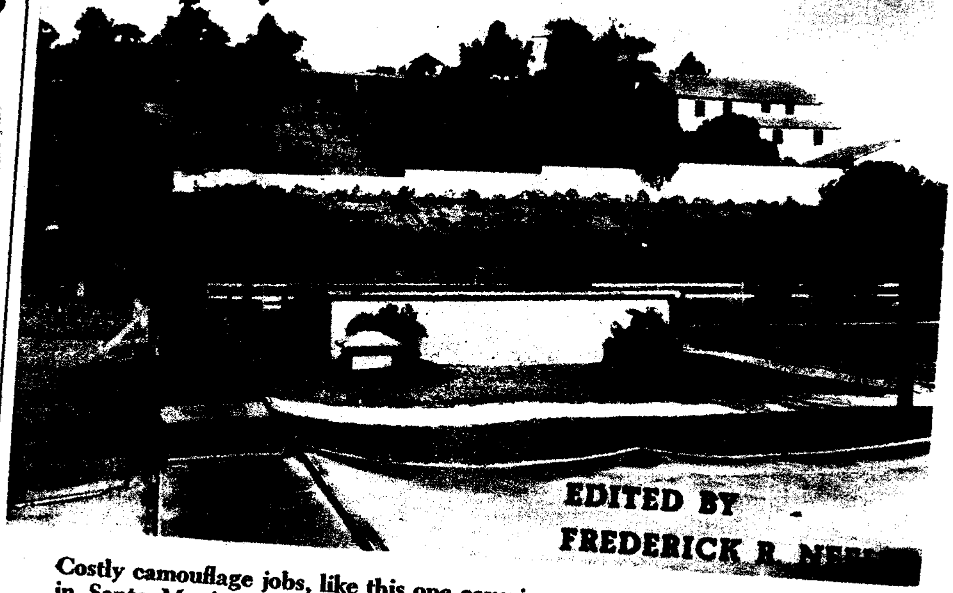
Look for this sign— IT'S RIGHT NEARBY

United Motors Service is a nationwide organization of selected independent service stations authorized to sell and service these products:

DELCO Batteries
AC Fuel Pumps Gauges and Speedometers
INLITE Brake Lining
DELCO Radio Parts
HYATT Roller Bearings
DELCO Auto Radios
HARRISON Heaters
DELCO Home Radios
NEW DEPARTURE Ball Bearings
HARRISON Thermostats
DELCO Shock Absorbers
GUIDE Lamps
DELCO-REMY Starting Lighting and Ignition
KLAXON Horns
HARRISON Radiators
DELCO Hydraulic Brakes

THREE DOLLARS BRING HOME FOUR—IN WAR BONDS

Wing Talk



EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NE

Costly camouflage jobs, like this one covering one of the Douglas hangars in Santa Monica, California, made the cost of planes necessarily high

IN a big West Coast airplane plant the other day, a little man came into the editor's office of the company's monthly house organ—a 24-page slick-paper magazine devoted to plant activities. The little man laid a copy of the magazine on the editor's desk, pointed to himself and said:

"GAO." The little man meant he was from the General Accounting Office in Washington.

He opened the magazine. Each picture had figures on it—45-55; 75-25 and so on.

"How much did the photograph for this picture cost?" asked GAO.

"I don't know. Maybe $2.50."

"Have to be more exact than that, young man. And how much did the engraving cost?"

"About $7.50, I reckon. Why?"

"Government wants to know. Now this picture of these riveters making a new record. We figure—we of GAO—that this picture is about 55 per cent managerial vanity and about 45 per cent worker-incentive. So, if it cost $10 to print we can allow you $4.50 as production cost, to be charged against your airplane. The other $5.50 will have to come out of company profit.

"Now we'll go through the other pictures. This one, I'd say, is about 10 per cent worker-incentive and 90 per cent vanity—"

"Say! What's the GAO trying to find out, anyway?"

"Just what an airplane costs, young man!"

NOBODY was much concerned with costs at first. The Army and Navy demanded aircraft production, and didn't quibble about prices. The expanding aircraft industry, multiplying in men, materials and output, gave them production to an astounding degree. But cost became a will-o'-the-wisp which no one has been able to pin down since.

Many top executives in plane plants haven't been the same since they found that, in accounting parlance, they're just "burdens." Anyone who doesn't take part in the actual physical building of a plane is a burden. Guards, secretaries, phone operators, vice-presidents, whitewings and plant cafeteria bus boys are lumped as burden labor.

How would you know how much of this burden cost to charge against each airplane? Let's take an example—the Northrop Black Widow P-61 night fighter, built by Northrop Aircraft at Hawthorne, California.

The Black Widow is a good sample because it was designed, tested and then rammed into full production during this war. And it was entirely new—no one had had any experience building this type of airplane.

"How much will it cost?" the Army asked.

Accountants went into a huddle. They came out with an estimated figure—something over $100,000, not including GFE, or Government Furnished Equipment, such as engines, propellers, radio, guns and instruments.

The Army ordered the Black Widow on a CPFF (cost-plus-fixed-fee) contract based on the estimate. This contract meant the manufacturer could earn only a fixed profit on each airplane. If his costs went up, the Army would check them carefully and pay them, if they stood the scrutiny of inspectors. But the profit would remain the same.

Production began. With it came the gremlins, upsetting estimates and throwing accounting systems out of kilter. Skilled toolmakers were scarce. The War Labor Board hiked wages to attract toolmakers. The red line of costs mounted as tooling costs were raised. The Army demanded proof on all charges. More clerical workers and more accountants were needed to furnish this. Burden costs followed climbing tooling expenses.

UNDER the CPFF contract the government was paying for materials as they were shipped into the Northrop plant. Other West Coast aircraft factories were running into material shortages paralyzing their production lines.

The Army cut red tape to find the answer. It worked fine, but it drove the accountants crazy.

As Black Widow production mounted, combat experience showed that everything wasn't just right, as is always the case with a new design. First models had a type of cabin heater which met original Army specifications. Specifications weren't high enough, so they were changed. Heaters now must bring the temperature up from 65 degrees below zero to freezing, and the first units were not up to the job.

When the change went in, Northrop was caught with 270 heaters, more than $53,000 worth. There was no use for them. Eventually they were transferred, at full value, to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, for conversion.

A design change outmoded the de-icer fluid tank. This receptacle, built to hold three gallons, was made of aluminum and tailored to fit the P-61. It cost $26.50, and the company had 210 left when it was replaced with a new design.

Bids were taken. Would-be purchasers offered ten to sixty cents each. The company kept the tanks. All but sixty of them since have been transferred to Army bases for other uses.

One manufacturer has a small mountain of finely machined landing-gear pins, turned and drilled to one 10,000th-of-an-inch tolerance. These were replaced by newer designs. Their cost was several dollars each. No one knows what their present value is—as scrap.

This is part of the "waste" which will some day be told. But each instance also involves engineering changes demanded by pilots at the front which went into the fast-moving line of aircraft, upsetting calculations and adding more imponderables to the current prices of planes. The scrapped designs and the work involved in them must be charged to the cost of the airplane.

(Continued on page 88)

Look What Can Happen to Your Kitchen!

Your Setting . . . A modern Ranch House kitchen with *room* . . . lots of room! A two-compartment storage cupboard that holds a season's supply of staples and canned goods on one side . . . cleaning equipment, laundry essentials, even a first aid kit, on the other. And there's more storage room in all these wonderful counter-height cabinets and in the hanging wall cabinets with their sliding glass doors. Note that "triangular" refrigerator-range-sink setup. It saves you steps and seconds! In fact, the whole kitchen's designed to save you time—marketing time and kitchen time!

Your Color Scheme . . . Cactus green and white with a dash of tamale red for seasoning. It's gay and it's good because it's easy to keep clean and spotless.

Your Kelvinator Refrigerator . . . fits right into the modern scheme. It's last-word thinking on modern ways of food preservation. Different zones of cold for every kind of food. A Frozen Food Compartment big enough to hold a roast, keep frozen fruits and vegetables for weeks. A Cold-Mist Freshener compartment, walled off with shining glass, to freshen green vegetables, keep leftovers flavorful and appetizing.

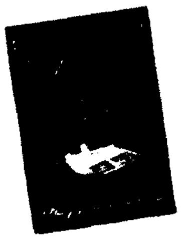
Your Kelvinator Electric Range . . . the modern way to cook! Completely automatic . . . starts breakfast before you wake up, cooks whole dinners by itself. It's the key to freedom forever from working over a hot stove! It means a cool kitchen, clean pots and pans and the kind of cooking that conserves all the vitamins.

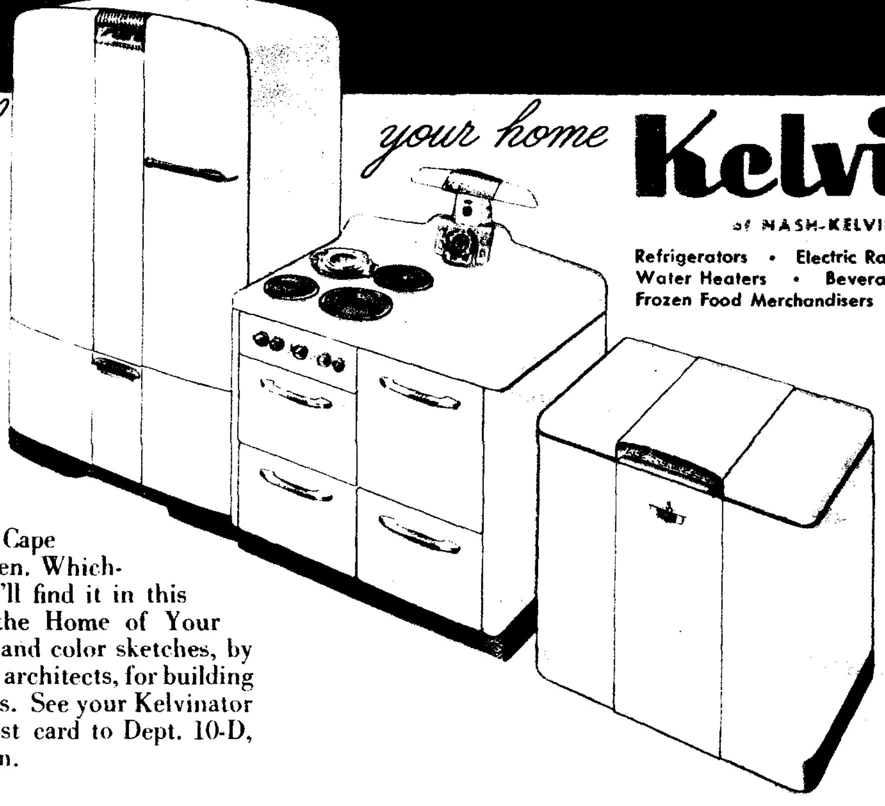
heart of your home **Kelvinator**

of NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

Your Kelvinator Home Freezer . . . more modern thinking! The easy way, the budget-minded way to enjoy out-of-season luxuries all year round . . . tender, young broilers, spring lamb, June cherries, ice cream, and vegetables picked in their prime from your own garden. Enables you to take advantage of good market buys to be used months ahead.

It's Up to You . . . Does this Ranch House kitchen fit in with your dreams? Or maybe you'd be more at home in a French Provincial, Early American, Cape Cod, English or Modern kitchen. Whichever best expresses you, you'll find it in this new book, "Kelvinator in the Home of Your Dreams." Filled with details and color sketches, by America's leading small home architects, for building six beautiful, efficient kitchens. See your Kelvinator Retailer today, or drop a post card to Dept. 10-D, Kelvinator, Detroit, Michigan.





Refrigerators • Electric Ranges • Home Freezers • Electric Water Heaters • Beverage Coolers • Ice Cream Cabinets Frozen Food Merchandisers • Commercial Refrigerating Units

Tune In

Nash - Kelvinator's hit musical program Sundays 4:30 p.m., E.W.T. American Broadcasting Company.

Needed! 60,000 more in the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps. A life depends on what you do today! Go at once to your nearest hospital for information.

"Hello Mom, It's Me!"

Of all the Long Distance calls these days, there is none that brings more joy than—"Hello Mom, it's me!"

We think those who stand aside in the evening so that service men can get their calls through faster have a very real share in the happiness that is going over the wires.

That goes, too, for those who limit their calls to five minutes when the operator requests it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Listen to "THE TELEPHONE HOUR" every Monday evening over NBC

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR SEPTEMBER 15, 1945

IOLA
Public Librar
Iola, Kansas

Arch of Triumph

By Erich Maria Remarque

Here begins a taut and moving story of passion and revenge by the distinguished author of All Quiet on the Western Front and The Road Back

THE woman veered toward Ravic. She walked quickly, but with a peculiar stagger. Ravic did not become aware of her until she was almost beside him. He saw a pale face, high cheekbones and wide-set eyes. The face was rigid and like a mask; it seemed as though it would crumble away, and the street lamps gave the eyes a glassy, empty expression.

The woman passed so close that she almost touched him. He seized her arm with one hand; the next moment she tottered and would have fallen, had he not held her up.

He held her arm tight. "Where do you think you are going?" he asked after a moment.

The woman stared at him. "Let me go!" she whispered.

Ravic did not answer. He still held her arm tight.

"What does this mean?" The woman hardly moved her lips.

Ravic had the impression that she did not see him at all. She was looking through him, somewhere into the empty night.

Ravic saw at once she was no tart. Neither was she drunk. He did not hold her arm so tightly now. She could have freed herself easily, but it did not occur to her. Ravic waited a while. "Where can you really want to go at night, alone at this time in Paris?" he quietly asked once more, and released her arm.

The woman remained silent. But she did not walk on; she seemed unable to move again.

Ravic leaned against the railing of the bridge. He could feel the damp porous stone under his hands. "Perhaps down there?" He jerked his head backward and downward at the Seine which moved restlessly toward the shadows of the Pont de l'Alma in a gray and gradually fading glimmer.

The woman did not answer.

"Too early," Ravic said. "Too early and it's much too cold in November."

He took out a pack of cigarettes. Then he fumbled in his pockets for matches. At length he found them. He saw there were only two left in the little box and he bent down cautiously in order to shelter the flame with his hands against the soft breeze coming from the river.

"Give me a cigarette," the woman said in an almost toneless voice.

Ravic straightened up. He held the package toward her. "Algerian. Black tobacco. Probably it's too strong for you. I have nothing else with me."

The woman shook her head and took a cigarette. Ravic held the burning match for her. She smoked hastily, inhaling deeply. Ravic threw the match over the railing. It fell through the dark like a little shooting star and went out only when it reached the water.

A taxi drove slowly across the bridge. The driver stopped. He looked toward them and waited for a moment, then he stepped on the accelerator and drove along the west dark-gleaming Avenue George V.

SUDDENLY Ravic felt tired. He had been working all day and had not been able to go to sleep. That was why he had come out. But now, unexpectedly, in the wet coolness of the late night, tiredness fell over him like a sack.

He looked at the woman. Something was wrong with her, that much was clear. But what did it matter to him? He had already seen plenty of women with whom something was wrong, particularly at night, particularly in Paris, and it made no difference to him now and he only wished for a few hours sleep.

"Go home," he said. "What are you doing on the streets at this hour? You'll only get into trouble." He turned up the collar of his coat and was about to walk away.

The woman looked at him as though she did not understand. "Home?" she repeated.

Ravic shrugged his shoulders. "Home, back to your apartment, to your hotel, call it what you like, go somewhere. You don't want to be picked up by the police?"

"To the hotel! My God!" the woman said.

Ravic paused. Once more someone who does not know where to go, he thought. He might have foreseen it. As if he himself did not know such a situation and know it to the point of weariness. He threw his cigarette away.

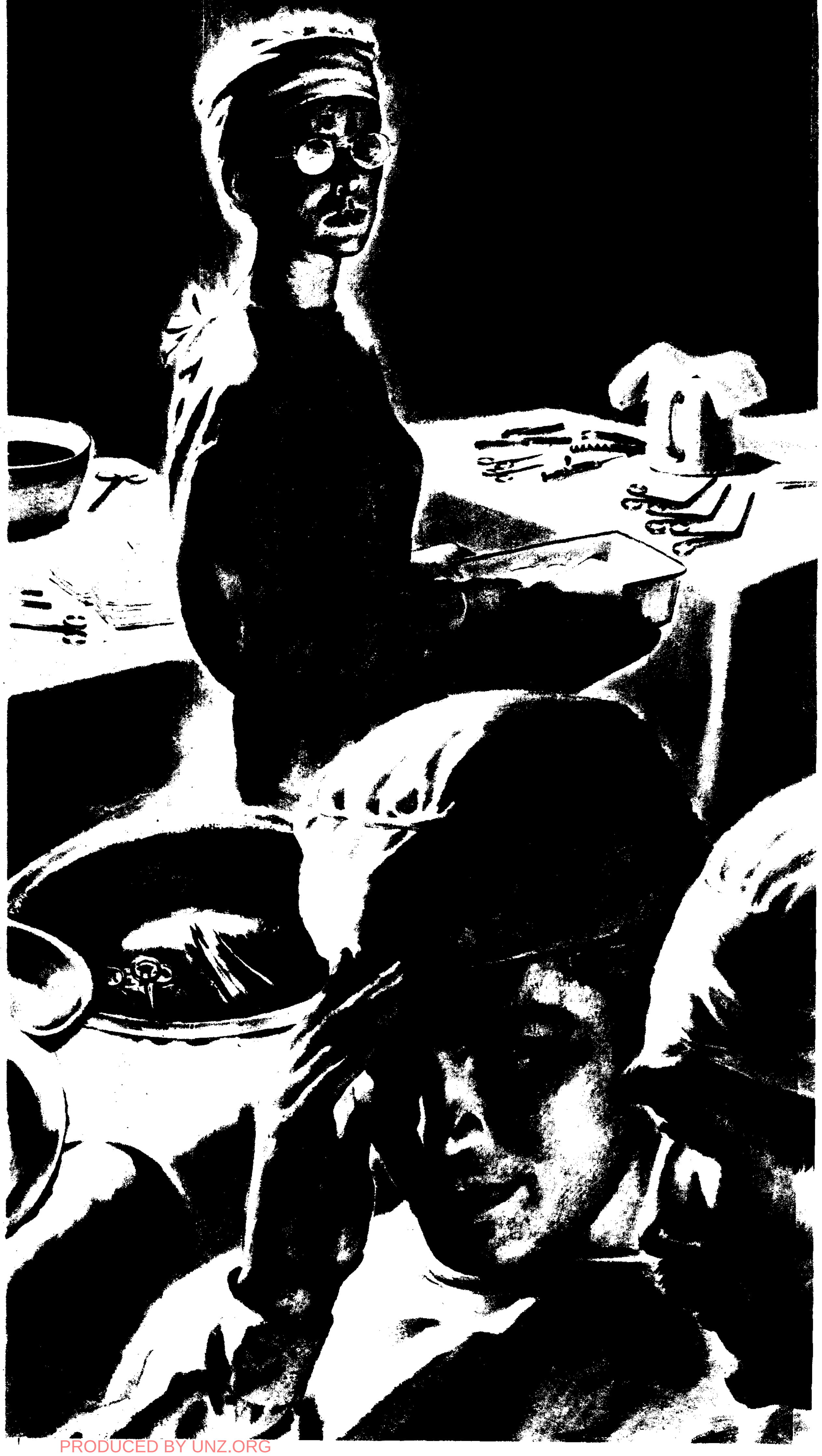
"Come, let's go somewhere and have a drink," he said.

It was the simplest solution. Afterward he could pay and leave and she could decide what to do.

The woman made an uncertain movement and stumbled. Ravic gripped her arm. "Tired?" he asked.

"I don't know. I guess so."

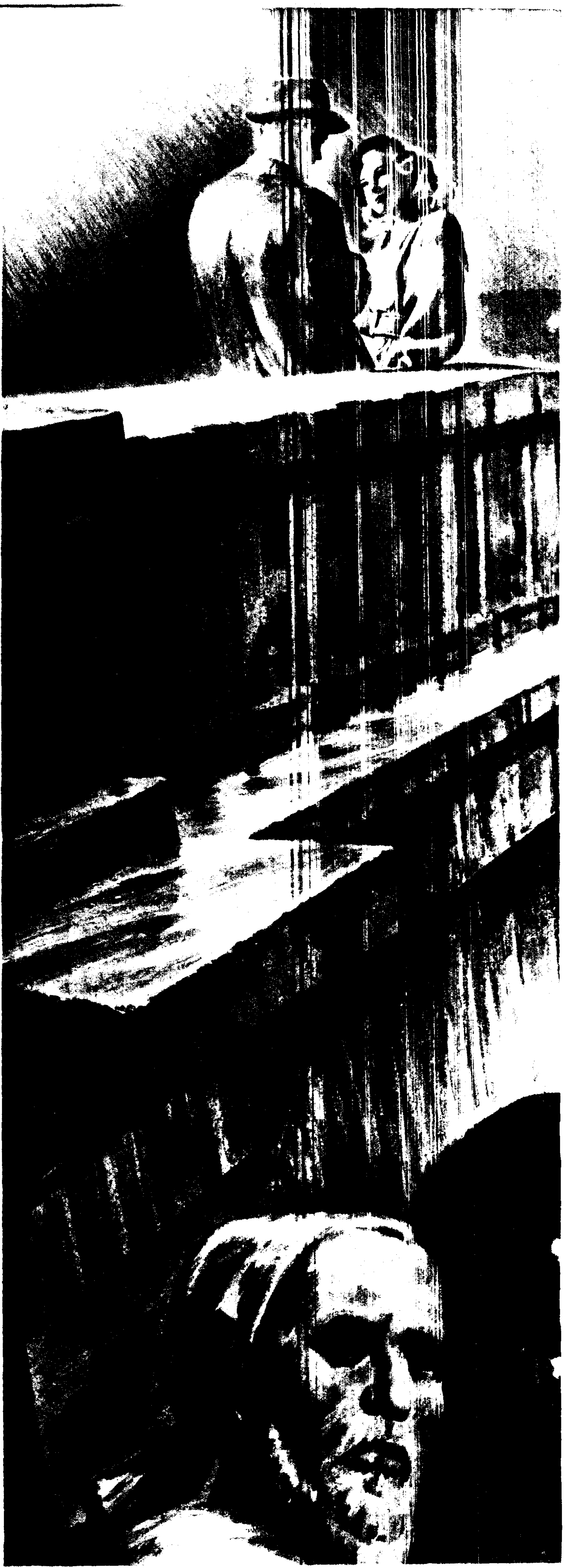
"Too tired to sleep?"



Ravic turned away and swore. "You worked marvelously," said Veber sympathetically. "You know you can't always win . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

"Where can you really want to go at night, alone at this time in Paris?" Ravic asked. The woman remained silent; she did not walk on; she seemed unable to move again



She nodded.

"That can happen. Come along, I'll hold onto you."

They walked up the Rue Marceau and crossed the Avenue Pierre I de Serbe. Behind the intersection of the Rue de Chaillot the street opened up and, floating and dark in the distance, the mass of the Arc de Triomphe emerged out of the rainy sky.

Ravic pointed to the narrow lighted entrance of a cellar drinking place. "In here—we'll still be able to get something."

A few cab drivers and two women were sitting inside. The drivers were playing cards. The women were drinking absinthe. With a quick glance they took stock of the newcomers. Then they turned indifferently away. The older one yawned audibly; the other began lackadaisically making up her face. In the background a bus boy, with the face of a weary rat, sprinkled sawdust around and began to sweep the floor.

Ravic and the woman sat down at a table near the entrance. It was more convenient; he could then leave quickly. He did not remove his coat. "What do you want to drink?" he asked.

"I don't know. Anything at all."

"Two calvados," he said to the waiter, who had on a vest and rolled-up shirt sleeves.

The man shuffled off and Ravic's eyes followed him. "Red slippers on his feet," he said, "and a nautch girl tattooed on his arm! He must have served in the Turkish navy."

THE woman put her hands on the table. She did it with a heavy movement as if she never wanted to lift them again. The nails had been manicured, but that meant nothing. Even so they were not too well cared for. Ravic saw that the nail of the right middle finger was broken and it seemed torn off without having been filed. In some places the polish was chipped.

The woman followed his look. She directed her light eyes at him. "I know," she said wearily, "you want to know—"

Ravic interrupted her. "No. Nothing at all. Really not." He took the glasses from the waiter and handed one of them to the woman. "Here, drink this. It's the best thing at this hour. Or would you like coffee?"

"No."

"Drink it all at once."

The woman nodded and emptied the glass. Ravic looked at her. She had a livid dead face, almost without expression. The mouth was full but pale, the contours appeared blurred. Only the hair was very beautiful—of a lustrous natural blond. She wore a beret and under her raincoat a blue tailored suit. The suit had evidently been made by a good tailor but the green stone of the ring on her hand was much too big to be real.

"Do you want another?" Ravic asked.

She nodded.

He beckoned the waiter. "Two more. But bigger glasses."

"And more in them, too?"

"Yes."

"That would be two double calvados."

"You've guessed it."

Ravic decided to finish his drink quickly and leave. He was bored and very tired. Generally he was patient in such circumstances; he had more than forty years of eventful living behind him. But he was only too well acquainted with incidents like this. When one had lived in Paris for a number of years and had not been able to sleep much at night, one saw a lot on the way.

The waiter brought the drinks. Ravic took the penetrating and aromatic-smelling apple brandy and placed it carefully in front of the woman. "Drink this, too. It doesn't help much, but it warms you up. And whatever's the matter—don't take it too hard. There's nothing that stays serious for long."

The woman looked at him. She did not drink.

"It's true," Ravic said. "Particularly at night. That's when you have to discount your own judgment. Night exaggerates."

The woman still stared at him. "You don't have to comfort me," she said presently.

Ravic glanced up. "All the better," he said.

He looked around for the waiter. He had had enough. He knew this type. Probably Russian, he thought; the minute they sit down somewhere, before they are settled, they immediately slap you down.

"Are you Russian?" he asked.

"No."

Ravic paid and rose to say goodby. At the same moment the woman got up, too. She did it silently, naturally, like an obedient child. Ravic looked at her uncertainly. Well, he thought, I can do it just as well outside.

It had begun to rain. Ravic stopped in front of the door. "Which way are you going?" He was determined to take the opposite direction.

"I don't know. Somewhere or other."

"But—where do you live?"

The woman turned around quickly. "I can't go there! No, no! That I can't do! Not there!" Suddenly her eyes were full of fear.

She has quarreled, Ravic thought, has had some sort of row and has run away. By tomorrow noon she will have thought it over and will go back.

"Don't you know anyone to whom you could go? An acquaintance? You could call them up from the bistro."

"No. There's nobody."

"But you must go somewhere. Haven't you any money for a room?"

"I have."

"Then go to a hotel. There are lots of them in the side streets."

The woman did not answer.

"You must go somewhere," Ravic said impatiently. "You can't stay in the streets in this rain."

The woman drew her raincoat tighter around her. "You are right," she said as though she had suddenly come to a decision. "You are quite right. Thanks. Don't trouble about me any more. I'll find a place all right. Thank you." With one hand she pulled the collar of her coat together. "Thank you for everything."

She glanced at Ravic with an expression of wretchedness and misery and tried unsuccessfully to smile. Then she walked away through the misty rain unhesitatingly and with soundless steps.

Ravic stood still for a moment. "Damn it!" he grumbled. He did not know how it happened or what it was, the hopeless smile, or the look, or the empty street or the night; he only knew that he could not let this woman go alone through the mist, this woman who suddenly looked like a lost child, like a helpless animal.

"Come with me," he said gruffly when he had caught up to her. "We'll find something for you."

They reached the Etoile. The square lay before them in a drizzling grayness, huge and unbounded. The mist was thicker now and one could no longer see the streets that branched off from the square. There was only the broad square with the scattered dim moons of the street lamps and with the monumental stone arch which receded into the mist as though it would prop up the melancholy sky and protect the faint lonely flame on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier which looked like the last grave of mankind in the midst of night and loneliness.

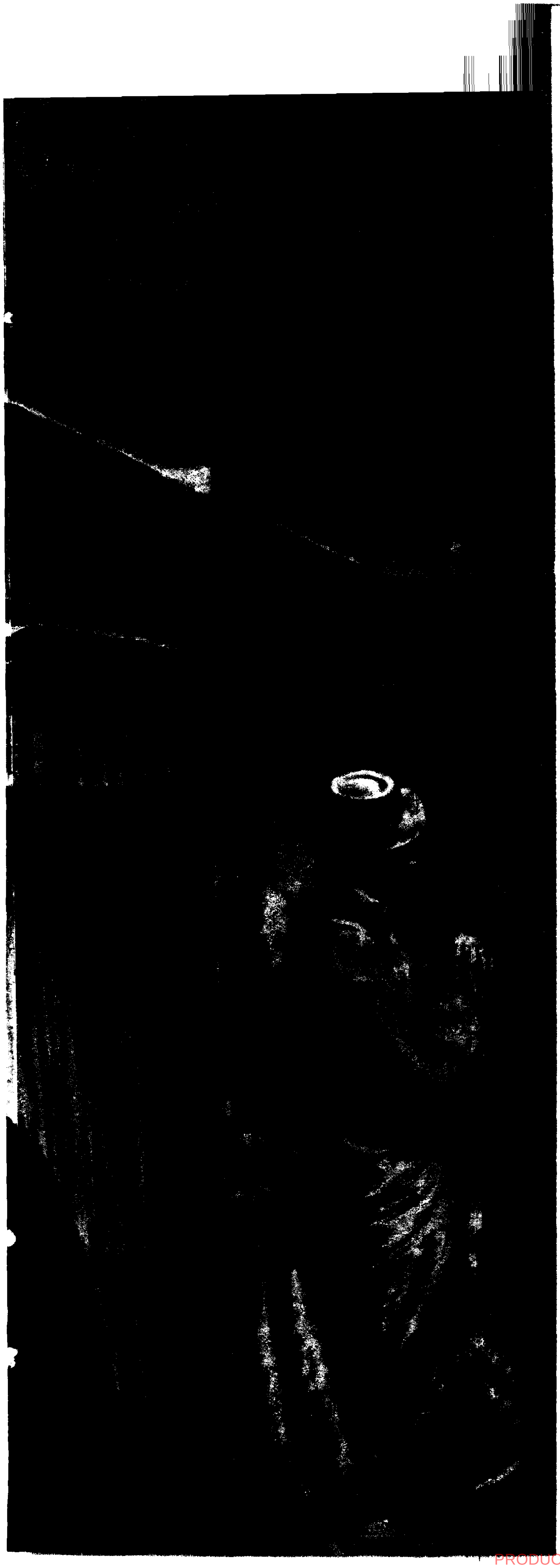
RAVIC lived in a small hotel in a side street off the Avenue Wagram behind the Place de Terne. It was a rather dilapidated house with just one new touch: the sign above the entrance, bearing the inscription: Hôtel International.

Ravic pointed to it. "It was formerly called Hôtel National," he said. "Then when the refugees came, Hôtel des Etrangers. Now it is the International. A few years from now it may be called Hôtel du Monde. Or Hôtel des Prisoniers . . . Is there a vacant room?" he asked the boy who sat in the porter's box.

The boy stared at him sleepily. "The concierge is not here," he mumbled finally.

"I know that. I asked you if there is a vacant room."

The boy shrugged his shoulders helplessly.



"Madame is asleep. She'd fire me if I woke her up," he said. He scratched himself vigorously.

"All right. Then we'll have to see for ourselves."

Ravic tipped the boy, took his own key and walked upstairs, followed by the woman. Before he unlocked his door he examined the next door to it. No shoes stood before it. He knocked twice. Nobody answered. He carefully tried the knob. The door was locked. "This room was empty yesterday," he muttered. "We'll try it from the other side. The old scoundrel has probably locked it for fear the bugs will get away."

He unlocked his room. "Sit down for a minute." He pointed to a horsehair sofa. "I'll be back in no time."

He opened a large window leading to a narrow iron balcony and climbed over the connecting trellis to the adjacent balcony where he tried the door. It, too, was locked. He came back resignedly. "It's no use. I can't get you another room here."

THE woman sat in the corner of the sofa. "May I sit here for a moment?" she asked. Ravic looked at her closely. Her face was suddenly crumpled with fatigue. She seemed hardly able to get up again.

"Just for a moment—I won't disturb you," she said.

"You can sleep here. That's the easiest thing."

Obviously the woman did not hear him. Slowly, almost automatically, she moved her head. "You should have left me on the street. Now—I'm afraid I won't be able—"

"I don't think so either. You may stay here and sleep. That's the best thing to do. We'll see what tomorrow will bring."

The woman looked at him. "I don't want—"

"Now, now," Ravic interrupted her impatiently, "you won't disturb me at all. It's not the first time someone has stayed here overnight because he had nowhere to go. This is a hotel for refugees. Something like this happens almost every day. You may use the bed. I'll sleep on the sofa. I'm used to it."

"No—I'll just stay where I am. If I may only sit here, that's all."

"All right, just as you like."

Ravic took off his coat and hung it on a hook. Then he took a blanket and a pillow from his bed and moved a chair close to the sofa. He fetched a bathrobe from the bathroom and hung it over the chair.

"Here," he said, "this is what I can give you. If you like, you may have pajamas. You'll find some in the drawer over there. I won't trouble about you any more. You may use the bathroom now. I've got to do something in here."

The woman shook her head.

Ravic stopped in front of her. "But we'll take off your coat," he said. "It's pretty wet. And let me have your hat, too."

She gave him both with a grateful look. He put the pillow in the corner of the sofa. "That's for your head. The chair is for your feet. It'll get more comfortable later."

He moved the chair closer. "And now your shoes! Soaked through, of course! A fine way to catch cold." He took off her shoes, got a pair of short woolen socks out of the drawer and slipped them over her feet. "Now, that's better. During critical times have an eye for comfort. That's an old soldier's maxim."

"Thanks," the woman said. "Thanks."

Ravic went into the bathroom and turned on the tap. The water gushed into the basin. He undid his tie and stared absent-mindedly at himself in the mirror. Challenging eyes in deep-shadowed sockets; an oval face, dead tired, only the eyes giving it life; lips too soft for the furrow running from the nose to the mouth—and above the right eye, disappearing into the hair, the jagged scar that still waited for revenge—had waited for the last four years. . . .

Haake was the name of the Gestapo official who, in 1934, had questioned him in the cellar of the Gestapo in Berlin. Questioned: that means that they had had him systematically beaten. He had lain in a hospital for three months thereafter. Then, one night, he escaped. Across the frontier into Holland. Then to France. Without papers. Illegally. He had been living so in Paris for the last two years.

In the beginning he had lived from day to day. Then he had met Veber. Veber was a physician and he ran a private hospital in the Rue Lauriston. Ravic had offered himself for any kind of work. Veber learned that Ravic had been a well-known surgeon in Berlin. He had him perform operations in his hospital. This was against the law; Ravic had taken no French exams and without papers he could not take them. Even with papers it would have been almost impossible; the regulations took care of that. But Veber had paid no attention to it. He was able to enlarge his practice through Ravic. Now he was able to accept operations for which he had neither the training, nor the capacity.

Then Ravic had come to the attention of Durant. Professor Durant. His assistant had left him. Ravic began to perform operations for him, too. Durant was too old for the more difficult cases. . . .

Ravic grinned into the mirror. That was his existence. An illegal life—illegal work; but, nevertheless, it was life and it was work.

The telephone bell cut into his thoughts. "Damn it!" For an instant he had forgotten everything, even the woman sitting in the other room. "I'm coming," he shouted.

"Frightened?" he said to her as he lifted the receiver. "What? Yes. All right. Yes—naturally—immediately—yes—it will work—yes. Where? All right, I'll be there at once. Hot, strong coffee—yes—"

He carefully put the receiver down and, for a few seconds, remained seated on the arm of the sofa. "I've got to go," he said, "right now."

The woman rose immediately.

"No, no—" For a moment Ravic was touched by this childlike obedient readiness. "You stay here. Go to sleep. I will be gone for an hour or two, I don't know exactly. Do stay here."

He got into his coat, and was already at the door when the woman asked: "Can't I go with you?"

"Impossible. Stay here. Take whatever you need. The bed, if you want. Cognac is over there. Sleep—"

He turned away. "Leave the light on," the woman said suddenly and quickly.

Ravic took his hand from the knob. "Afraid?" he asked.

She nodded.

He pointed to the key. "Lock the door behind me. But don't leave the key in the lock. There's another key downstairs with which I can get in."

She shook her head. "It's not that. But please leave the light on."

"I see!" Ravic looked at her sharply. "I wasn't going to turn it off anyway. Leave it on. I've gone through such days, too."

He went quickly down the stairs and out through the foyer. Coffee, he thought. Very hot black coffee. Let's hope they have plenty of it. My hands have to be damn' steady. If they aren't, Veber will have to give me a shot. But I'll be all right. Slowly and deeply he breathed the moist air of the street.

THE small operating room in Veber's hospital was lighted bright as day. It looked like a very hygienic slaughterhouse, now that the operation was over. Pails with blood-drenched cotton were standing here and there, bandages and tampons lay scattered, and the red was a loud and solemn protest against all the white.

Veber was sitting at an enameled steel table making notes; a nurse was boiling the instruments; the water bubbled, the light seemed to move and only the body on the table lay quite alone; nothing mattered to it any more.

Ravic tore the rubber gloves off and began to wash himself. He did it with a furious sullenness as if he wished to rub off his skin. "Damn!" he muttered. "Damned shambles!"

The nurse looked at him with disgust.

Veber glanced up. "Calm down, Nurse Eugenie! All surgeons swear." He closed his notebook and got up. "You worked marvelously, Ravic. But after all you can't win against quacks."

"Oh, yes—sometimes you can." Ravic

(Continued on page 76)

COAL OR CHAOS IN EUROPE

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

U.S. SOLID FUELS ADMINISTRATOR

The convivial custom of bundling may become fashionable this winter because our coal supplies are already low, and if we don't ship some of what's left to Europe the resulting discontent may topple governments like tenpins

IT TAKES no weatherman to prophesy that the world faces one of the coldest winters it has ever known. We are going to be cold because we lack the fuel to heat our homes. The old New England social custom of bundling may even claim our attention as a partial substitute for the coal that we will not have. There will probably even be keen competition for the feather beds in which the last generation cuddled for snug warmth.

In the United States, householders are being held to only 80 per cent of their normal coal requirements, but, chilly as our houses are likely to be, in comparison with those in Europe they will be as warm as a sheep inside its wool.

In Europe chilblains probably will be the fashion. In fact, the latest estimates indicate that Europe will be twenty-five million tons short of the coal that it needs between now and next April. And when I say the coal that *it needs*, I do *not* mean enough coal to keep the thermostat in any home at 70°. I mean just enough to keep public utilities operating and water from freezing in the homes.

The fact is that a coal famine, severe enough to destroy all semblance of law and order, is certain to occur in northwest Europe and on the Mediterranean next winter unless immediate and positive steps are taken. And by immediate and positive steps I mean "action now," today. Next month will be too late.

If it is thought that this is an exaggeration, let us consider what such a coal famine will mean. Without coal, railroad operations will be seriously slowed; without railroads there will be no means of getting to the cities the little food that is now being harvested. The lack of heat will be aggravated by a lack of food. Cold and hunger are expected to kill thousands in Europe this winter, and the children will carry their marks to their graves.

Discord in an Idle Land

To show what the lack of coal is doing to the countries of Europe, suppose we take a specific country—Holland. Like the other nations which comprise our Western civilization, Holland is geared to a machine age, which means that she is dependent upon power to run those machines. But, because of the lack of coal, the electric power plants in the Netherlands stand idle, and because the power plants stand idle, the wheels of industry no longer turn and there is widespread unemployment and its accompanying discontent.

Because there is no coal, transportation—steam and electric railroads and barge lines—rusts in desuetude. Because there is no coal, the pumps that would drain the flooded acres are not operating, and many of the most productive fields of Holland lie wasted and useless under the wash of the sea. Because there is no electric power, most radio stations cannot operate and newspapers cannot be published. The result is that the dearth of news leads to rumor-mongering, and frequent scares sweep the country. Finally, in their efforts to keep warm, the Netherlanders are already cutting down trees and tearing up the wood-block pavements.

To believe that the people of Europe, whether they be French, Italian, Dutch or German will be quiescent in the face of such hardships is equivalent to believing in miracles.

As far as the Germans are concerned, the reader may well ask what difference it would make if they did freeze to death. It would make a good deal of difference—if only for purely selfish reasons. We now have an army of occupation in Germany. Does any reader think that the Germans will be any less fierce

(Continued on page 70)

FRENCH PRESS & INFORMATION SERVICE

Last winter Parisians waited in long lines in the snow for a little wood. This winter fuel will be even more scarce

In some neighborhoods last year, the French organized "share-the-stove" groups, where the aged could go to get warm

FRENCH PRESS & INFORMATION SERVICE

A Pair of Spectacles

It seemed that Doc Crow's spectacles did have magic lenses, but whether you saw horror or happiness depended on what manner of man you were

BY DAVE GRUBB

THERE was a man in Paden City named Billy Potts who made his living in the spectacle business. He fitted the people, young and old, with glasses so that they might better see the world around them, that was sometimes beautiful and sometimes ugly but nonetheless worth seeing.

Billy Potts traveled up and down the river valley, from farm to farm, in a squeaky rockaway buggy pulled by an old snuff-colored mare. He made his bed in the barns and attic rooms of the kindly folks who knew him and who were only too willing to share their loaf of corn bread with him, listen to his innocent gossip and try on his spectacles until they found a pair they could see through.

Billy Potts got his spectacles from undertakers. Whenever a man died, the undertaker would trade his spectacles off to Billy Potts for a clock or a pound of country butter or half a lean ham. This was a transaction which rarely put any silver in Billy Potts' pockets but which seemed to involve him in a strange and endless profit. He was never hungry, he was rarely lonely, and when he was too far from Paden City to return before nightfall to his little shack by the sawmill he usually had at least a pallet of sweet, fresh hay to sleep on in the starry river nights.

More than this, Billy Potts had the warm knowledge that he was helping people to see the world, and perhaps even to understand what they were seeing for the first time. It was a good life, untouched by death or meanness, and often sparkling with surprises and humor and goodness.

One August afternoon Billy Potts sat upon the seat of his rockaway and let the snuff-colored mare idle easily along through the hot, feathery dust of the river road. The trees stirred with a lonesome sigh in the gentle, almost breathless air. Beyond the hills a line of white clouds stretched like puffs of popcorn on a child's string. All of a sudden Billy Potts heard a voice calling his name.

Starting up from his doze the peddler looked around him, but there was no one in sight. Then he heard the voice again. Billy Potts anxiously focused his eyes up over the motionless blanket of timothy, and his face broke out in a smile of relief. Behind the long row of poplars on the hill above the road he saw his old friend Doc Crow sitting on the porch of his red frame house.

Billy Potts took a chew of plug and flicked the mare with the thong of his switch. Soon he had hitched her to a young peach tree and was walking across the pasture toward the smiling figure of his old friend sitting on the porch.

Doc Crow looked old and shriveled as he sat there in his gray sweater in the blue rocking chair and stirred the air gently with a yellow fan. As Billy Potts stepped up on the porch he felt sad to see the good old man looking so poorly. It made him feel old himself somehow.

"Sit down, Billy Potts," said Doc Crow, with a friendly nod of his white head. "Take a load off your feet."

BILLY POTTS sat down in the split-bottom chair and looked warmly into the face of old Doc Crow. The fat hound dog that dozed in the shade under the sweet shrub got up and waddled onto the porch, gazed up into Billy Potts' face as if in reproach for its misery and then lay down squeaking and wheezing by the old man's rocking chair. The old dog gazed longingly out at the golden woods beyond the creek where the gray foxes were running and where the waters were deep and cool under the papaws.

"Billy Potts," said Doc Crow. "For fifty years I have lived in this county and tried to give my best to the people of the Bottom. I have birthed babies and buried them when they grew old and died. I've set the broken legs of mine mules and men. I've preached sermons and sat as judge in the county court. I can shoe a horse and build a house and make moonshine, and I've done all three. I've seen this little part of the world for half a century and I am able to say with satisfaction that at my present age and condition I see it with the same joy and faith as I did at the beginning. The world is a good place. It's a sad, ornery place full of fools but very few really bad men. It is heavy with mistakes and nonsense and damfoolery but I don't reckon there's anything much worse than that."

Here he stopped and let his eyes rest on the sunny fields. The bees came and went with a faint, golden drone over the dry hay.

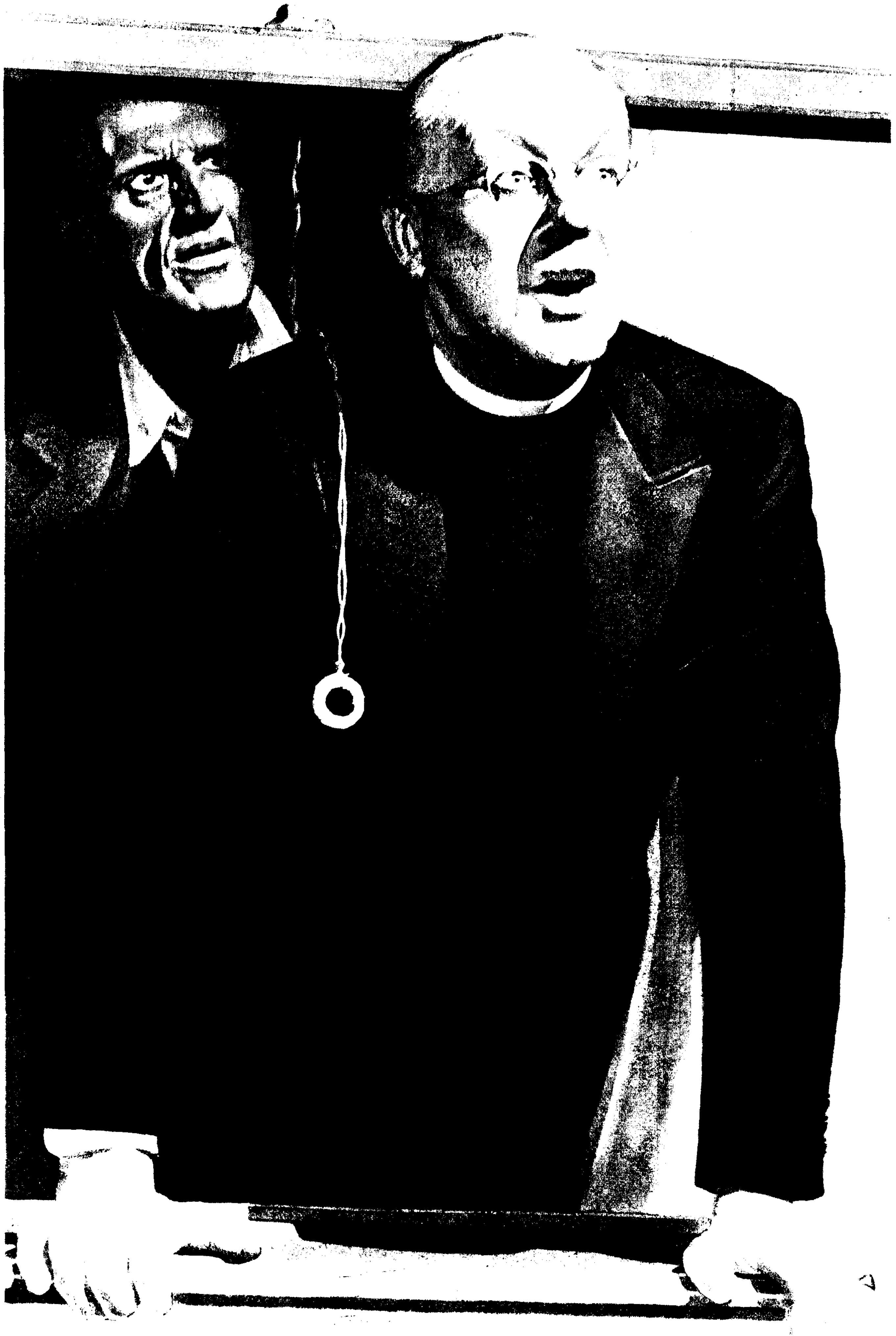
"In my opinion," said the old man softly, "I am going to die when the sun sets tonight. That's why I called you up here, Billy Potts."

He cleared his throat and fumbled in the pocket of his old gray sweater. The fat hound got up with a little cry and waddled around the rocker to smell the old man's hand to see if he had a crust of jelly bread or a morsel of pork chop for him. With a soulful little squeak of disappointment, the old dog went back to the shade of the honeysuckle vine and sat down again, working his toothless gums miserably.

Doc Crow held out something for Billy Potts to take. "My spectacles, Billy Potts," he said. "I want you to take them."

Billy Potts took the little

(Continued on page 33)



"What do you see?" Billy Potts said, unable to stand the silence any longer. "There must be a trick in it somewhere," Preacher Cox said; "it couldn't be like this"

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Last Stand of Felicity Jones

BY ARTHUR GORDON

When she first saw him, she was sitting up on the clubhouse porch, and he was lying on his back near the edge of the swimming pool, eyes closed against the bright, inquisitive gaze of the sun. Not a very big guy—five feet ten, maybe—but well put together. He looked completely at ease. She did not notice at first that his hands were tightly clenched. But they were.

That was odd, because the day was very peaceful. It was Saturday afternoon, and it had the warm, indolent stillness that comes sometimes in early autumn. Over on the porch of the clubhouse he was the subject of considerable discussion. There were few young men left in Cartersville except for 4Fs and war workers; which accounted for a lively interest in unidentified males.

"His name is simply Jackson," Madeleine Gates was saying, "and I sat next to him at dinner last night at the Parkers'. He is either an excessively shy or an excessively dull young man. He hardly said two words all through dinner. And in the garden afterward, he acted as if he thought I were a designing hussy."

Felicity Jones crossed long amber legs and shook back her very red hair. "Aren't you?" she asked.

"Sure," said Madeleine, "just like you, dear Flicker. But I was wasting my wiles. You'd have done no better, my pet."

Flicker frowned at the motionless figure by the edge of the pool. "I have always maintained," she said, "that what a man is with a woman depends on the woman he's with. If he was shy and aloof, that's your fault, not his."

"And what should I have done? Hypnotized him?"

"Well," said Flicker, "for a real analysis, I need more vital statistics. Who is this indifferent Jackson?"

"All I know," said Madeleine, "is that he's a newcomer here, he works in the airplane factory, and his first name is something impossible like Elmer or Clarence, or worse. And there's something definitely odd about him. . . ."

"The fact," suggested Flicker, "that he doesn't react normally to the next-to-prettiest girl in town?"

Madeleine gave her a poisoned glance and said nothing.

"The basic trouble," Flicker went on, "was probably that you wanted him to be attracted to you. If you'd made him feel that *he* was doing the attracting, things might have been different. Nothing stimulates a man like the notion that a pretty girl is really falling for him."

Madeleine gave an unladylike snort. "You wouldn't care to demonstrate, would you?" she said. "Out there by the pool is a guinea pig made to order for testing these fine theories of yours. How about it?"

Flicker frowned. "Meaning what?" she said.

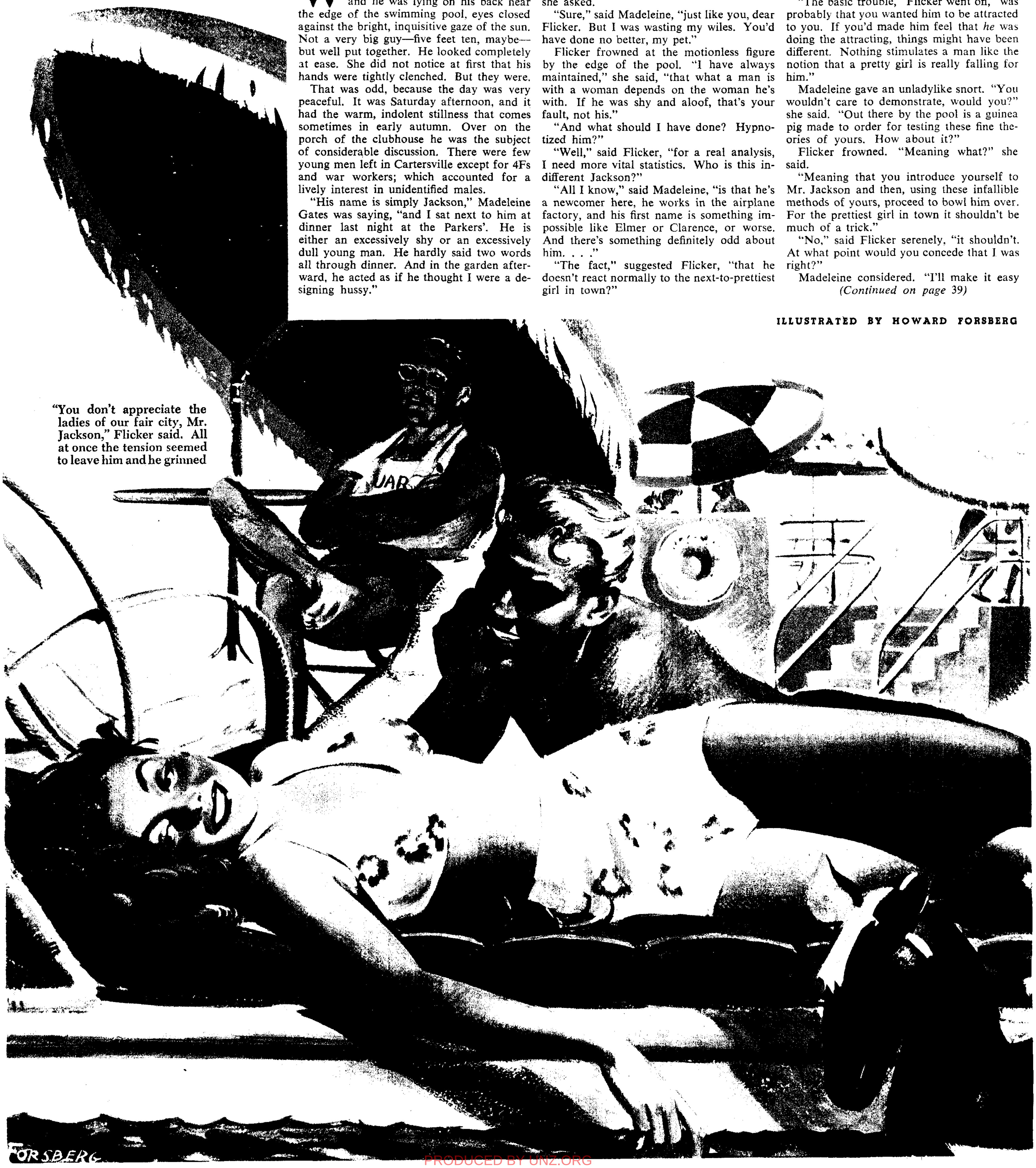
"Meaning that you introduce yourself to Mr. Jackson and then, using these infallible methods of yours, proceed to bowl him over. For the prettiest girl in town it shouldn't be much of a trick."

"No," said Flicker serenely, "it shouldn't. At what point would you concede that I was right?"

Madeleine considered. "I'll make it easy

(Continued on page 39)

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD FORSBERG



"You don't appreciate the ladies of our fair city, Mr. Jackson," Flicker said. All at once the tension seemed to leave him and he grinned

BROOKLYN'S STURDY BRANCH

BY CHARLES DEXTER

Branch Rickey has been called everything from a reformer to a slave dealer, but the Dodgers' boss is really a benevolent father to his ballplayers

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID EISENDRATH, JR.

THE ordeal of Branch Rickey began at his first conference with the metropolitan press late in 1942. He was sixty, a strong black-browed man who had left the St. Louis Cards for the Brooklyn Dodgers and who had a reputation as a merciless trader of baseball players.

The New York sports writers listened as he expounded his views on baseball, Brooklyn and life. They asked embarrassing questions: Would he fire Durocher? Would he close the press bar under the mezzanine at Ebbets Field?

Later, a few reporters gathered in Joe's Restaurant, opposite Borough Hall. They wore cynical smiles as they sipped.

"Rickey'll clean out the whole staff," one said.

"He's Republican and Methodist," said another. "And Brooklyn's a Democratic town and God knows what its religion is."

"He opened this morning's staff meeting with a verse from the Bible," a third said.

Talk turned to a Dodger employee who needed some paper to make notes. "He asked for a scratch sheet. Everybody in the office nearly died laughing. . . ."

"He's against horse racing, too?"

"He's agin everything. And be very careful what you say—he's got a regular Gestapo."

In St. Louis, Rickey had been accused of running a chain gang. "He signs up teen-age ballplayers at fifty bucks a throw," a critic said. "He underpays them, then sells them to some other club for a hundred grand. Why, the Cardinals had to get rid of him—he knocked down fifty thousand as club president, had himself put on the pay roll of every minor league team in the Card farm system and took commissions on players' sales. I heard he made a million out of the Cards—sold every share of stock he owned back in '35.

"He'll milk the Dodgers dry, too," he warned. "Durocher'll go—mark my word. Rickey'll hire some Sunday-school teacher as manager. He'll get rid of every high-priced player. . . ." He shook his head. "This is the beginning of the end for the Dodgers. . . ."

A Target of Saloon Gossip

In barrooms, bibblers babbled that "Rickey is a prohibitionist." When Leo Durocher was rejected for military service, the rumor was that Rickey was bitterly disappointed: he had hoped to wriggle out of the Lip's contract with the aid of Uncle Sam.

That June, the Dodgers staged a brief strike when Leo suspended Bobo Newsom for insubordination. Reporters were treated to an unprecedented scene. Before the entire Dodger team, Leo accused an afternoon newspaperman of violating a confidence by quoting an off-the-record remark about the burly pitcher's conduct. It was Durocher vs. the Press—and Rickey was expected to support the Press. Instead he supported his manager. Rickey abruptly traded Newsom to the St. Louis Browns.

"It was a put-up Rickey job," said an insider. "Rickey would have had to pay a bonus to Newsom if he had kept him. . . ."

The release of Dolph Camilli was similarly interpreted—Rickey, it was said, dropped the popular, home-loving first baseman, symbol of success to a million Italian-American residents of Brooklyn, because Dolph had refused to accept a salary cut. Rickey refused to accept liquor advertising for the walls of Ebbets Field. Players were publicly warned to stop playing $8 poker. Rickey fired Coach Charlie Dressen, it was rumored, because the able coach worked for a brewery during the off-season. Durocher would surely go next.

But beer, rye, Scotch, rum and meaty sandwiches continued to pass freely over the mahogany bar into which Larry MacPhail had once carved his initials. "He's going slow," said some. "Wait till next year—milk, Coke and cheese." Dodgers now played 25-cent limit poker; a few still patronized race tracks on off-afternoons. Rickey even let it be known that he and "Mother" stayed up late nights over a hot game of gin. Dressen was unaccountably re-engaged. Durocher continued to manage the Dodgers.

Nevertheless, the case against Branch Rickey proceeded as such cases invariably proceed—and it won't stop now that he has bought a controlling interest in the Dodgers. Last winter, column after column of anti-Rickey propaganda rolled from the nation's presses. In desperation, Rickey abandoned regular weekly press conferences. Uneasily he watched his crew of schoolboys, 4Fs and old men gather at Bear Mountain last March for the 1945 campaign.

Most baseball executives are horny-handed, bull-necked, one-syllabled. Rickey is soft-palmed, college-trained, polysyllabic. In his youth he taught in a little red schoolhouse in the countryside near Lucasville, Ohio. At college, he studied Latin and Greek, read avidly, decided to become a lawyer. He passed a bar examination, spent one year in a law office, then taught law and English at Ohio Wesleyan University.

Branch—the name is, of course, a family derivative—met Jane Moulton when both were twelve years old. "We were in the same classroom," he says, "at public and high school."

Jane didn't care much for ball games, in which Branch played the infield and caught. She was serious-minded, studious, but, as she explains, "our horizons were limited because we lived in a small town."

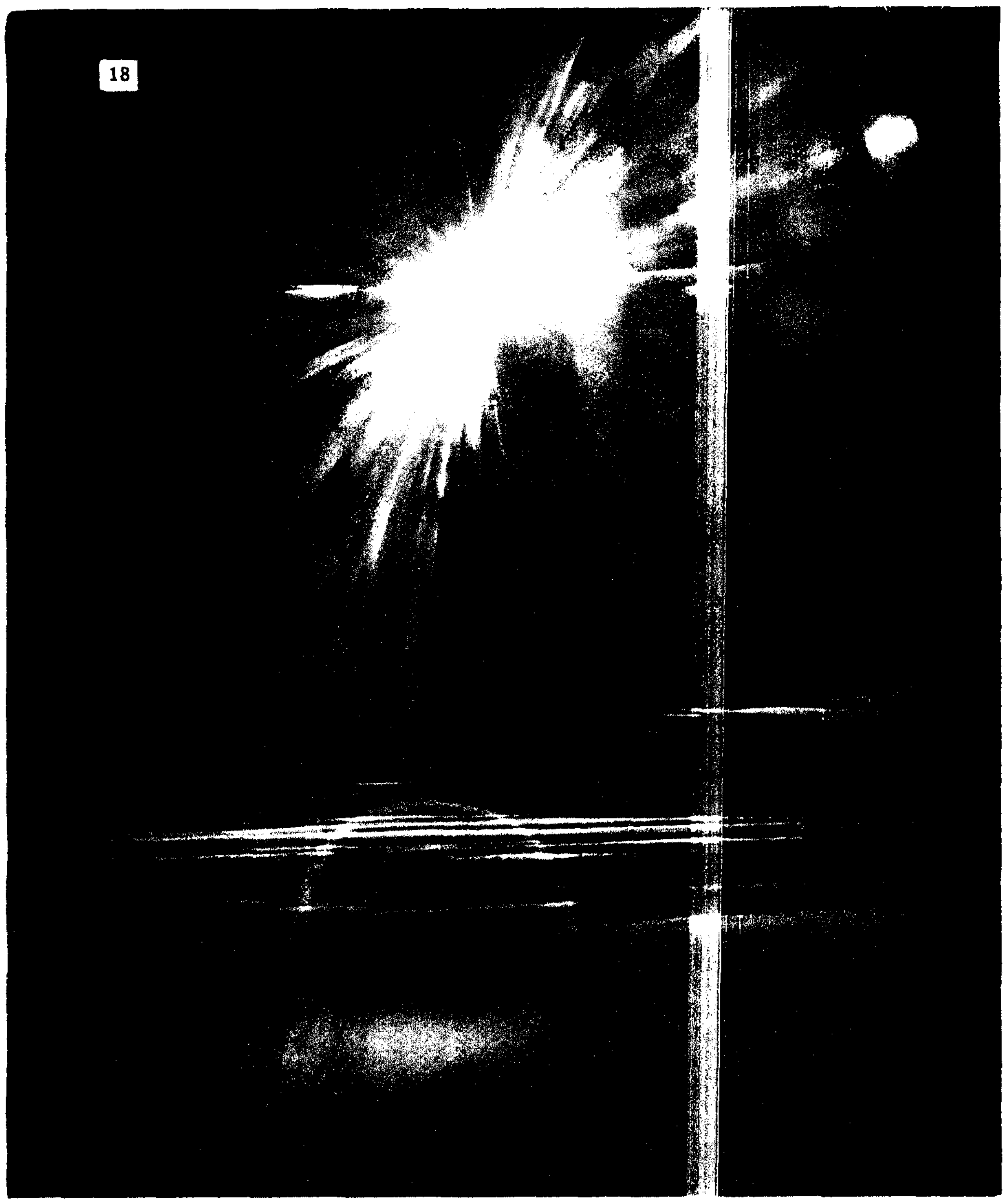
From Jane—and also from his own parental background—Branch acquired a personal philosophy. He devoutly believed in the higher destiny of man. His Methodism is traditional both to the Rickey and the Moulton families; he is a sincere prohibitionist, a Sabbatarian who says grace before every meal at home.

Thrust into baseball, he came into conflict with tough, hardy professional athletes, many of whom, in the early days of this century, were off-hour barroom brawlers. He wasn't a very good catcher. But baseball paid him well; he married Jane after they had known each other for fifteen years—and it was baseball, not the law, which made marriage economically possible.

Branch was no hazy idealist. "I wanted my wife and children to enjoy the good things of life . . . and the good things were not to be had for the asking, but for the doing. . . ."

He was earning a modest income as coach for Michigan State when a young first baseman attracted his eye. Branch had played for the St. Louis Browns—he wired Robert

(Continued on page 48)



Solar pyrotechnics: As the eclipse neared totality, atmospheric refraction and reflected images in the plane's window combined to give this fireworks effect

LIGHTS OUT AT GOD'S LAKE

BY AMY PORTER

Earth and sun and moon wheel their ageless way through space, and eclipses come and go. Our photographer got a rare opportunity at God's Lake to record the most spectacular of all celestial shows in Mother Nature's own colors

IN THE early morning of July 9th in the windy, twilit gloom of a deserted arctic village on God's Lake, in Canada, three men worked with purposeful haste. It was 2 A.M., and in a few hours a total eclipse of the sun would begin. The men were setting up instruments to record various effects of the eclipse. Supporting bases for the bolometer, the convertible level and other equipment had to be fixed firmly in the ground. Everything had to be checked, ready to take swift advantage of the precious fraction of a minute during which the sun would be totally obscured by the moon.

The wind had risen to a 40-mile-an-hour gale, and now snow began to fall. The men hurried to cover the instruments with great tarpaulins, bending to the storm as they worked.

The director of all this activity was Jack T. Wilson, physicist, and the two giving him a hand with the manual labor were Jerry Cooke, photographer for Collier's, and Gerald Bradley of the Canadian Mounted Police. Like dozens of other scientists at observation points scattered through the northern part of this hemisphere and in Russia, Wilson was intent on extracting from the eclipse as much precise information as he could, to add to the store of scientific knowledge.

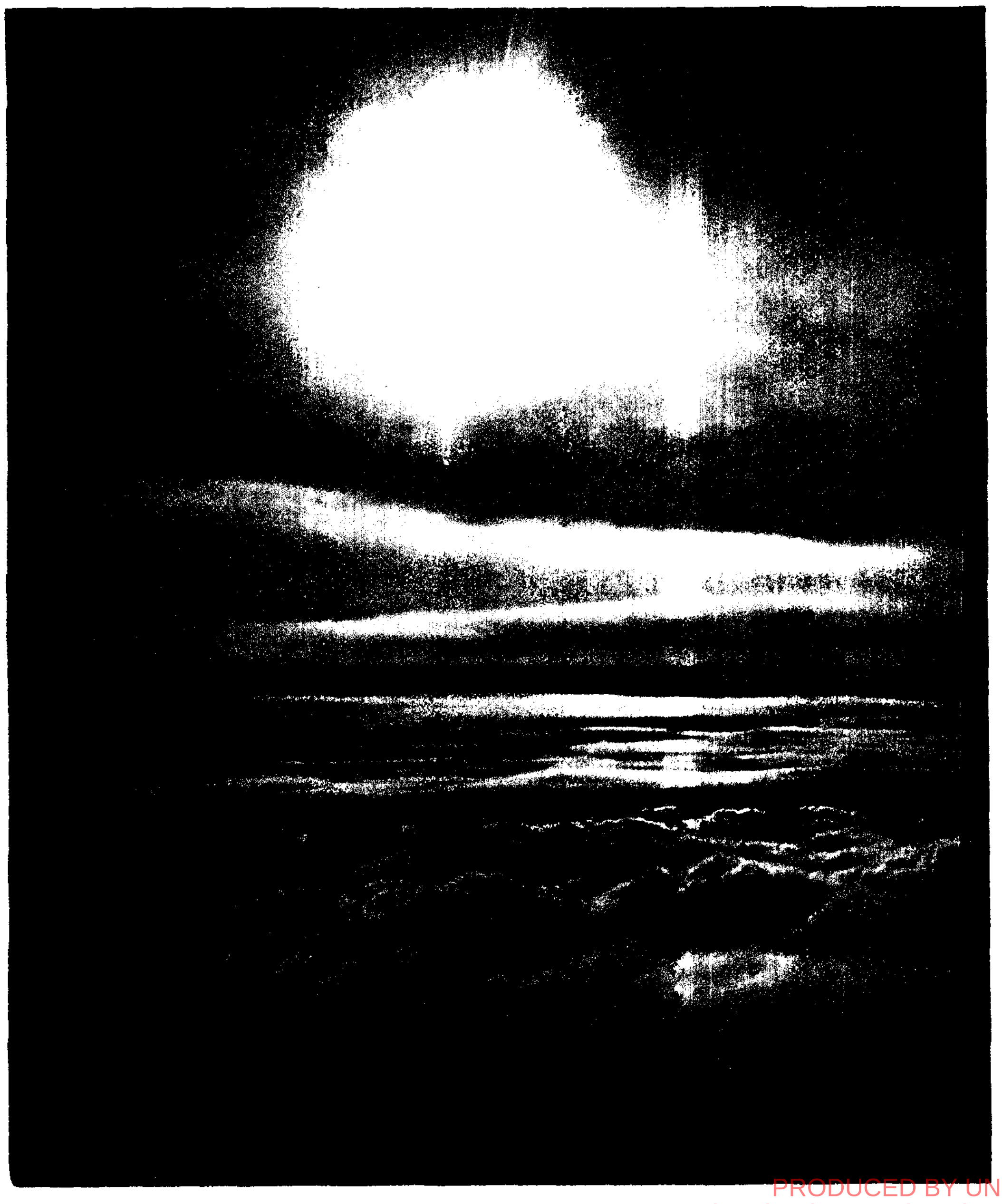
Over in Malta, Montana, a Princeton University astronomer was preparing for the great moment, and other parties were at work at Duck Mountain, Canada, at Sandy Island and other points. The path of totality would sweep from Cascade, Idaho (at 6:14 A.M.), eastward and north across Canada, the North Sea and Russia, ending at Tashkent, Turkestan, two hours and 27 minutes later.

The God's Lake trio, thoroughly soaked by the time they'd finished covering the equipment, headed for the only spot of light

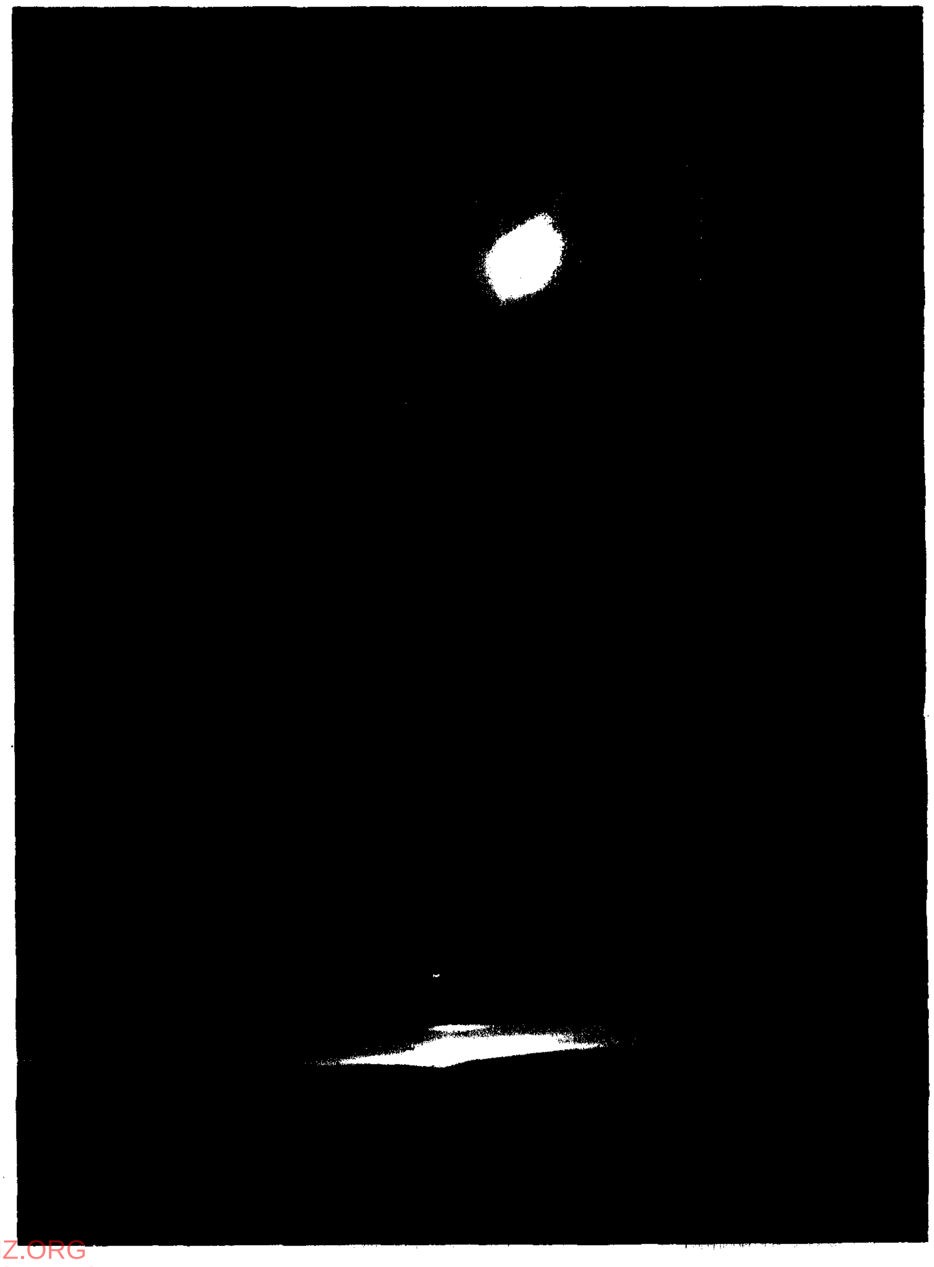
(Continued on page 59)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE—PIX

A greenish halo was noted shortly before the moon completely blotted out the sun. By this time the plane used by photographer Cooke was getting ice on its wings



As the moon moved across the sun, after totality, a crescent of the sun was revealed. Color effects were spectacular, but the red is exaggerated by the camera



PACIFIC AIR LINES
CF-BC

Technical equipment worth thousands of dollars—plus 40 pounds of the best beef—are loaded into the Canadian Pacific plane at Lac du Bonnet

It was cold, wet work, setting up eclipse-measuring instruments at God's Lake. Here physicist Wilson dries out his clothes over the cookstove. Steak coming up!

Electrical charges of earth and atmosphere changed after the eclipse. Wilson takes readings with the electrometer. Officer Bradley and Dr. Bardell assist

With the aid of a convertible level, the stars, planets and complicated charts, Wilson determines exact longitude and latitude of his observation post at God's Lake

THE GREAT NAZI GOLD RUSH

BY SYLVIA PORTER

Hitler needed billions in gold to buy from the neutrals when he overran Europe. This is the story of how some smaller nations outwitted him, and others didn't

IT WASN'T until the German fleet entered the fiord of Oslo on April 9, 1940, that the Norwegians knew they were being attacked. The highest officials of the land were in Oslo that morning—the king, Finance Minister Oscar Trop, the leading diplomats. The bulk of Norway's gold was there also, for she had been able to ship only $33,000,000 of her $84,000,000 metal hoard to America before the blow came. That left $51,000,000, and the Germans, reduced to melting wedding rings and gold teeth, needed it desperately to purchase imports.

Chaos hit the city as the bombardment began. The fifth column popped out of hiding to smear its dirty name over the pages of history. But even as the king was preparing to flee, he gave orders to Finance Minister Trop that the nation's treasure was to be protected. "Ship it north!" he ordered.

Trop moved fast. In a few hours, the 120,000 pounds of gold had been packed in 1,538 boxes and had been loaded on trucks. By evening, it was in the new vaults of Lillehammer, 90 miles north. There, thought the Norwegians, it would be safe, and the British and French were rushing help.

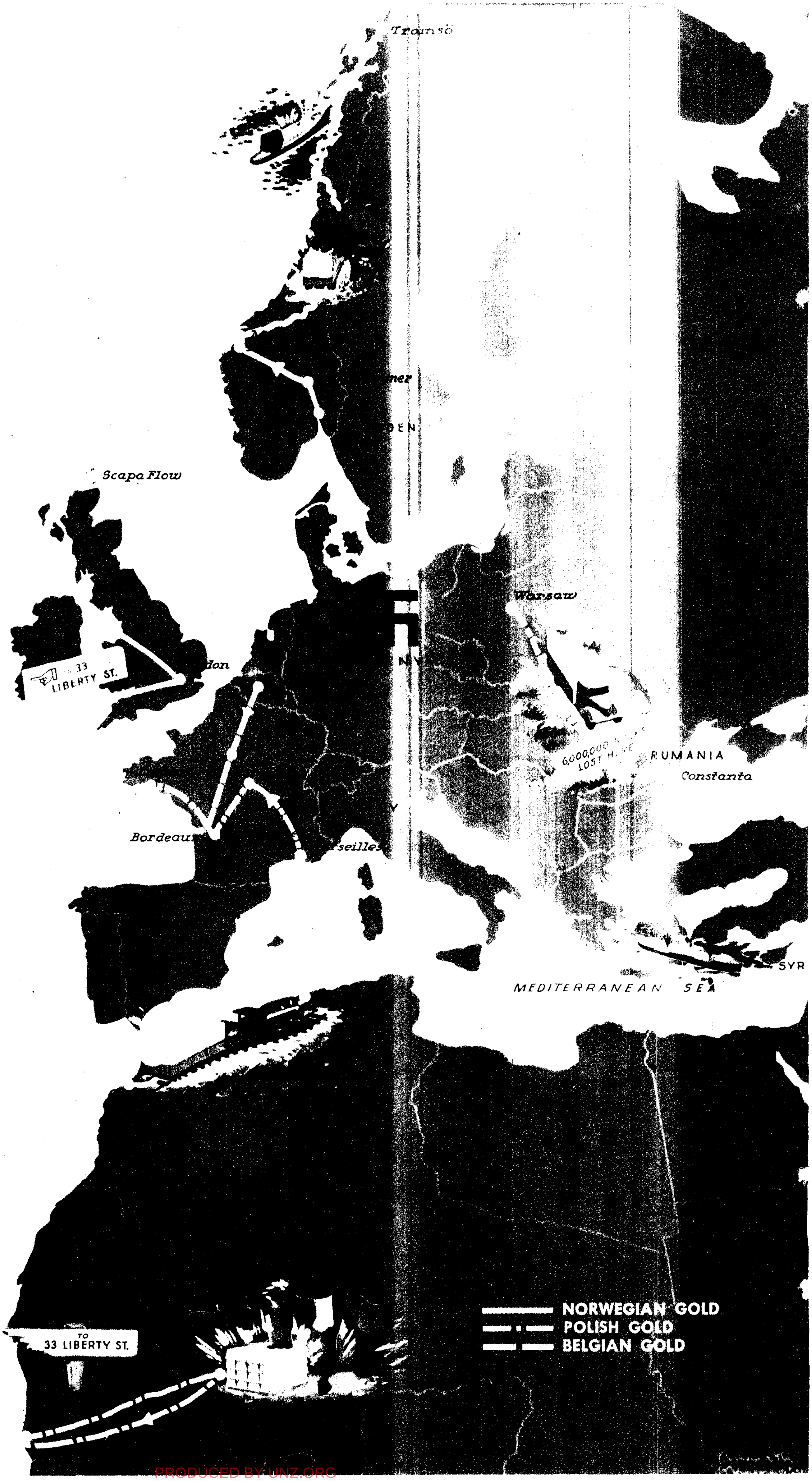
But one week later the Germans were closing in on Lillehammer. Again came the order, "Ship it north!"

At this stage of the hunt, Frederik Haslund, 40-year-old parliamentary secretary of the Norwegian Labor Party and an electrical engineer, took over. Trop picked him to move the gold. With the assistance of thirty soldiers and three officers—among them, Captain Nordahl Grieg, Norway's greatest poet of freedom and descendant of the composer, Edvard Grieg—Haslund packed the boxes in freight cars. Bombs were falling all around, but when night came, the precious cargo was still safe and on its way to Andalsnes, a port at the end of the railroad line, 150 miles northwest. At Andalsnes, Haslund found the British cruiser Galatea waiting with soldiers and munitions.

The Galatea's captain agreed to move the gold to England. When darkness fell, Haslund's little group lugged the boxes to the wharf. Nazi planes swooped down to bomb the cruiser, and the news came that the Germans were nearing the city. "Cast off!" cried the captain, when only 200 boxes were on deck, and Haslund was left with 1,338 boxes of gold on freight cars, and nowhere to go.

"To Molde next!" came the order, for Molde was another coast town down the fiord, to which the Norwegian king and his government had fled. Once more, the gold was unloaded, carried to twenty-five dilapidated trucks. By now, the Nazis knew Haslund's mission and bombed the caravan incessantly. Several trucks were hit, four broke down, but the gold reached Molde. Here it was secreted in the cellar of a wrecked

(Continued on page 60)

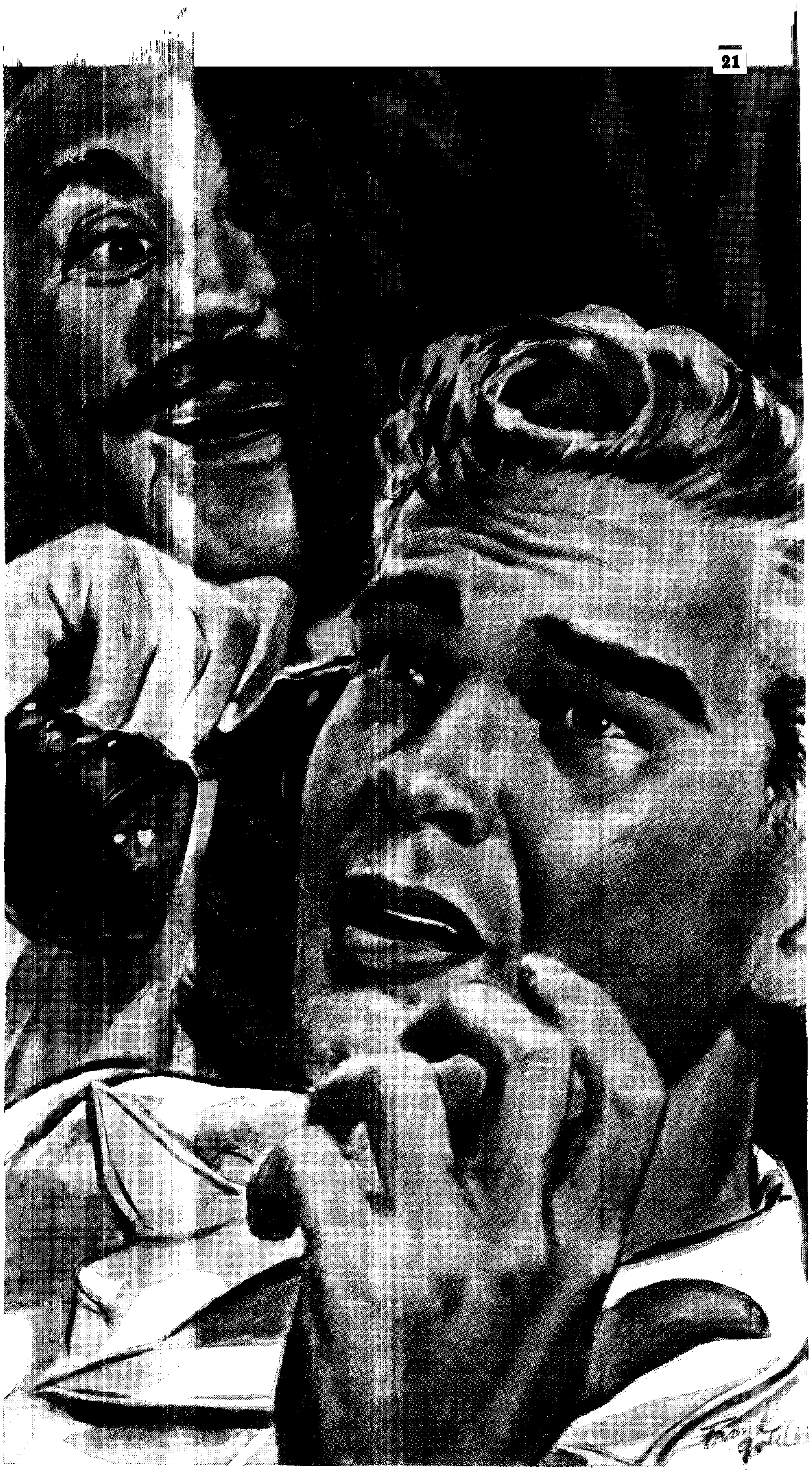


MAP BY KENNETH THOMPSON

Minstrel Boy

BY KATHRYN FORBES

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GOLDEN



LITTLE NICK was a man, now. He had done a man's job, out there where the fighting was. His strong young neck would be forever wealed with the shrapnel scars, and one ankle would never be good for running after streetcars. But to Big Nick, he looked like a boy, still.

Little Nick was a man now, they said; home from the wars and ready for life. Life, at this moment, meant marrying the pretty Camilla and going to work in the checking department of Save-way Stores. And Big Nick was not smart enough, he knew, to prove it when he said: "You are too young. You give up too much, and there is plenty time."

Big Nick was five feet seven inches tall; Little Nick stood six feet two. Big Nick was fifty years old; Little Nick would be twenty a week from Sunday. Now they sat together in easy silence in the front room Mari Rose kept so neat, while Big Nick regarded the tall blond boy who was, miraculously, his and Mari Rose's son. Always, he and Mari Rose would walk in deep and humble gratefulness that their boy had been returned to them. It had been the second miracle vouchsafed them. The first had been Little Nick's music.

"Look," Teacher Stanislawsky had said to them those years ago, "someone in your family must have had this gift. Little Nick gets it from somewhere. *Think!*"

"Big Nick plays the concertina," Mari Rose had offered.

"Concertina!" Teacher Stanislawsky had been impatient. "Look at the boy's hands. Made for music. Where did he get those?"

MARI ROSE and Big Nick had looked down at their own blunt fingers and had been silent. The gift and the hands, they must be miracles.

Little Nick had made music such an easy thing, such a gay thing. He had played for everything—for the church, the school, the weddings, for everyone who cared to listen. And not only the fancy pieces, where the hands flew up and down the keyboard, hitting mostly black keys. He would play the simple Irish lilts for old Mrs. Grady; the quick marches for Mr. Kransky, who would yell "Hike!" and stamp his feet. And always the favorite, The Minstrel Boy, for Big Nick.

Even when Little Nick was away from the piano, a secret music seemed to go with him. On the football field, over the hurdles, whatever he did, there was music to it. Sprawled in a chair, reading his schoolbooks; one scuffed shoe, sock hanging over, would tap out some tune only he could hear.

Now, remembering the day the boy had come home, Big Nick stirred unhappily. Little Nick had swung off the train, limped across the platform, and flung his arms around his father. He had put his face down and kissed Big Nick right on the cheek! And Big Nick's eyes had misted.

Camilla had flushed and looked around carefully. "My goodness," she'd said, "you *are* an emotional family!"

Little Nick had lifted her right off the ground. "We're softies," he'd chanted. "We melt easily. Like butter, like sugar, like new white snow."

Camilla wasn't emotional. She did everything correctly and primly. Even back in the high-school times, she'd done her best to quiet Little Nick's boisterousness. "And your funny way of talking," she'd complained, "the way you run everything into threes."

Big Nick and Mari Rose tried hard to like Camilla.

"She is so pretty," Big Nick would offer.

"But she seldom smiles," Mari Rose would worry. "And she always talks sharp and bossy."

"She is young."

Mari Rose had shaken her head. "I think Camilla has never been young—except in years."

Camilla had succeeded in one thing, though. No one ever called Little Nick The Minstrel Boy any more. Camilla said it sounded common. Big Nick had forgotten how it had started, that affectionate nickname. Perhaps it was Teacher Stanislawsky, declaring, "People, they got to dream, to hope. . . . They need music and a minstrel boy, like in olden times they needed the story teller in the market place." Or perhaps the name came because the song itself, The Minstrel Boy, had been played so often by Little Nick.

Big Nick had never told anyone how the song had haunted him after Little Nick had marched away. "The Min-strel Boy to the war has gone . . ." Big Nick dressed to it, walked to work to it. "In the ranks of de-ath you'll find him." It had stayed with him until the last weary sigh at night. And in his dreams, the tune had kept step with the legions who marched so endlessly. . . .

"You're so quiet," Little Nick said suddenly.

Big Nick looked up to smile at the foolishness. Then he sighed. "Now I guess we got to talk some more."

"You know how it is." Little Nick picked up the discussion where they had left off. "A girl wants to get married. All Camilla's friends are getting married."

"But you do not say how you feel about it."

"Well . . . Camilla takes it for granted, now that I'm home to stay. She's waited a long time."

"And what of your music? Teacher Stanislawsky says only a little more time, now. Why don't you go back to school and finish? The government will help. Your mother and I will help."

Little Nick wandered across the room. He turned to answer Big Nick, and there was loss and bewilderment in his voice: "The music . . . Camilla says the music is kid stuff."

"Kid stuff!" Big Nick couldn't help the shout. "But you are nothing but a kid!"

Little Nick's smile was a twisted one. "I just wish I were." Now he stood in front of the bookcase, idly running the backs of two fingers across a row of volumes. It seemed to Big Nick that there was music even in the way he did that.

Big Nick sighed again. He had done his best, but he had failed. Nothing to do now but sign the papers, give the written permission for the marriage and watch The Minstrel Boy become a grocery clerk.

He looked up. Little Nick's restless fingers had paused. Now they were absently tracing the gold lettering on the back of one of the books . . . Doctor's Book.

DOCTOR'S BOOK was heavy with pages, and across the red cover was printed: Doctor Grayson's Guide to Child Psychology. Big Nick and Mari Rose had bought it in 1935, the time Doctor Grayson had lectured at the schoolhouse. It had cost three dollars, but they never minded because the doctor had said: "In these pages, my friends, lies all one needs to know of life and living."

There were many chapters. From "Thumbsucking" to something called "Behavior Patterns." Big Nick and Mari Rose had had to get Little Nick to help them with the big words. Little Nick had read to them obediently, patient with paragraphs that had to be reread to be understood good. Then Big Nick and Mari Rose would talk it over, figure it out, and tell Little Nick their decision. "Doctor's Book says . . ." they would begin. Only once had Doctor's Book almost failed them. And that was because they had not read it enough. It had been when Little Nick had wanted to quit school and go to work; they had almost given up, when a final painstaking search for guidance had yielded the magic formula.

Big Nick remembered that time now. And he knew the boy was remembering too. *"There is an age for everything,"* the Book had decreed. *"The youngster will experience a great relief if certain basic, important decisions are made for him; decisions he is too young to be expected to make with his own limited experience."*

Big Nick looked at his boy. Then he stood up, straightened his shoulders, and pointed a finger at Little Nick.

"I say no. You are too young to marry. I sign no permission!"

There was a curious expression on Little Nick's face as he came back across the room to stand before his father.

"This is too big a decision for you," Big Nick went on more strongly. "This is *my* responsibility. *I* forbid."

"But what can I tell Camilla?"

"Say to her it is my fault. Say I am a mean old man. When you are twenty-one years old, you are your own boss and do what you like. But now, for one year, you go back to school, back to music."

"But, Dad—"

"Doctor's Book *says,*" Big Nick made his voice stern. "And I—I will not change my mind. Never. Go telephone Camilla."

Big Nick listened unashamedly. . . . "But it's no use trying, Camilla," Little Nick was saying. "He can't be persuaded . . . he's like a rock . . ."

Big Nick found himself holding his breath as Little Nick walked out into the hall, and he listened unashamedly. . . .

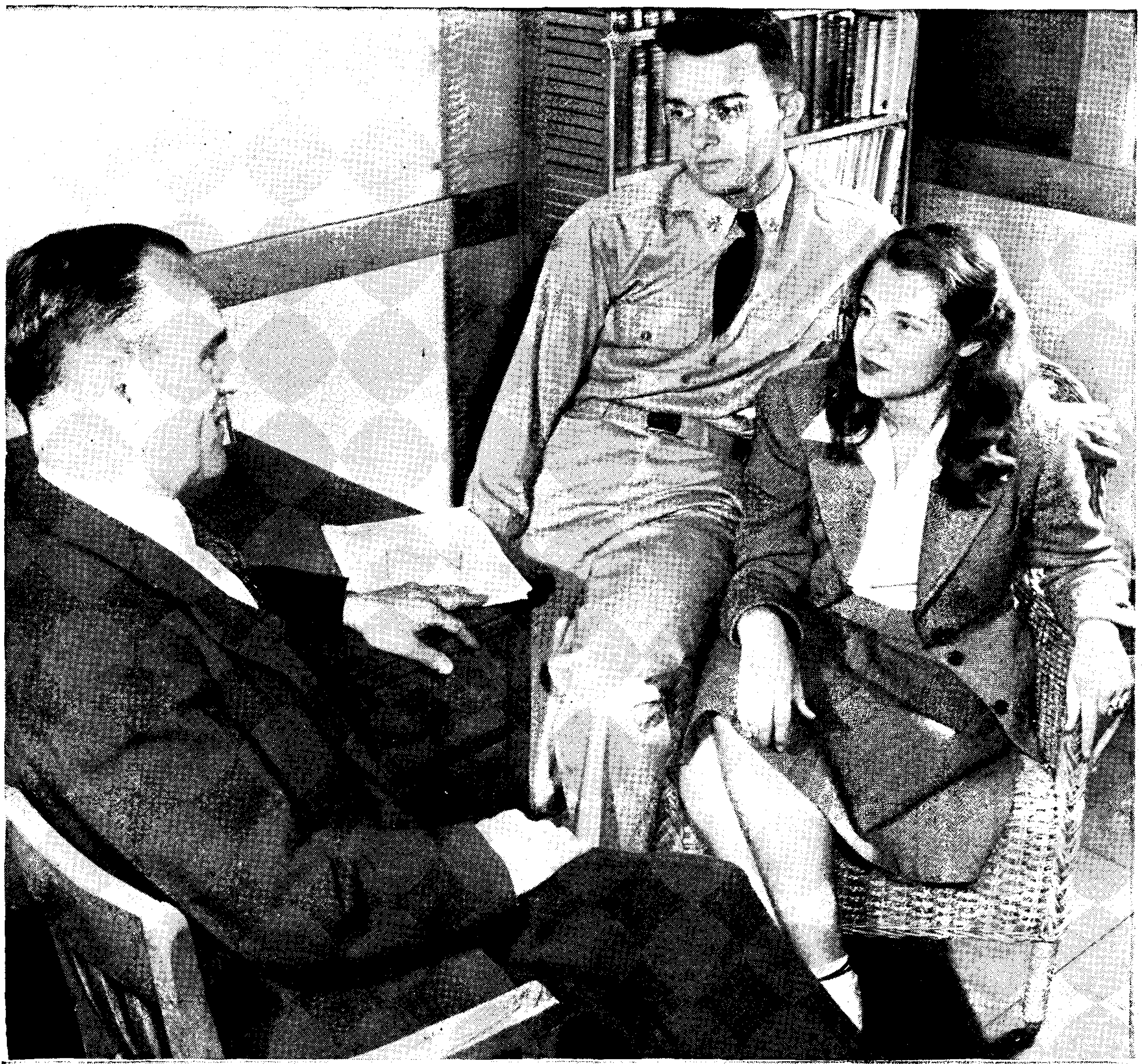
"But it's no use trying," Little Nick was saying. "He can't be persuaded. He's like a rock, like concrete, like hard blue steel."

Big Nick peeked around the portiere. Little Nick was there in the chair by the telephone. And the long slender foot in the shabby moccasin was tapping out a secret tune. To Big Nick, watching, it seemed to keep a familiar time: The Min-strel Boy from the war re-turns. . . .

a short short story complete on this page

SEX IN THE

BY DEAN JENNINGS



Young student couples bring their intimate problems to Doctor Keys' office for private consultation and advice

Two absorbed young women listen as the unfamiliar art of happy marriage is discussed with scientific candor

Students drop written questions in a slotted box. Embarrassing questions need not be asked openly

THERE were some six hundred boys and girls jammed into the big lecture hall on the University of California campus at Berkeley. Their ages ran from 17 to 25 and they represented almost every race and creed. It was like any other college class. Notebooks rustled, pencils scratched.

"I am asked," the professor said casually, "whether homosexuality is curable. I have to answer 'yes' and 'no' to that. There is a type of invert whose sexual nature is so misdirected from childhood that medicine and psychology can't help much. There are other perfectly normal individuals who through force of circumstances fall into homosexual inclinations or practices. They can be cured, if there's a will. If any of you are worried about this, come to my office and we'll talk."

No one tittered. No one was embarrassed.

"In the next question," the professor continued, glancing at some lines scribbled on the back of an envelope, "one of you wants to know why women don't nurse their babies as much as they used to. I won't answer that now because we'll cover the subject thoroughly in the coming lecture on pregnancy."

The professor paused a moment, then went on: "I have one more question left today. Someone wants to know the difference between love and infatuation. I've heard this one before. There must be a lot of students who think these are two different things. I don't think so. An infatuation can be as genuine as any other love. The real question is whether your love has in it the elements to make it grow stronger through the years."

The question period over, the students applauded spontaneously and filed out to go to their next classes. The professor, Doctor Noel Keys, went back to his office for private consultations and to plan another lecture in what is probably the most remarkable and enlightened college course in the world today.

This course, called Youth and Marriage Today, has broken all campus records for a non-credit course. Since its precarious launching some six years ago, more than 10,000 young men and women have attended this unique and revolutionary series of lectures.

Pioneered and fought for by a wise and gentle professor after the students themselves demanded it, the course has proved that young Americans are no longer satisfied with the birds-and-bees system of learning about life and love. They want the honest facts. As one man said: "We like that course because there is no beating about the bush, and our questions are answered instead of being sidestepped."

In the face of statistics that show more than one out of three war marriages fail and that in some cities harassed county clerks are recording more divorces than marriages, the students at the University of California are determined to beat the percentages. Doctor Keys proudly reports that he has received hundreds of calls, letters, cards and visits from students who married after finishing his course—but he has yet to hear of a couple whose marriage has failed after both had taken these lectures.

Because University of California students wanted the truth—and some insurance against divorce—Doctor Keys evolved his course on sex and marriage

In short, the students themselves have proved that intelligent, comprehensive and early sex education can no longer be ignored; that young America has awakened to the fallacies that contribute to our millions of broken homes.

Doctor Keys' 10,000 students, one fifth of whom regarded their parents as unhappily married, have thrown new light on the whole problem of sex and marriage. Information contributed by them has opened a rich mother lode for the experts in this field.

The students voted in a ratio of 99 to 1, for example, urging that sex education—with no punches pulled—be given in our high schools for students 16 years or older. They listen to open discussion of such once touchy subjects as masturbation, homosexuality, male and female anatomy as it applies to intercourse, premarital relations, free love and birth control. They believe the time has come to wipe out musty misconceptions.

But the kind of reaction Doctor Keys cherishes most comes from students who have taken their new knowledge home to parents. Recently a senior stopped at his office.

"Doctor Keys," he said, "I've been telling my mother about the course and letting her read my notes. She said she wished she had known about these things years ago. And now," he continued, "she says she'd like to get married again."

Another ex-student, writing from the South Pacific recently, said: "My parents never told me anything. The truth is—they didn't know what to tell us. Such education as this would have prevented my parents' separation, my sister's divorce and the break-up of my own marriage."

The sex and marriage course was conceived six years ago under somewhat tense circumstances. During the winter of 1938-39, there was growing agitation for a practical course on sex and marriage. The student newspaper bristled with letters reflecting a fear and mounting distrust of marriage. These pointed out that the university offered some 30 courses touching on child care, home management, hygiene and similar subjects. But no student could take them all. Still the administration was skeptical, and nothing was done.

Public Hostile to Lectures

One day the medical students' club quietly announced a series of talks on Freudian sex theories. These lectures were near-riots. Hundreds of uninvited persons filled every seat, jammed the aisles and overflowed to the stage. There was an immediate public reaction, climaxed by a blistering protest which carried the signatures of 800 churchwomen in the San Francisco Bay region.

University authorities promptly tossed the hot rivet to the students themselves, and in March the Associated Students called a special election on these questions:

1. Should the university offer a practical sex and marriage course?
2. Should such a course be coeducational and open to all students?
3. Should the course carry full credit?

Some 2,700 students went to the polls and gave overwhelming endorsement to the proposed course on the first two questions. The idea of credit was rejected on the grounds that there should be no inducement except a genuine interest in the problems to be discussed.

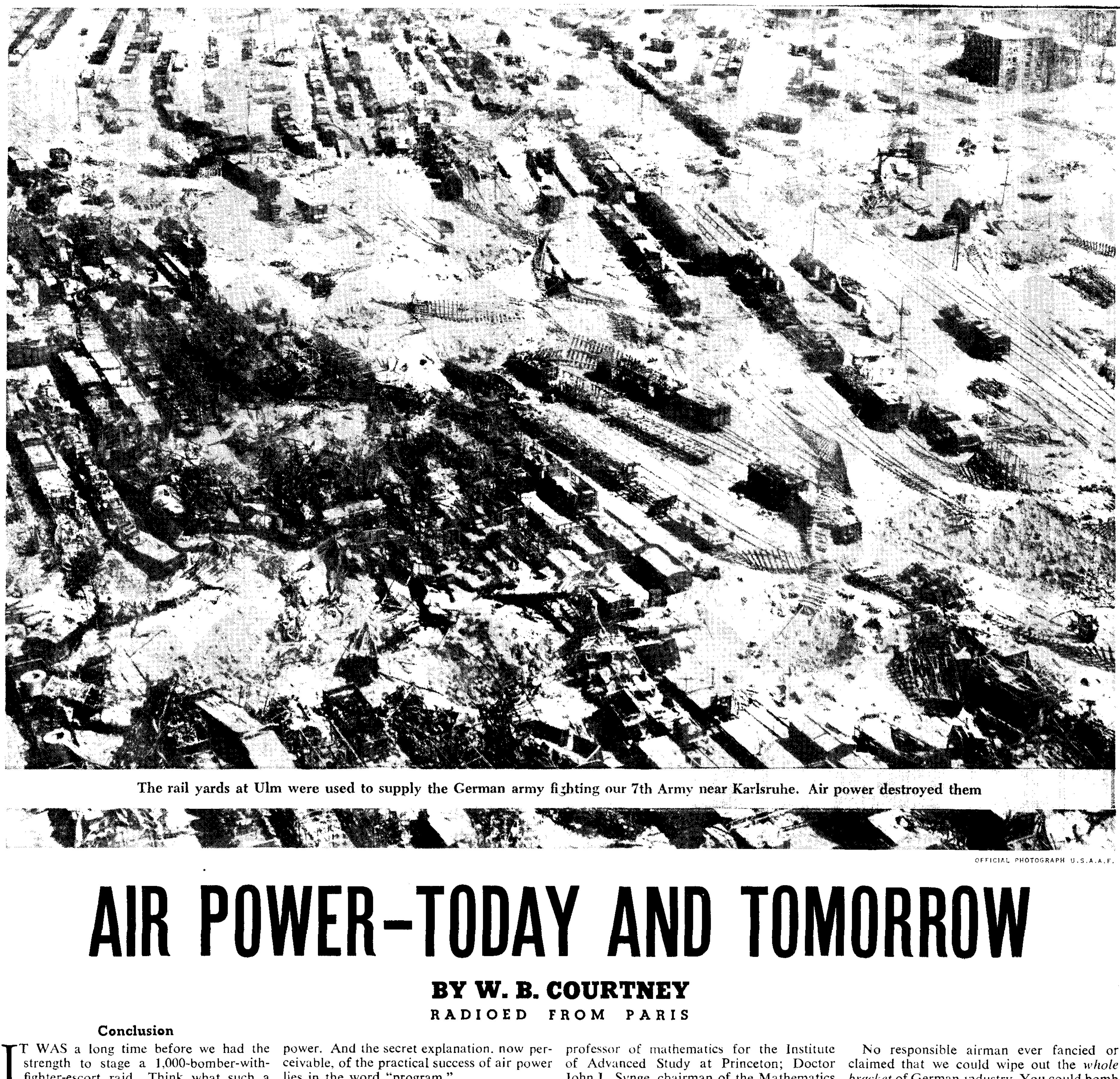
After stalling for three months, a university committee selected Doctor Keys, a relatively obscure professor of educational psychology, to chart such a course.

No better choice could have been made. For Doctor Keys had not only nursed such an idea for years, but was himself a walking testimonial for ideal marriage. A Rhodes scholar with degrees from Columbia, Chicago and Oxford, Noel Keys began his career at Lingnan University in China and then spent a year as associate professor in psychology at Syracuse University. While there, he spent so much time in the chancellor's office that the latter's secretary, Miss Marian Wiley, threatened to throw him out—or marry him. In due time he took the lesser evil. Today, seventeen years later, he still preaches what he practices.

Doctor Keys dived off the deep end at the start. He and Doctor Chauncey Leake, then of the medical school, outlined a series of fourteen lectures blanketing the whole complicated field of sex, marriage and family relations. They included discussion of dating, "heavy" petting, sexual fitness, the psychology of attraction, trial marriages, continence, free love, intercourse, the honeymoon, birth control, marriage law, family finance,

(Continued on page 51)

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING-PIX



The rail yards at Ulm were used to supply the German army fighting our 7th Army near Karlsruhe. Air power destroyed them

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S.A.A.F.

AIR POWER—TODAY AND TOMORROW

BY W. B. COURTNEY

RADIOED FROM PARIS

Conclusion

IT WAS a long time before we had the strength to stage a 1,000-bomber-with-fighter-escort raid. Think what such a mission entails! A combat fighting strength approximating that of a land division, and dropping in an hour or less a high explosive deluge greater than what the combined American and British battleships fired in support of the Normandy landing; three million gallons of gasoline and ten million rounds of machine-gun ammunition; a hundred and fifty big airfields and the devoted skill of half a million soldiers on the ground. The term "raid" for an undertaking of such magnitude is inadequate. Our strategical air work grew into a series of campaigns—with each mission a major battle extending over perhaps a thousand miles.

"Bomber" (Sir Arthur) Harris of the RAF Bomber Command and the Americans had believed that, with the end of Berlin, Hitler and the war would come to an end. They calculated that about 120,000 tons of bombs would put Berlin out of the war and out of the world. It got scarcely half that amount. Top airmen are left with a sense of frustration—with a belief that if resources stretched elsewhere had been thrown unreservedly into the air-power kitty, the war might have been won in less time with greater economy.

Be that as it may, our build-up, when it did take place, had substance and quality enough for a thoroughly decisive role by air power. And the secret explanation, now perceivable, of the practical success of air power lies in the word "program."

The Americans never bombed by targets. They bombed by a deliberate, scientifically and mathematically contrived, evaluated and executed *program.*

The United States Strategic Air Forces in Europe did not come under Supreme Commander Eisenhower. He could, however, directly order their help in three given circumstances: to avert a catastrophe, to break a deadlock or to exploit a break-through. Ordinarily, the chain of command ran down from Washington, which set policies, programs and priorities through the Commanding General of the United States Strategic Air Forces to his various force commanders—in the case of the famous Eighth Air Force, Lieutenant General Jimmy Doolittle. Given his priorities, latitude for choice among them remained with Doolittle, according to weather and many other conditions.

Another fact, unknown generally until now, is that in the setting of both program and priorities, great influence lay with scores of prominent American civilian experts. The coldly planned destruction of Germany was the work of outstanding American educators and scientists as well as professional airmen. It is impossible here to name all these men or their roles, but at headquarters, for instance, were Doctor Oswald Veblen, professor of mathematics for the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton; Doctor John L. Synge, chairman of the Mathematics Department at Toronto University; Doctor Howard M. Jenkins, chairman of the Electrical Engineering Department at Swarthmore; Doctor D. L. Webster, chairman of the Physics Department at Stanford University, and other high-ranking scientists.

Scientists Direct Bombings

For a sample of their work, there is the matter of bomb weight and fusing. When Jimmy Doolittle had decided the target for the day, these professors would delve into their own knowledge and the mass of factual material they had compiled about every industry, factory city, large building and other objective in Germany. In effect, they would ask: "Do you want to hit the top floor or the basement? Do you want to flatten it or just gut it? Do you want to burn it or rubble it? Do you want to shake up the surroundings a bit, too, or just the aiming point?" Based on his requirements, they would recommend fusings and bomb sizes.

The program itself was predicated, first, on destruction of the German Air Force in order to win uninterrupted Allied air supremacy; second, on the destruction or disruption of those German industries which contributed to the German ability to continue the war.

No responsible airman ever fancied or claimed that we could wipe out the *whole bracket* of German industry. You could bomb the Ruhr into a lifeless desert—it is almost that now—and German industry elsewhere could have fed this war indefinitely.

In Japan, we followed much the same pattern, with better weapons. It is still too early to assay the effect of air power in defeating Japan. But the main Japanese armies were still in the field when the Japanese government surrendered. No invader had set foot on any of the four main Japanese islands. Air power had hit the heart of Japan with heavy fragmentation bombs, with hundreds of thousands of incendiary bombs, and with atomic bombs.

No air-power advocate will try to detract from the magnificent job the Army and Navy did in inching our battle lines across the Pacific, island by island, sweating out the landings and the cave fighting and the Kamikazes. But the moment the Army and Navy brought American air power to Guam, within strikings and the cave fighting and the Kamikazes. numbered. On the morning that President Truman received Japanese acceptance of our terms, Radio Tokyo took cognizance of the power of the atomic bomb in announcing that "His Gracious Majesty" cited "the catastrophe inflicted on Nippon by the United States."

(Continued on page 28)

HEAVY DUTY
GOODYEAR
6.00-16

Finding the cure for a tire's heart trouble

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

YOU are looking at something you probably rarely see or think about — the inner tube of a tire. Yet it is vitally important . . . for *the tube is the very heart of a tire.*

When war sealed off the source of natural rubber, some tires began to develop "heart trouble." The first synthetic rubber tubes were not entirely satisfactory. Some would split and tear, come apart at the seam.

Goodyear chemists, with years of experience compounding synthetic rubber, kept plugging away, working with one formula after another. Finally, they found the elusive combination of chemicals which, together with Goodyear-developed manufacturing processes, today enables the new Goodyear synthetic rubber tube to give outstanding performance. Service records make this new tube the leader in the field.

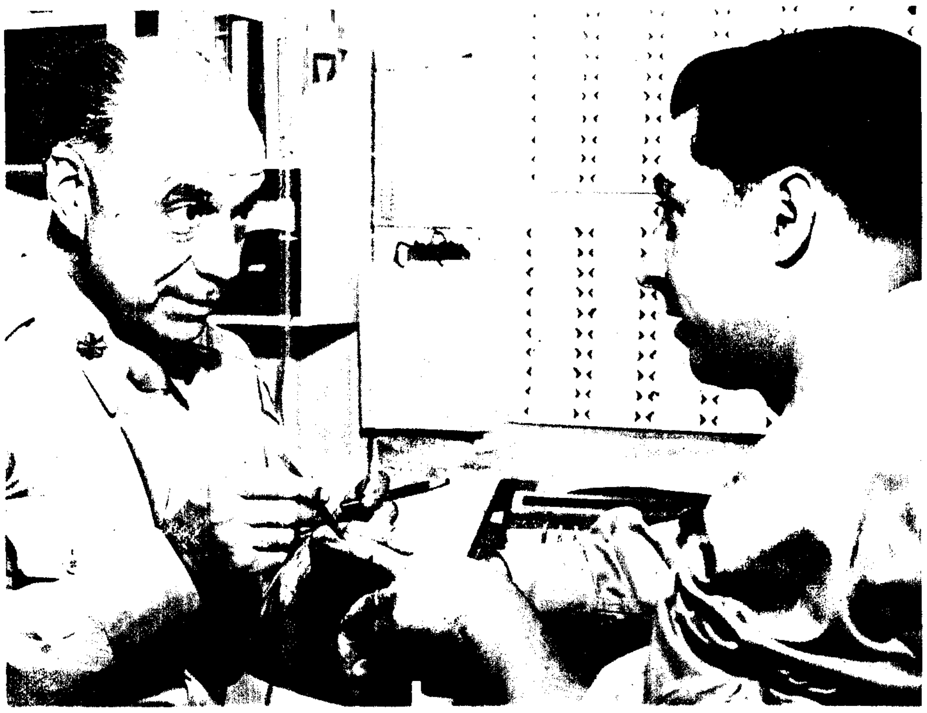
The superiority of the new Goodyear synthetic rubber tube is the direct outgrowth of Goodyear leadership in rubber research . . . vision to see possibilities, experience to adopt the most promising attack, skill to interpret the results, and determination in applying these results to your best advantage.

A pioneer in rubber and the world's leading builder of tires, Goodyear also works in many other vital fields — chemicals, metals, fabrics, plastics . . . constantly finding ways of making new and better products for you.

BUY WAR BONDS BUY FOR KEEPS

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER



Pvt. Peter Gambaccini, Jr., has his injured hand checked by Maj. F. H. Lewey, nerve specialist. Marks on fingers indicate where soldier reacts to needle

At the Wickmire-Spencer Steel Co., where he worked prior to induction, Pvt. Gambaccini turns out parts for machines as his one-time foreman watches

After a day's work at the plant, the rehabilitated soldier goes home to his wife, Eva, and twins, Richard and Peter III. His life is about normal again

WORK AND GET WELL

BY GENE CASEY

WE WATCHED the nattily uniformed young soldier bounce into the Boston machine shop, hit his timecard and dash for the locker room with an enthusiasm for work we hadn't seen in a long time. He was one of a few hundred battle-disabled youngsters who was proving to Medical Corps brass hats that a fellow who, according to their past experience, required a year's hospitalization for exercise therapy, could cure himself in half the time if turned loose at a man's job.

Dressed in Army fatigues the youngster popped out of the locker room and headed for his turret lathe. We watched him work for a while, trying to figure out his disability, but it wasn't obvious, so we stepped up and asked.

The kid smiled, pleasantly and politely, swung back the lever of his lathe and stepped back from the machine. He held out the right hand and arm with which he'd been working the lever, and rolled up his sleeve. There were two long scars, extending halfway down his arm.

"You know," he added, as though relating the most terrifying part of a horrible nightmare, "I begged the docs to take that arm off."

We'd been wanting to see this kid ever since we'd become interested in the work-and-get-well furloughs for disabled soldiers pioneered by the Army's Cushing General Hospital of Framingham, Mass. Now that the program had been successful, had been taken up by the other New England Army hospitals, and was about to be extended throughout the country, we thought we'd better see how it worked.

This kid was Pfc. Warren J. Bailey of Boston; he was 24, had joined the Army the day after the Pearl Harbor attack, had fought with both 1st and 3d Infantry divisions for two and one half years, had been in the invasions of North Africa, Sicily and Italy, and was battling in southern France, last September 5th, when shrapnel almost tore off his right arm. The wounds gave him so much pain that he begged surgeons in France and later at Cushing General, after he'd been flown home, to amputate the arm. But they refused and, after four months in a cast, the arm began to feel better.

But the general atmosphere of a hospital was not conducive to high hopes for a speedy recovery. There were more seriously wounded men around, and their inability to move injured limbs weakened the resolve of others. There were the ones who didn't want to try, who sat around fighting their battles over in conversation, and had no urge to stand on their own feet again in a highly competitive world.

Getting Back Into the Groove

Then the kid learned of the plan to speed rehabilitation by permitting disabled soldiers to take work furloughs and live at home if they would obtain war-plant jobs requiring use of their injured limbs. Bailey queried the man who ran the machine shop where he had worked for six months before joining the Army, asking him if he'd take a chance on a bird with one busted wing.

The old boss said he'd be delighted and told the kid wage rates had increased so he'd now make double what he did before the war.

Bailey plunged right away into a 54-hour work week, and he was dead tired every night that first week, but he stuck at it. His right arm and hand have been growing stronger every day since, although they throb a little if he uses them too much.

The idea for these work furloughs was the brain child of Pvt. Richard B. Thomas of New York City, who crawled off the Anzio beachhead with a wounded leg and found himself at Cushing General, about twenty months ago, still facing an estimated nine months of therapy.

Thomas had gone three years to Yale before entering the Army and he fretted about the time he was losing in the hospital. Finally, he told doctors: "Except for this leg I'm all right. Why should I hang around here? Why can't I go back to Yale and get my degree and arrange for therapy there?"

"Why not?" echoed the medicos.

Yale gave the soldier six-months credit for overseas service and told him if he successfully completed one semester, he'd get his degree. Thomas came through with flying colors and, a year ago last March, not only received his degree but was so improved physically that he was given a discharge from service.

His recovery was so good and speedy it set Cushing General doctors thinking: You take a soldier with a disabled hand and tell him to squeeze a rubber ball and after an hour he's bored; but suppose you gave him a man's job which would give his hand the same exercise and let him work outside where he'd mingle with normal healthy people?

They thought it was worth a try and they got together with First Lieutenant George K. Bowles, hospital separation and classification officer, who had been a psychologist at the Wassaic (N.Y.) State School. He came through with the idea of channeling the men into war plants.

Easy Rules to Follow

The officers laid down conditions: If possible, the soldier was to wear his uniform at work, but if the job was too dirty he could wear Army fatigue clothes. He was to wear the uniform to and from work, anyway, and in his free time.

The Army was to check the type of job before letting the soldier take it, to make sure he was going to benefit therapeutically and financially. If a soldier picked his own job, he might take one that would hinder—instead of aid—his recovery. So his ward doctor was to prescribe the kind of work he should do, furnishing a physical-capacities appraisal which would list the soldier's weaknesses and require—for example—that he have three hours gripping work a day or should be standing half of the time.

Bowles would tell them where they could obtain emergency hospitalization, about the taxes they would have to pay, and give them a war production pep talk. Thomas P. McCormack, United States Employment Service representative at the hospital, would help line up jobs through U.S.E.S. offices near the soldiers' homes, because the Army wanted the disabled veterans to live at home if possible.

They began the program carefully in July of 1944, letting just a man or two out at the time; but it worked so well that the disabled soldiers at Cushing General alone were soon able to take jobs at the rate of better than one man every day. The soldiers were sent home first on three-day passes, armed with letters stating they would be given up to 90-day furloughs and extensions thereof if they could obtain work which would help their recovery.

Employers nibbled the bait carefully and furloughs were granted; then the war plants, after a little experience with the disabled combat men, approved the plan wholeheartedly. They found the soldiers, 24-hour-a-day men in the Army, thought nothing of working as much as 55½ hours a week, and that the presence of the uniformed heroes in the plants spurred other workers on so that production figures zoomed upward. They weren't training men wastefully, either, because when injured limbs were restored to full possible use, the soldiers were released from the Army and could stay on the job.

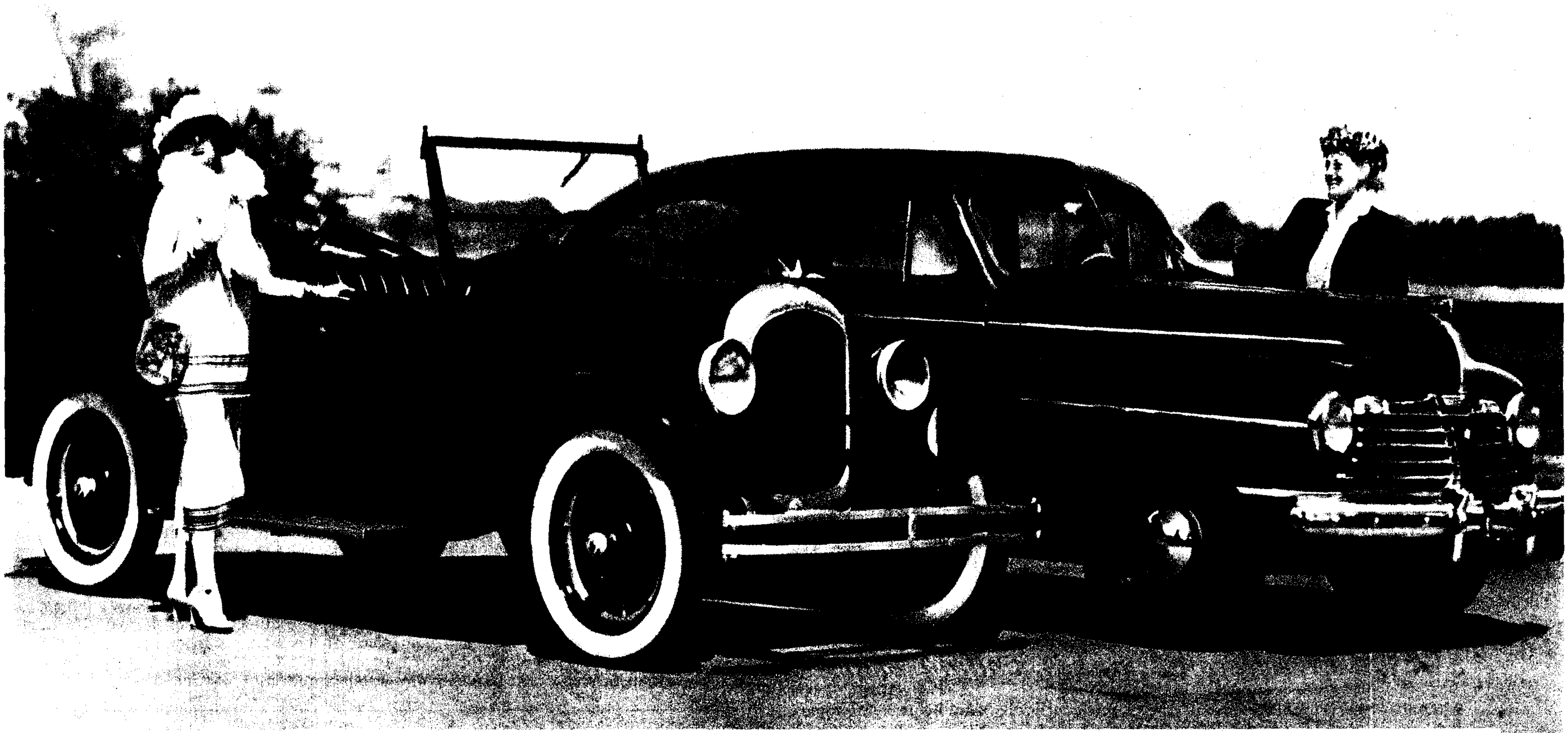
As one temporarily disabled youngster put it: "It's like basic training all over again—basic training in being a civilian." ★★★

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE DEARING

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER

IMAGINATION IS PRACTICAL

HOW IT BENEFITS YOU—IN WAR—IN PEACE



A picture of 18 years of progress . . . . the first Chrysler of 1924 . . . . the Plymouth of 1942.

Imagination is the bridge between the vision and the reality; it finds ways to give an idea shape and substance and make it useful to many people.

Imagination at Chrysler Corporation both creates and constructs . . . it is the force that adds special value to trucks, cars — or tanks, guns, rockets.

Remember the first Chrysler? It was a brand-new kind of car — a triumph of practical *imagination.*

That same *imagination* has worked steadily at Chrysler Corporation ever since. It has pioneered scores of improvements such as Floating Power, Fluid Drive and Superfinish. Each of them has meant increased comfort, performance or safety — new economy of operation or upkeep.

Values of our cars have progressed far beyond that original model. The last pre-war Plymouth — Chrysler Corporation's lowest price car — offered more than *twice* as much power per dollar as the first Chrysler, and sold for about *half* as much per pound!

Imagination is the directing force at Chrysler Corporation . . . you get the benefit of its influence and discoveries in each one of our products.

Practical imagination has helped us turn out guns, tanks, rockets, B-29 engines and other war products in record quantities. When we make automobiles again, *imagination* will continue to increase their value and usefulness to you.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Plymouth
DODGE
DeSoto
CHRYSLER

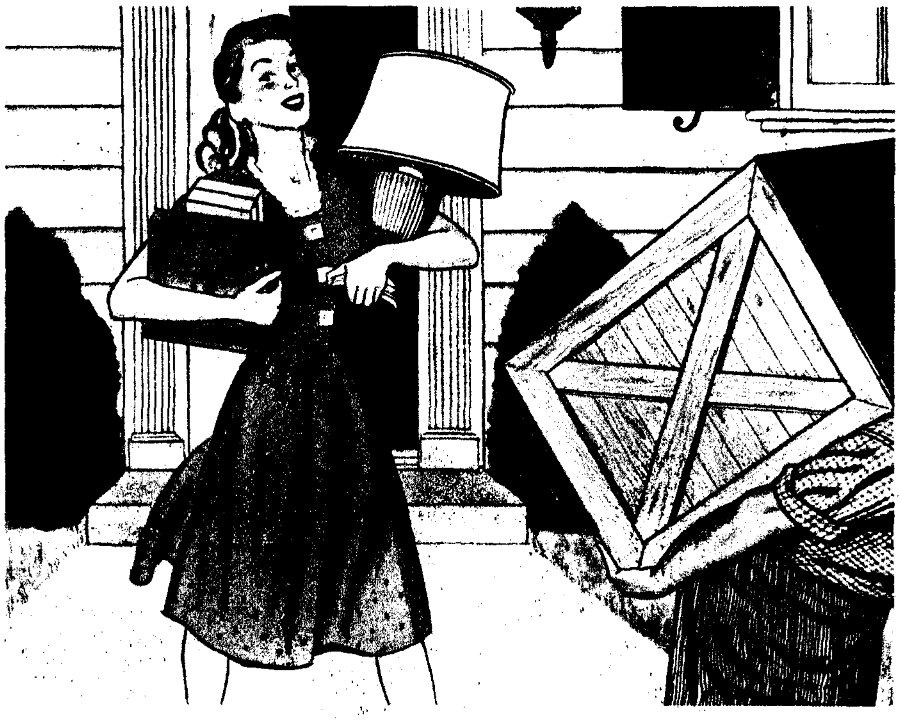
AIRTEMP
Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration
CHRYSLER
Marine and Industrial Engines
OILITE
Powdered Metal Products
MOPAR
Parts and Accessories

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

NEW THURSDAY NIGHT PROGRAM! The Music of Andre Kostelanetz with the most popular stars of the musical world, Thursdays, CBS, 9 P.M., EWT.

SCENE 1....*Trouble at 526 Park!*

7 a. m.—Moving day dawns . . . like thunder. Poor Mrs. B. can't face it. Constipation symptoms have her down. She's headachy, uncomfortable. "A sparkling glass of Sal Hepatica will fix you up in no time," cries Mr. B.



SCENE 2....*Heroine makes smiling exit!*

9 a. m.—Here come the last of the Bs' household goods. And here comes Mrs. B., with her share of the load. Sal Hepatica brought the quick, easy relief it's famous for. Taken first thing in the morning, this refreshing saline laxative usually acts within an hour. Acts gently, too. And helps counteract excess gastric acidity, as well as helping turn a sour stomach sweet again.

Three out of five doctors, interviewed in a survey, recommend gentle, speedy Sal Hepatica. Try it, next time *you* need a laxative.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficacy of this famous prescription! Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN "EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P.M., E.W.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, Blue Network, 8:30 P.M., E.W.T.

Air Power—Today and Tomorrow

Continued from page 24

In Germany, all the factories of the Reich are not in ruins. Doughboys marching in to occupy have been surprised to find, for example, certain steel factories intact. The explanation is the steel produced therein was not of a grade or type used in essential war materials. In one city, Yanks saw the wreck of a building still holding the sign of a German rubber company. "Oh, yes!" said the townsfolk. "Your bombers smashed this but we wondered why. This was only the company's office. The manufacturing plant, a hundred miles from here, was not touched." What they did not know was that this "office" was also a research center, and it was more important to destroy that research than the actual production. Also, the usual ugly stories are now circulating in Europe of German factories spared because of British ownership. That is nonsense. Any German factory spared was spared for war, not economic, reasons.

At any rate, number one on the American air-power program was the German Air Force. We had to win air superiority, not only over occupied territories but over Germany itself, to insure both our strategical bombing success and the ground invasion. To do that, we had to knock down German planes as well as the factories that produced them. To do it we had to entice them to fight, whereas they had fallen back on a policy of conserving their fighters strictly to attack bombers. Our strategical and tactical fighters had orders to seek and slam German fighters wherever they could find them and on terms of our choosing, not theirs. It got to a point where our fighters would hover unmolested on the edges of German airfields daring their fighters to come up.

The whole program depended on this phase. The German problem was to preserve defensive fighter supremacy over the Reich itself, the core of their war effort. Ours was to make them powerless to do so. Our fighters no longer flew protectingly alongside their "big brothers." They went down to the treetops. They flew up country roads. They dived into valleys flushing out the enemy.

The jets came and, frankly and in general, our fighters were not a match for them. While the jets raised our bomber losses, they did not do so critically. Fortunately, they had come too late—the Nazis' game was already up.

Meanwhile, our bombers got on with their concurrent job of wiping out German plane manufacturing. Their success was attested by the G.I.'s favorite D-Day question: "Where is the Luftwaffe?" The effective neutralization of the German Air Force is also detectable in the fact that German flak, not German fighters, was responsible for more than 90 per cent of the 55,000 incidents of battle damage inflicted upon our strategical aircraft in 1944.

Next on the air-power program came these essentially direct war sections of German industry, although not necessarily in this order:

Oil, synthetic and natural—the black blood of modern war. Transportation and communications—its arteries. Ball and roller bearings. Rubber, tanks, submarines, chemicals, ordnance, miscellaneous small arms, marine engines and naval equipment, signals, depots and testing and research laboratories.

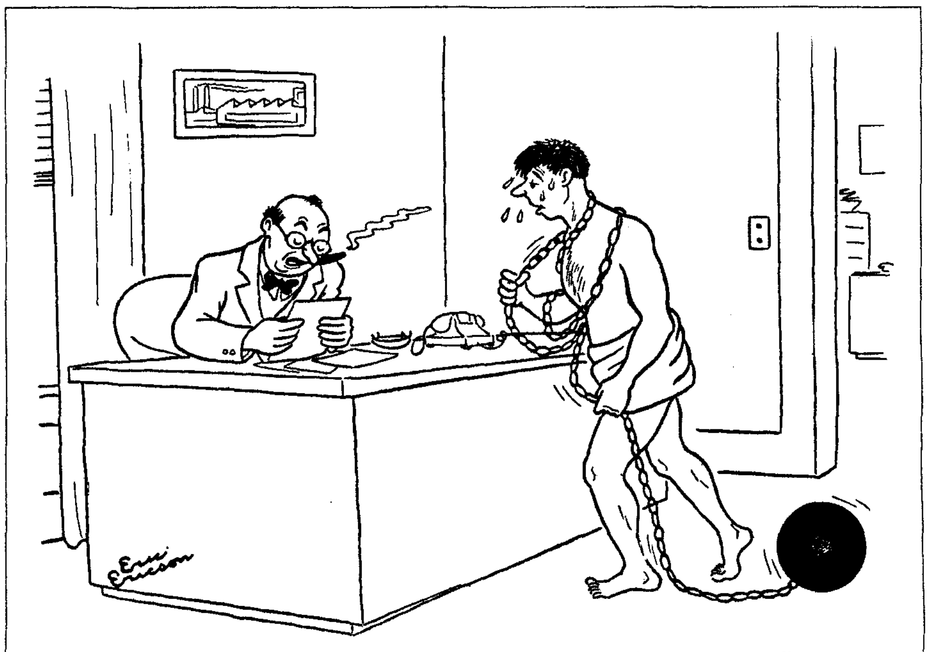
We now have proof that the grave shortages our bombing caused in all these products contributed to the death of the Wehrmacht and the immobilization of German economy and society.

But it is in the results of the high-priority bombing of German oil and its by-product, gasoline, that nonprofessional observers can best judge our air power. You can have all the planes, tanks and motorized weapons in the world, but if you have no fuel, a man on a horse is your master.

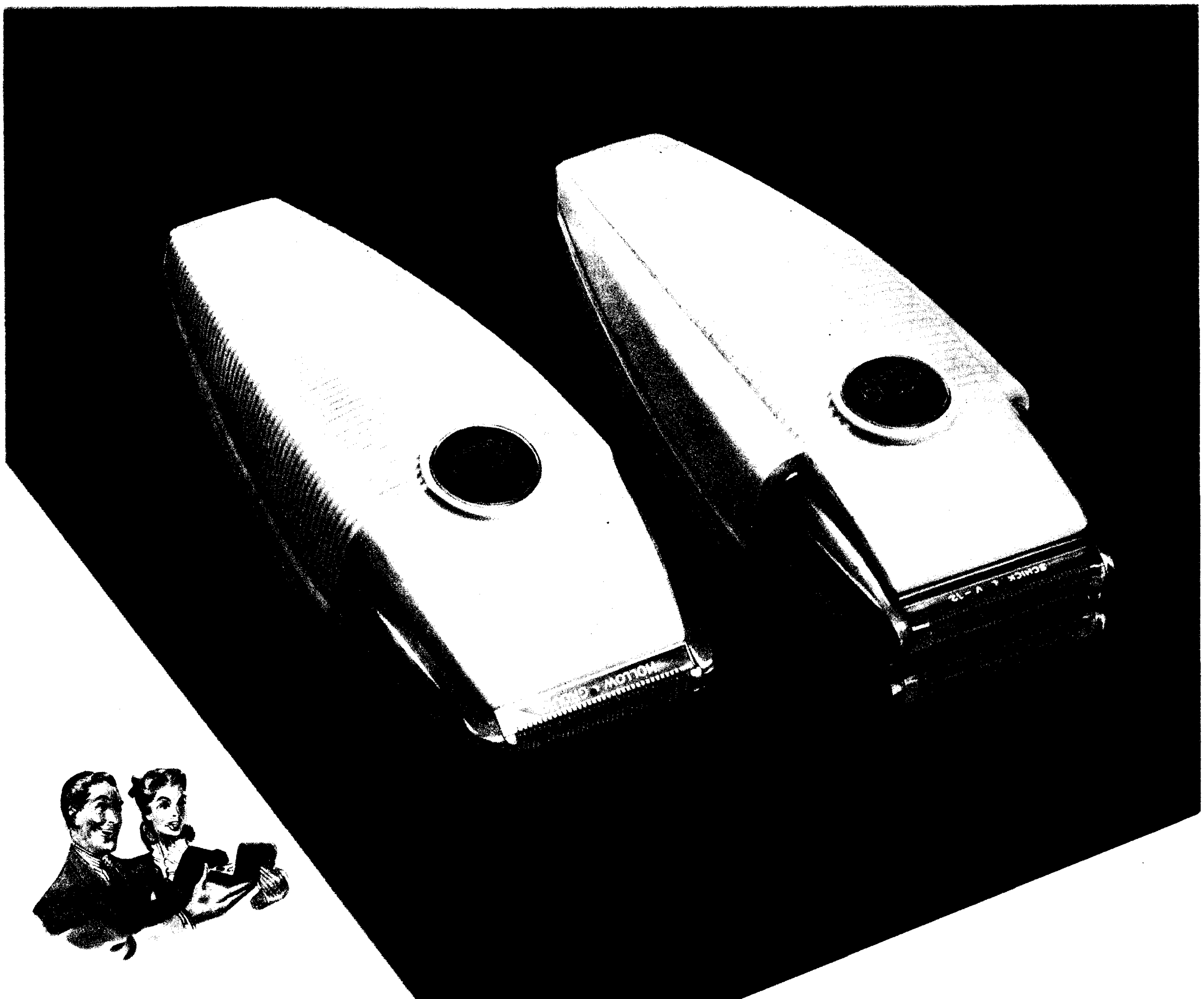
Petroleum—Keystone of Modern War

This war as fought, on land and in the air, was the most petrol-dependent of all wars. The Germans appreciated this and, in their preparations, had set up huge fuel reserves and assured themselves of the Rumanian wells. They drove early for the Caucasus and Middle East and, having abundant coal, established the earth's greatest synthetic oil plants for its extraction. Moreover, when they assessed the intentions of the American air program, they placed their heaviest flak and smoke-screen concentrations around the oil plants. Of about 12,000 heavy and 30,000 light flak guns defending the inner Reich, half of the heavy and a quarter of the light spat for the oil works. Luena, near Halle, had 450 heavies and 300 lights and was, perhaps, the most heavily defended single target in Germany. Yet we hit Luena 18 times and there is nothing left of it today but five blackened chimneys.

Our casualties in planes and men were highest in the oil phase of our program. They began with Ploesti. Within Germany itself, the program demanded a continuing assault on 81 gasoline plants, but every Yank airman who died over a German oil target saved a hundred doughfoot comrades. For destruction of German oil not only grounded their airplanes, it seriously interfered with their subs, tanks, motorized transport and the home life of their people. In five months, from May to September of 1944, we cut their production to 20 per cent of normal. Up to April of this year, we made more than 500 attacks on 120 different oil targets. Their gasoline production was cut 90 per cent, their



COLLIER'S "Never mind the dramatics, Owen—just ask for your raise" ERIC ERICSON



ALL IS SMOOTH SHAVING AGAIN—*Schick is back!*

RIGHT now, a trickle of Schick Electric Shavers is reaching the stores—as many as we can make in excess of shaver requirements going to men in our armed forces all over the world. We have been shipping total production to the Army and Navy since the first of the year. But thousands for the stores will be coming along soon.

And the very minute you get yours say goodbye forever to messy lather, to smarting burns and nasty, nagging little cuts. Feel that purring Schick arch your skin gently while it whizzes off every whisker smooth and close. Not a hair is missed: comb points guide every whisker into the cutting slots; interceptor bars pick up whiskers so short you hardly know they're there.

We could give you a long technical story about why Schick is so good, so smooth, so quick, so slick—but your soundest proof is to get one into your own hand and try it. After all, why *wouldn't* Schick give you the best shave of your life? The whole electric shaver idea is our baby. We invented it. We devoted our lives to improving it. And before the war, *more than half* of *all* the millions of electric shavers sold were Schicks.

Naturally you want your electric shaver to be a Schick. If you don't find it today, try next week. It's on the way!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT

SCHICK COLONEL—*Styled by Raymond Loewy in smart ivory plastic, it has the famous 2-M Hollow-Ground shearing head and a dependable high-speed motor that uses either type current. Hinged, bronze Whisk-Its catch all beard clippings. Static suppressor. Comes packed complete in handsome, durable, simulated leather case $15.00**

SCHICK SUPER—*the finest Schick Shaver ever made. New precision built V head, comb type with double acting interceptor bars. New, dependable high-speed motor that uses either type current. Styled in rich ivory plastic. Hinged, bronze Whisk-Its catch all beard clippings. Static suppressor. Comes packed complete in handsome, durable, simulated leather case $18.00**

**Slightly higher in Canada*

SCHICK *Electric* SHAVER

over-all oil production more than 80 per cent. Hitler's war buggy was out of gas. The Wehrmacht, once the most highly mobile army in the world, was reduced to bicycles, horses and handcars.

Today a bomb evaluation commission from the United States is working in Germany. Scores of experts are crawling over its ruins with notebooks, calipers and magnifying glasses. Presently, they will have lots of statistics for you. These statistics, of course, will be obsolete the moment we can measure accurately the multifold accomplishment of the atomic bomb, but the TNT we used in Germany did a good job withal. Today you can fly over Germany and look down and see how five centuries of German culture and construction have been knocked into rubbish by three years of air power. I have seen the garbaged Ruhr, the frowsy skeleton of Berlin and a dozen other once-great cities, the warped bones of Luena and a score of other once-huge factories.

An Obligation of Citizenship

It is up to you to take the most useful interest, as an intelligent citizen, in the postwar air power of the United States and insure that our country may be spared a fate like Germany's.

Let us summarize the authentic professional military view—gained from both German and Allied officers—of the influence air power had in the general course of the war:

(1) It saved England. You know that story.

(2) It saved Russia. It first broke the seemingly irresistible German tide there by sucking away the German Air Force from Stalingrad and later from the critical point at Kursk. The German army then met in the Russians a foe who has even less respect for human life than itself, and the Wehrmacht was trampled by the horde-armies of the Soviet.

(3) It saved Africa. Brereton's Ninth Air Force made El Alamein possible for Montgomery and later assured the Eisenhower landings.

(4) It helped to keep the Atlantic open. Aircraft got more subs than surface vessels did.

(5) It made the Second Front possible. Without overwhelming air superiority, our immense fleets could not have assembled in English ports and on June 5th and 6th have crossed the Channel unmolested. And, even if they had, it is now clear that the mobility and skilled disposition of his reserves might well have enabled Hitler to make good his boast of throwing the Allies into the sea. But our Tactical Air Force destroyed that mobility by cutting the vital Seine bridges and our Strategic Air Force murdered his reserves. No other great military enterprise in history was so protected from enemy interference and so cloaked from enemy reconnaissance.

(6) It broke the deadlock which a determined, courageous and well-fed enemy placed upon our armies in Normandy. It shook the British out of the doldrums of Caen and spearheaded the American break-through at Saint-Lô whence Bradley sped to Paris and Patton to the Siegfried Line. Furthermore, the air furnished supplies for Patton's dashes then and later.

(7) It first invaded Holland and led the final big push over the Rhine.

(8) It profoundly affected Germany's manpower problem. Twenty-four-hour-a-day bombardment put a strain on the whole German industrial, military, social and economic organization that is unmeasurable. This much can be accounted: Nearly one million able-bodied, trained soldiers who would have been invaluable to the moving army were kept for the flak defenses alone in Germany, and perhaps one million trained civilians were kept busy in air-raid precaution work.

Air power did all this, in addition to the strategical bombing program we have reviewed. There are other points. None of this is to say that the Germans did not take countermeasures against our program or that our air power did not commit mistakes. Some German countermeasures were effective but, since they were not sufficiently effective to alter the final result, they remain academic. Nor did our mistakes delay that result, but frankness demands mention of some of them, if only to bring about improvement of our future use of air power.

Ground-to-air liaison was not always good. This caused such tragic events as one I know in which a French town was bombed and French civilians killed a couple of days after Maquis and Yank advance elements had entirely cleared it of Germans. Strategical bombing for break-through purposes was at first too close, against, it must be admitted, air leaders' advice. It killed some of our own men.

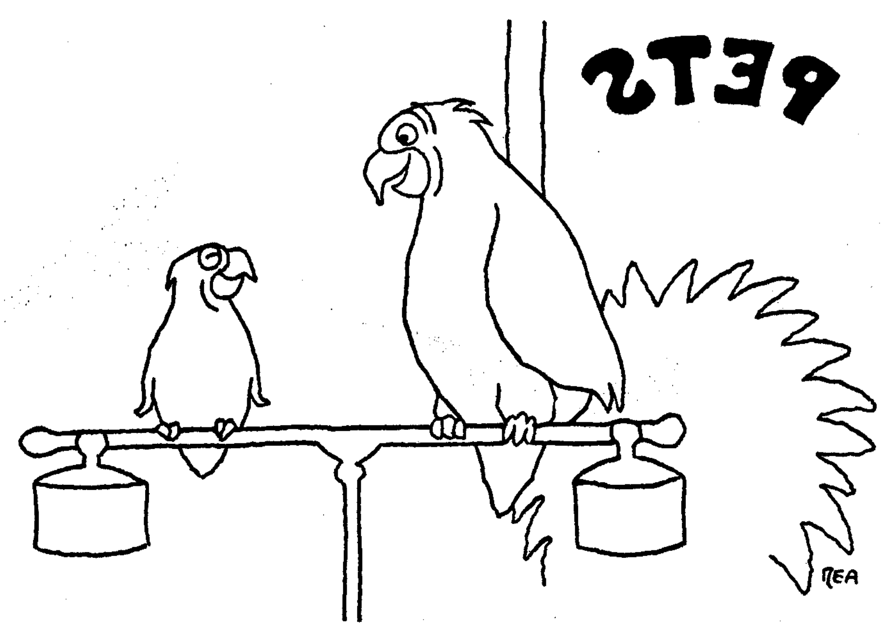
Procurement methods at home were often unwieldy, lax and inefficient. Constant and picayune modifications drove production men insane. The Germans beat us all hollow with jets. We never got one into combat here, whereas they had many hundreds, because we fussed and delayed too much with minor details. Given weapons of almost equal value, nothing counts but numbers. After all, we won the war with an overwhelming quantity of already obsolete airplanes. Based on fairly reliable, and by now disinterested, opinions of German scientists and officers, our further mistakes were a failure to hit certain power plants, destruction of which would have left much of German industry without adequate electric current; too much emphasis on ball bearings, of which an excessive supply was easily stored; too much attention to railroad marshaling yards in big population centers, where masses of workmen could be speedily assembled to make repairs instead of the mangling of many scattered points along the railways.

In sum, intelligent opinion is that we did well. Those, then, are the simple facts of how air power both precipitated and won the war.

Even today it is fundamentally incorrect to assume that airplanes are all of air power. It is assuredly a great deal more than the popular notion of filling a thousand planes with gasoline, bombs, pilots, navigators and gunners and flying them romantically and heroically forth on a "raid." Any United States Air Force has more trucks, jeeps and other vehicles than airplanes. Every combat flier is backed on the ground by 10 to 50 sweating, building, striving men and officers. There are more pilots flying noncombat than combat jobs.

Air power is a complex and diversified structure, of which an air force is only a part. Air power tramples forward upon the enemy with what General Eaker calls "its two big feet of Strategic Air Force and Tactical Air Force, which you must plant down one after the other in proper cadence." But air power is also reconnaissance—no part of enemy territory on this earth remains unseen by our observers, unmapped by our cameras or harboring activities which our photo experts cannot read. Air power is a massive airline: The Air Transport Command has drawn a net around the globe larger in volume and facilities than all the world's commercial airlines of all the rest of the great nations, military, air supply and service traffic combined. Air power is airborne land fighters: the Troop Carrier Command on the first day alone of the air invasion of Holland, last September, used five times more planes than there ever have been on all the domestic commercial airlines of the United States together, and it dropped more soldiers than George Washington ever had under his command, in a single engagement.

Air power is service—huge bases and repair depots at home and abroad and millions of acres of airfields. Air power is training—the possession by a nation of a fund of young manpower, healthy and intelligent and well educated enough for technical and specialized work under conditions and temperatures abnormal to man's natural physical equipment. Air power is the control, husbanding and exploitation of critical materials and resources. Air power is industry—the ability of a nation not only to build more airplanes than its enemy, but to devise, invent and keep ahead in research of every conceivable means of unloading disaster from the air upon that enemy. Air power is science and engineering and investment.



COLLIER'S "That's better. Now once more: 'Hell's bells!'" GARDNER REA

The two big obstacles to such movement of air power when this war began were distance and weather. Both have been whittled and there is every technical reason to believe that they will soon disappear. With the conquest of distance comes the end of naval aircraft carriers, which—though gallant and useful in this war—were purely an interim measure. As to weather, radar and other measures make overcast skies no longer a protection for target areas. Safe landings at home bases for the riders of the storm are no longer an insurmountable hazard.

The airplane, obviously then, is not merely a new weapon. The airplane is only a vehicle—with a limited future—of air power which, in itself, is an entirely new arm of military opportunity. To ask whether air power alone can win a war is just as provincial as to ask whether the Navy alone or the Army alone could win a war. It depends upon the nature and scope of the war—and the century in which it is fought.

Two favorite contentions of air power opponents have been that sea power is required to transport it—or its major supplies—to distant combat zones, and that air power cannot occupy lands it may subjugate but must be followed by land occupational forces. The ephemeral validity of the first point has been demonstrated by the Air Transport Command for all who can see a few years ahead; and of the second, by the advent on a large scale toward the end of this war of airborne troops and their heavy equipment.

So the vital and basic thing for us to know is that air power is a whole new realm of thinking, planning, strategy and international balances—and that within this realm the airplane as we have known it is not necessarily here to stay as a combat unit. Indeed, the airplane is a far less important part of air power now than it was at the beginning of the war. The advance of aviation science and its recent discoveries, inventions and developments—with their addition of new means to air power and the speed with which this war brought them into being—make it obvious that in the not too distant future the familiar airplane will be to air power as the Roman chariot is to modern land power and the slave-rowed galley of the ancient Mediterranean is to modern sea power.

The conventional airplane is not and never has been a truly efficient or economic vehicle in ratio of performance to weight and cost. It has been steadily refined but is definitely limited. Moreover, air power, using other fuels, will break the petrol grip on war.

Such is air power today. Air power of tomorrow can be visioned, but not yet blueprinted.

Some of the notions and experiments of the Germans have not yet, for security reasons, been divulged—but, in the V-weapons, the jet- and rocket-propulsion planes, the 1,000-mile-an-hour fighter, the rockets to be launched from submerged U-boats, the huge burning mirrors to be suspended thousands of miles above the earth, the research in atomic power, the rocket antiaircraft missiles with nailhead accuracy at ten miles height that would make strategic bombing, as practiced in this war, impossible—in all these and other things we have a sober view of the wars to come.

American experts who have seen these plans and trials and German scientists with whom they have conferred, seriously believe that air power can make fantasy an everyday commonplace.

Air Threat in a Dawning Age

Meanwhile, it is the sheerest nonsense to parrot that the V-weapon attacks on England and such places as Antwerp had no military value. What is true is that they had no decisive value. Neither had the jet plane. Nor had the airplane and the tank in World War I, but this merely emphasizes a military axiom. It is that no major war has ever been won by a new device brought forward during the progress of that war. If the new weapons are sound and practicable, their decisiveness comes in the next war.

This brings forward my third and last premise—that air power increases the danger of precipitating the next war. The current demonstration of the dawning of air power and development of the atomic bomb sets the gravest responsibility upon the United Nations organization because air power, more than any other kind of power, suggests that the alternative to the success of the charter is universal catastrophe.

From a military point of view we must consider that, in a world which remains armed, hope of enduring peace is unreassured by precedent. And that danger of war always exists when any powerful industrial nation, Germany or any other, with real or fancied political or territorial grievances, might come to believe that it has within its arsenal the weapon for victory. Germany believed so this time. Who can foresee what will develop in the atomic era?

In such an uncertain world, surely, it is only wise for the United States to remain strong and, to paraphrase an old American saying, "Trust in God and keep your air power flourishing." Soon a controversy over air power will surely arise in America dwarfing the Mitchell affair, because the growth of air power cuts across vested military and naval interests. In this you will have to be the judge.

Remember, while you judge, that land power built kingdoms. Sea power built empires. Now air power comes, bringing a new dimension and a chance to build new empires. In the hands of unchecked demagogues it can build an empire of hate and fear and slavery. In the hands of decent men it can build an empire of the soul.

THE END

"Wow...it's a humdinger of a breakfast!"

No wonder he's so happy! They'll be that way at your house, too, when the family sees this lusty, luscious breakfast of Nabisco Shredded Wheat on the table.

For Nabisco Shredded Wheat's a bang-up good dish that really rates with everybody—young and old. Wonderful, tender-crunchy whole wheat—full of natural flavor!

And every bit as good for you as a bowl of hot cereal! Gives Mother a break, too, for there's no fuss or bother in the kitchen.

Be smart at breakfast-time tomorrow! Open up a package of Nabisco Shredded Wheat—the original Niagara Falls product that's always a family favorite-for-flavor!

FULL OF WHOLE-WHEAT GOODNESS, TOO!

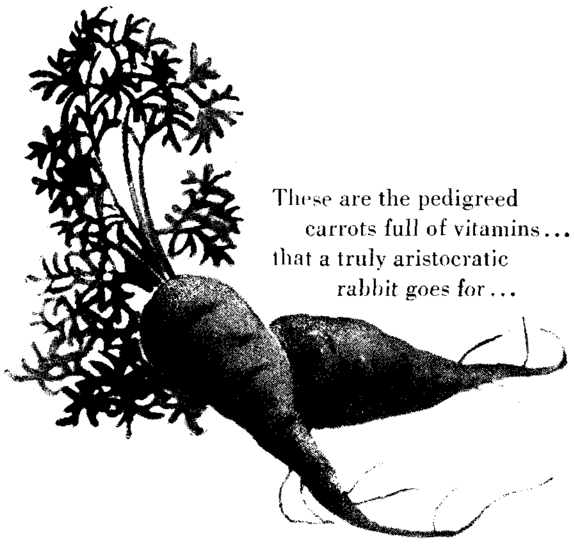
Delicious, ready to serve....

NABISCO
SHREDDED WHEAT
The Original
NIAGARA FALLS PRODUCT
12 OUNCES NET WT
12 LARGE BISCUITS...100% WHOLE WHEAT
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
MADE IN U.S.A.
NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

yet as nourishing as a hot cereal!

ANOTHER DELICIOUS PRODUCT BAKED BY NABISCO

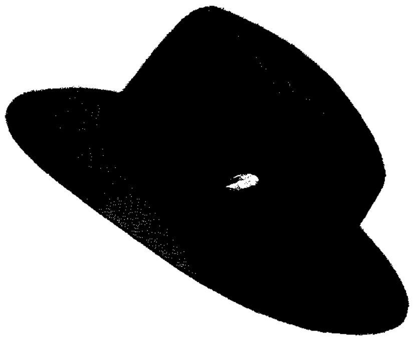
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



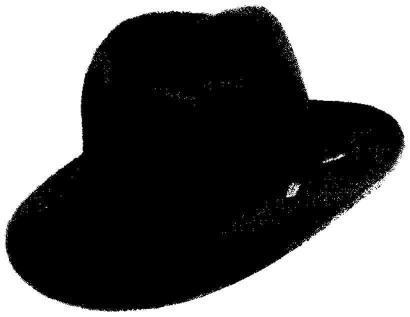
These are the pedigreed
carrots full of vitamins...
that a truly aristocratic
rabbit goes for...

This aristocratic rabbit
has already consumed
those blue-blooded carrots.
His lustrous fur
has been made
even more luxurious...
for one purpose...

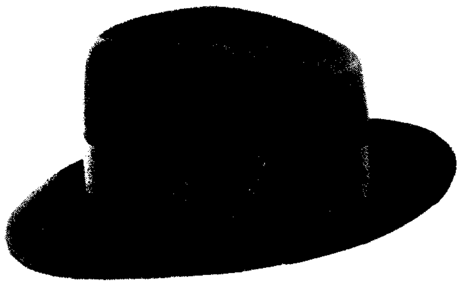
A Lee craftsman takes over.
to produce the fine felt
that makes Lee Hats...



For instance...The Lee "Forward", pre-shaped.
Red Label...6.50. Lee has revised the magician's formula
...not rabbits from hats...but hats from rabbits...

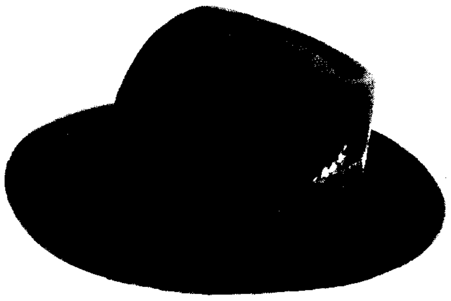


And to make, too, a streamlined, light-weight hat...
the Lee "Santa Fe"...in which a man gets
where he's going faster. Black Label...7.50...

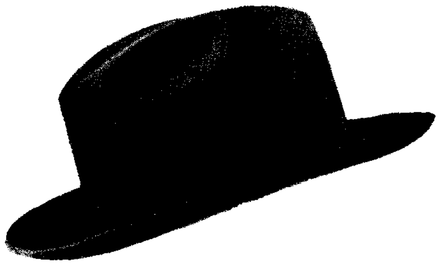


Or again the smart Lee "Sutton Place"
...pre-shaped to last...and last.
Black Label...7.50...

And speaking of rabbits...and ears...the brim of
the Lee "Trinity" is wider at the sides...
and narrower in front. Wonder why we didn't think of it
before! Blue Label...10.00...



And so we come to the "Edgelee"...also pre-shaped,
which means the crown is shaped to stay that
way permanently. It has a hand-felted edge.
Blue Label...10.00...



And our aristocratic Lee rabbit asks you
not to overlook the "Shetland"...a brand new idea
in a soft, soft finish...as strokable as it is
wearable. Silver Label...12.50.

L E E

Red Label 6.50. Black Label 7.50. Blue Label 10.00. Silver Label 12.50 Gold Label 20.00 *Water Bloc Hats* *5th Ave. N. Y.*

COPYRIGHT 1945, THE FRANK H. LEE COMPANY, DANBURY, CONN.

A Pair of Spectacles

Continued from page 15

gold-winking frames and stared at them with his mouth open and trembling. "Aw, looky here now, Doc," he said. "This here makes me feel like—"

"Never mind that nonsense," said Doc Crow, with a kindly blue flash in his eyes. "My time is ending and there's no sense in a dead man wearing glasses into the grave."

Billy Potts looked into the afternoon with a heavy sorrow on his heart. He wished for a way to hold the sun high in the afternoon sky if Doc Crow were to die when it went down into the rhododendron thickets on the hill.

"Make no mistake," said the old man. "These glasses are not ordinary ones. I've worn them nearly all my life. There is something of everything I've ever looked at in those glasses, Billy Potts. And something is there of every face that ever looked back at me—in joy, in pain, in anger, in grief, or in just plain damned orneriness. The man who looks through these glasses most surely will see the world as I have seen it."

Suddenly the old man sat back in his chair and waved his long hand limply. "There are cheats in the world and hypocrites and foul-eyed thieves who rob the poor and cheat the people and pass themselves for saints," he said. "But I know—I know—I've seen their faces and it's all there in the glasses, Billy Potts, it's all there."

Doc Crow smiled at the bewildered peddler and waved his big hand again. "Goodby now, Billy Potts," he said, wearily. "Please leave me alone now with my old dog. I am worn out with so much talk. I want nothing so much as to be let alone."

BILLY POTTS felt there were many things to be said and yet there were no words to say them with. He knew only that he was seeing his old friend for the last time. Without a word he put the spectacles carefully in his pocket and walked through the deep grass to where the old mare stood munching the yellow autumn daisies.

Sadly, Billy Potts flicked the old beast's sweating flanks with the little buggy whip and headed down the pasture to the river road. Just before he reached the road, he turned with tears in his eyes and gazed back up through the quivering light at the old man nodding in the rocker with the fat dog at his feet. . . .

It was near sundown when Billy Potts drove up off the dusty river road onto the farm land of Jack Lemley. Jack's wife, Martha, had left word in Paden City the week before that Billy Potts was to stop the next time he was by so she could try on some of his new spectacles. Jack, a red-faced, beefy man, invited the old peddler to spend the night in the attic room. After supper, Jack's wife tried on all of Billy Potts' spectacles, squinting and peering through them at the things in the room.

"Is these all you've got?" she whined.

BILLY POTTS thought suddenly of the spectacles of Doc Crow in the pocket of his black coat. Through the window he could see the last of the sun flickering deep in the laurel thickets on top of the ridge. His lips grew thin and white.

"Yes," he snapped suddenly. "Them's every last pair."

Martha put the last pair of spectacles on the table with a grunt and picked up her knitting again. There was not a sound in the old house when Billy Potts climbed the narrow, musty staircase to the attic room. But as he lay down on the cot by the tiny window, a blue mist of moon fell in a square on the calico quilt, and mice quarreled and skittered with a feathery racket behind the horsehair trunk in the corner.

Billy Potts couldn't sleep. Shyly, he reached over and took the spectacles of Doc Crow from the pocket of the black coat which hung on the chair. He saw the moonlight glitter, two blue stars, on the spectacles of the great old man. And yet, to save his life, Billy Potts dared not put them to his nose. Sadly, he wondered if anywhere in the county—for that matter in the wide world—lived a man wise enough and worthy to wear the spectacles of Doc Crow. His hand trembled in humble, folkish fear of them, and yet his curiosity was almost unbearable.

Billy Potts heard his stomach growl comfortably in the quiet of the small, breathless room and he determined suddenly that he would search out a wise man in Paden City the very next day and have him look through these little lenses that surely held the whole world of wisdom and understanding. Off in the soft, warm river night, a hound bayed a deep, long lament. Billy Potts fell into a troubled sleep. . . .

In the morning he was up before daylight while the night fog still trembled delicately in the weeds and dew sparkled in the spider webs. Billy Potts hitched his mare to the rockaway and hurried down the dark road to Paden City. Over his head the bright morning star shone with a cold brightness like the candle that lights the miner's breakfast. Billy Potts felt a great load off his mind at last. He felt sure he would know soon what secret the spectacles of Doc Crow held. He had made up his mind to take them to the only wise man he knew—Preacher Cox in the red-brick parish house on Pike Street.

It was nearly nine o'clock when the rockaway shook to a stop on the bricks before the parish house. The plump, rosy preacher came to his study window and frowned through the glass. He saw Billy Potts nervously hitching the snuff-colored mare to the iron hitching post at the curb. He saw the old peddler hurrying up the stone steps to the porch, moving quickly and working his mouth as if his mind were burdened with anxiety.

The preacher opened the door and stared at Billy Potts in his quick, beaming manner. As he smiled, the pale light of the morning shone through the frosted glass on his big, dry store teeth.

"Come in, Billy Potts," said Preacher Cox benevolently. "Come in!"

Billy Potts followed the preacher into his study and stood nervously by the thick oak desk, working his hands together.

"Sit down, my son! Sit down!" said the preacher with a wave of his plump, pink hand.

Billy Potts sat down on the edge of the black leather chair and stared uneasily at the rows of dusty books in the glass cases.

"What can I do for you?" said Preacher Cox, sitting down in the swivel chair behind his desk and tapping the tips of his fingers together thoughtfully.

Billy Potts cleared his throat and, in a voice that sounded unlike his own, told Preacher Cox the story of Doc Crow and the spectacles.

WHEN he had finished, Preacher Cox shook his head and looked sorrowful. "Ah, yes," he said. "I understand the fine old man passed away yesterday evening. Poor soul! Poor, poor soul!"

Billy Potts reached his hand quickly into his pocket and produced the small gold frames with their two twinkling lenses. He laid them on the papers on the preacher's desk.

"You want *me* to look through them?" inquired Preacher Cox a little uneasily.

Billy Potts cleared his throat again and covered the torn knee of his old trousers with one big bony hand. "It seemed to me," said Billy Potts, "that a wise man like you, Preacher Cox, would find a pair of spectacles like these here ones mighty useful. From what Doc told me, all a man has to do is look at the world through these spectacles and he shall instantly see the false from the true, the honest man from the hypocrite, the—" He paused meaningfully, letting his eyes wander hopefully to the dusty music box that stood on the little cherry-wood table by the window. It would be a fair trade, he thought. "—the—the beautiful from the ugly," he finished, with a swallow.

"We shall see," said the preacher.

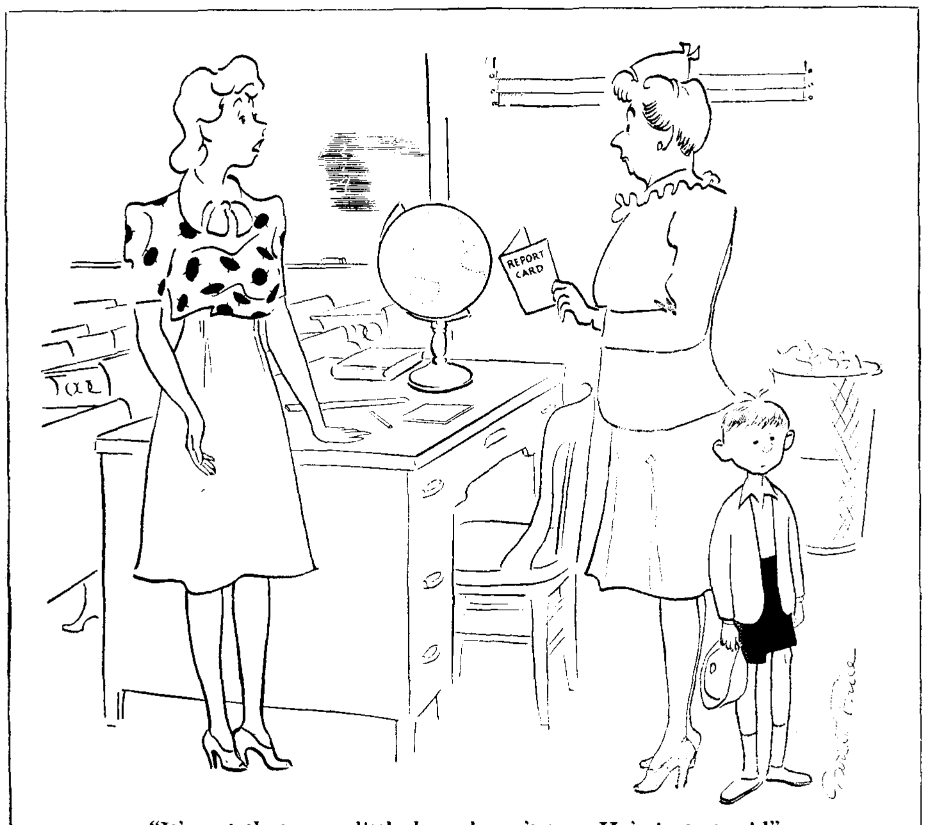
He picked the spectacles up from the desk and held them to the light, scowling suspiciously. He dipped his hand into the pocket of his black frock coat and yanking out a clean, white handkerchief, set himself to breathing on the lenses and shining them briskly.

Then abruptly he put them to his nose and stared fiercely through them at the little figure of Billy Potts in the black leather chair. He stared at the table by the window, at the doors, the books, the stuffed squirrel on the secretary and, going suddenly to the window, stared gaping out at the throngs of the people coming and going in the morning street. It was plain that Preacher Cox had trouble believing his eyes.

At last Billy Potts could stand the silence no longer. He leaned forward in the big black chair, peering humbly up into the preacher's gawking face.

"What—" stammered Billy Potts, "what do you see?"

When Preacher Cox spoke, Billy Potts knew that the pair of spectacles must truly



"It's not that your little boy doesn't try. He's just stupid"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

Pro-phy-lac-tic • NYLON

The Lowest Priced Nationally Advertised Tooth Brush in America

only 23¢

IN DUST-PROOF CARTON

Pro-phy-lac-tic NYLON Tooth Brush

ARLINGTON-LOOMED WORSTEDS

Used in men's suits, topcoats, slacks, robes, shirts and ties of the finer qualities, tailored by leading manufacturers. Their high quality-value and superb draping and shape-retaining qualities have made them favored fabrics of millions. Look for the Arlington-loomed identification.

Arlington Mills LAWRENCE, MASS.

This Fabric is made from 100% WOOL EXCLUSIVE OF DECORATION ARLINGTON-LOOMED

★For Arlington-loomed fabrics, fleeces are cleansed in Arlington's exclusive solvent process which retains the life, strength and elasticity of the wool fibers by avoiding forking and raking in strong alkali solutions.

SOUND YOUR

...and Expect Something Special

with PENNZOIL

Drain, flush and refill—that's a pretty good formula for anyone who wants his car to last until he can get a new one. It is particularly effective when you refill with Pennzoil motor oil.

This pure Pennsylvania oil is especially refined to combat sludge and other harmful engine deposits. By helping your engine stay clean, Pennzoil helps it live longer.

Get your drain, flush and refill at the yellow oval sign. And sound the z-z-z plain when you ask for Pennzoil to be sure you are not misunderstood.

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

BETTER DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST DISPLAY THIS SIGN

KEEP YOUR BONDS NOW—THEY'LL KEEP YOU LATER

*Registered trade mark

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Ass'n. Permit No. 2

PENNZOIL* GIVES ALL ENGINES AN EXTRA MARGIN OF SAFETY

be enchanted. It was hardly his voice that spoke. "Incredible," he whispered hoarsely. "Absolutely unbelievable!"

Billy Potts stood up to peer closer into the preacher's spellbound face, hoping to discover a clue to what was there.

Preacher Cox snatched the spectacles off his nose and glared at them. Then he yanked out his white pocket handkerchief and polished them again furiously.

"There must be a trick in this somewhere," he snapped, glancing suspiciously at Billy Potts' innocent round face. But before the peddler could protest, Preacher Cox had the spectacles back on his nose and was peering out of the window again, his eyes fairly popping out of his pink face, his white hands gripping the window sill till the knuckles shone through.

"It couldn't be like this," he whispered, almost as if he were alone. "But it is! It's the truth! And to think I had to live all these years to see the plain truth through the spectacles of a dead man."

"What truth is that," said Billy Potts, "that you see?"

"The truth," said Preacher Cox, "that nobody is either plumb good nor plumb bad; that—as ornery as *some* of 'em are, *all* of 'em taken together add up to something—something beautiful. It's incredible!"

He took the spectacles off and glared at them suspiciously. He glared out the window without them, blinking his eyes in the gentle morning light. Then he shook his head impatiently and put the spectacles back on and stared through them at the people in the street.

"Every time I look at them, it all gets plainer and plainer," he muttered. "Some of the people are bad. But *all* of them are good. Some of them are stupid. But *all* of them are wise. The mistakes of everybody are still better than the wisdom of somebody. It's incredible, but it's the truth!"

BILLY POTTS fumbled with the brim of his hat. He wished he could leave now. The morning had become like a heaviness on his back.

"Here, Billy Potts!" cried Preacher Cox. "Here! Try the spectacles on yourself! See for yourself what I'm saying!" He snatched the spectacles eagerly from his round, pink nose and held them out. "Go on!" he cried. "Put them on!"

Billy Potts' hat dropped to the rug. He began to tremble, and the sweat broke out in the palms of his big hands. His eyes grew wide, and his tongue was thick and dry as a dusty shoe.

"Me?" whispered Billy Potts. "Me! Why, Preacher Cox! I ain't fittin' to wear spectacles like them! Old Doc Crow, he—"

"Put them on, Billy Potts!" boomed the voice of Preacher Cox.

Billy Potts swallowed and, after a little while, his big, trembling hand reached out timidly to take the spectacles from Preacher Cox's fingers. He stared at them dumbly for a moment and then he shuffled slowly over to the study window. He put the pair of spectacles reverently on his nose and stared for a long time out into the sunlit street of the little town. He looked at the people as they went past.

After a long while, he heard Preacher Cox clear his throat impatiently. "Well?" he prompted.

Billy Potts took the spectacles off and stared at them, his round face filled with honest bewilderment and shame.

"Well?" cried Preacher Cox. "Don't just stand there gaping like a fish out of water, Billy Potts. Tell me what you see!"

Billy Potts stared at Preacher Cox miserably.

"My eyes weren't never much good nohow, Preacher Cox," explained Billy. "If you'll just let me be on my way now, I'll—"

"No!" shouted the preacher. "You must tell me what you saw through the spectacles before you leave this room."

BILLY POTTS opened his mouth and closed it again. Then he put the spectacles back on and peered once more out of the window. He peered hopefully, longingly into the morning after the miracle Preacher Cox had testified was there.

"Now what do you see?" said Preacher Cox, folding his arms and staring at Billy Potts with flashing eyes.

"The same as the first time," said Billy Potts. "Nothing."

"What do you mean—nothing?" cried the preacher.

Billy Potts kept his eyes on the people. "Nothing," he said, "that I haven't always seen."

He took the spectacles off, and his round face stared honestly up into Preacher Cox's eyes.

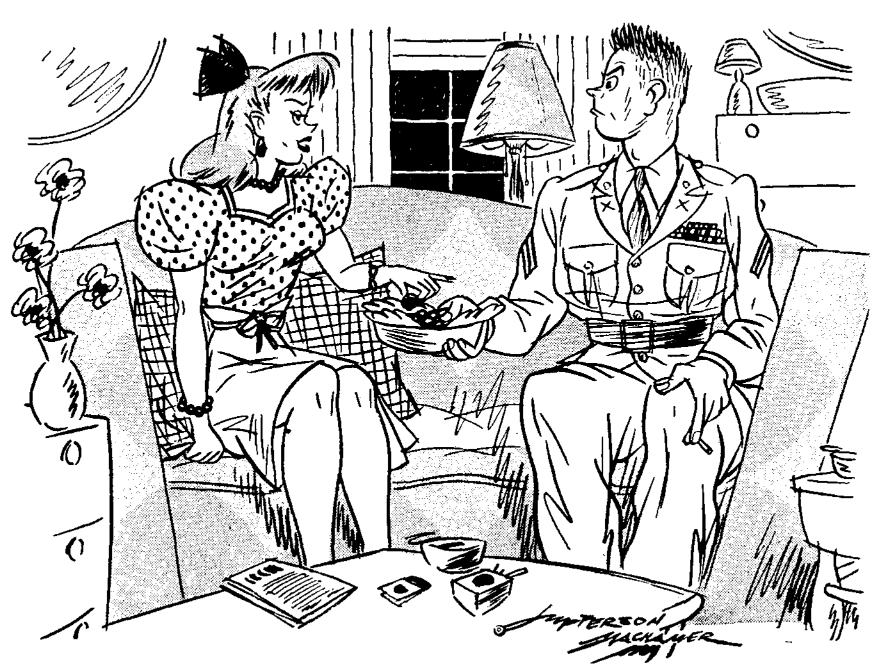
"I—I can't see no difference," he stammered. "It don't look no different to me with 'em on or with 'em off. The world's always looked like that to me."

Preacher Cox glared at Billy Potts till Billy could stand it no more. He held the pair of spectacles out in his trembling hand for Preacher Cox to take.

"Here," said Billy Potts sadly. "You take 'em. I 'low I've just been wastin' your time, Preacher Cox. You don't need to swap me nothin' for 'em. I'll—I'll be goin' now."

When the preacher's eager hand reached out to take the pair of spectacles from Billy Potts' shaking fingers, the thing happened too quickly for either of them to prevent it. In a second, the spectacle frames lay shining their faint old, golden gleam on the heavy glass top of Preacher Cox's desk. And the splinters of the broken lenses twinkled among the papers like a thousand summer stars.

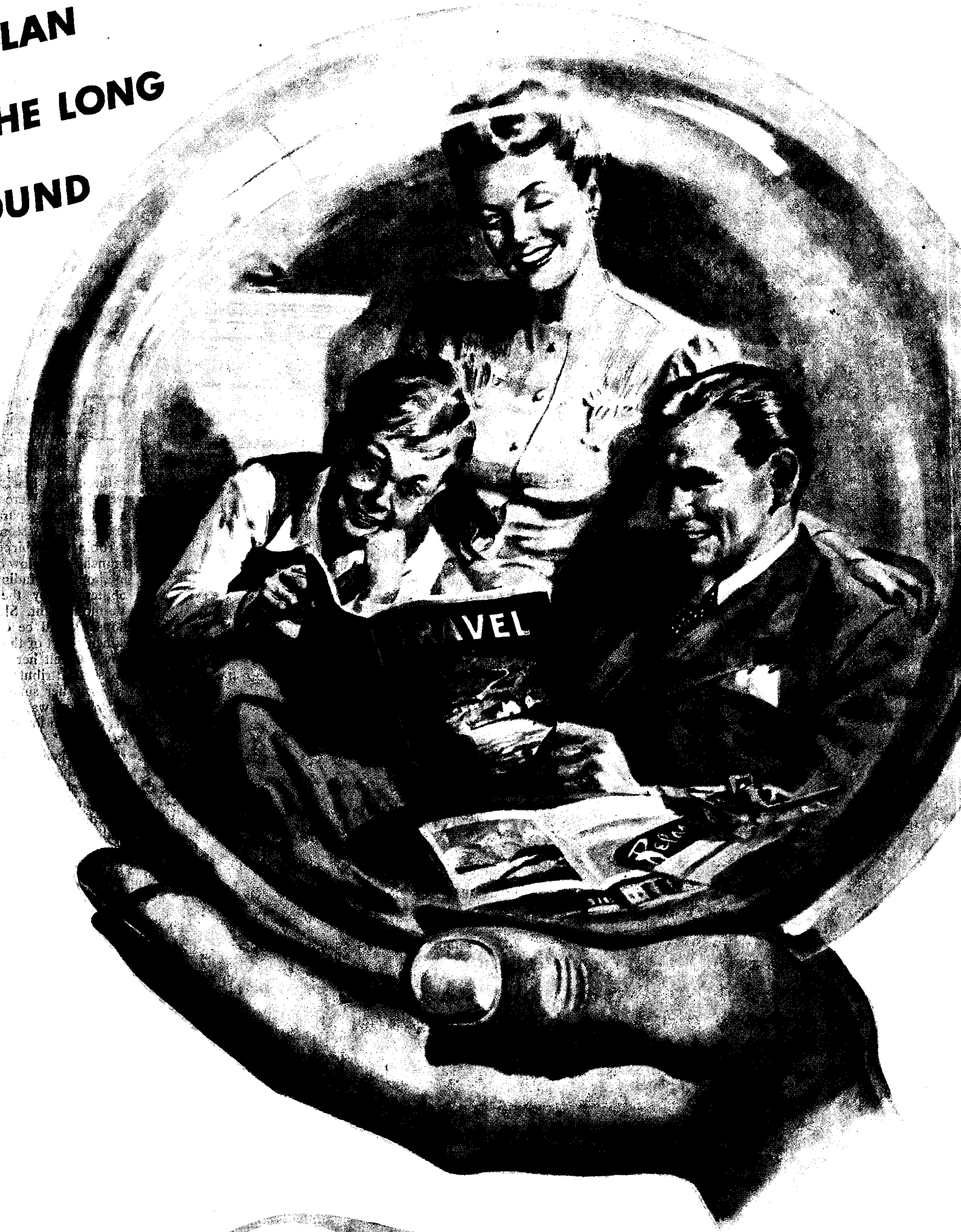
THE END



"Certainly I've waited! Why, I was engaged four times—and broke every one!"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

YOU'LL PLAN TO GO THE LONG WAY 'ROUND

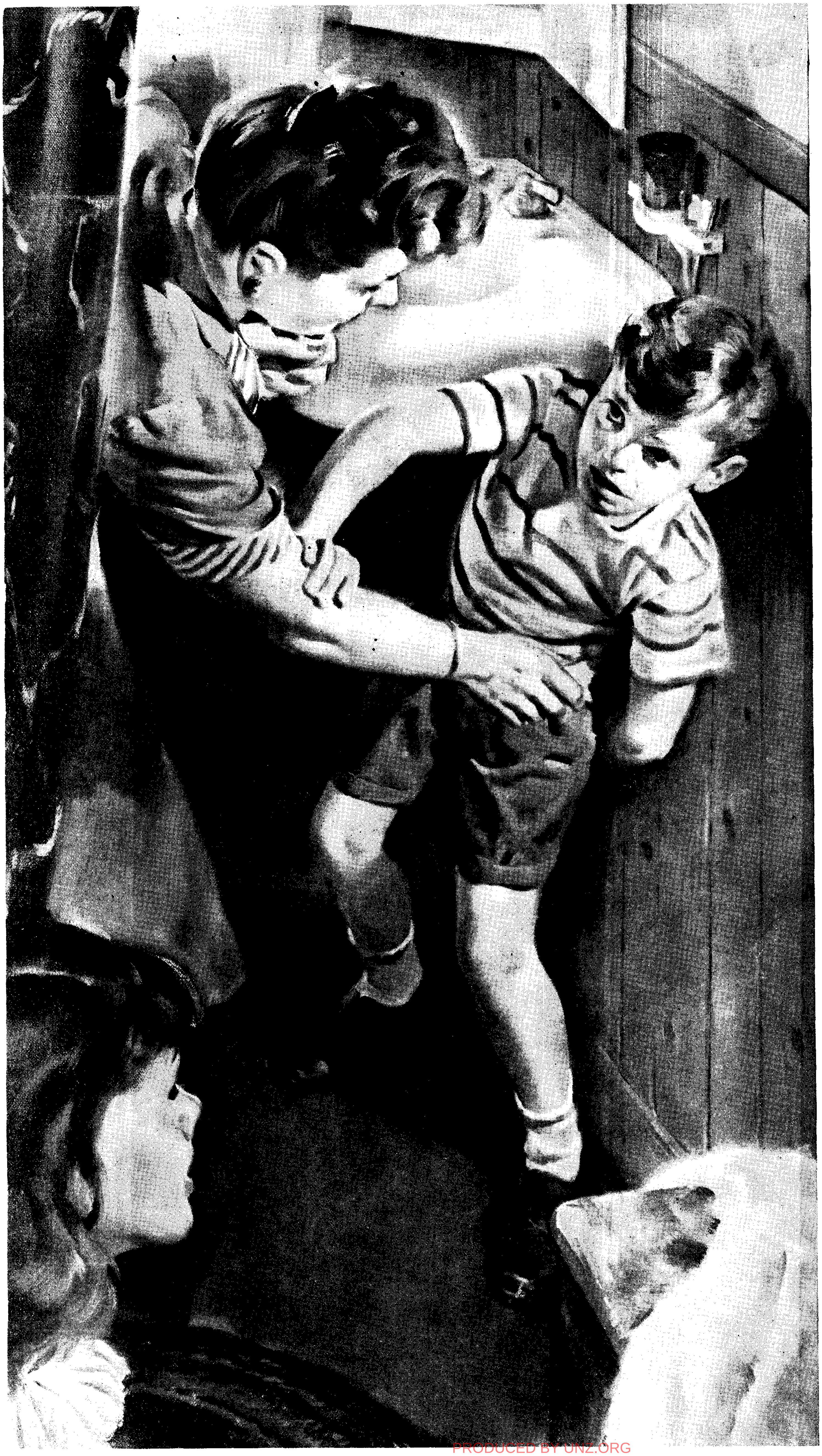


There's a Ford in your future!

IT'S not too early to begin your planning. There's an important day coming—when a smart new Ford will be ready to serve you. . . . Then what will a few extra miles matter? This new Ford will be sturdy and big—an eager-powered beauty. From start to finish of jaunt or journey you'll ride in gentle comfort. And as mile after carefree mile unrolls, you'll discover this new car is thrifty, too. The skill and experience which Ford has gained in more than 40 years are your assurance of this. . . . Production has started but is very limited. More cars soon. Meanwhile, your present car is important to America's transportation needs. Take care of it. See your Ford dealer regularly. *FORD MOTOR COMPANY*

Ford

"THE FORD SHOW". Singing stars, orchestra and chorus. Every Sunday, complete NBC network. 2:00 P. M., E. W. T., 1:00 P. M., C. W. T., 12:00 M., M. W. T., 11:00 A. M., P. W. T.



BRING THEM BACK

BY MARK SCHORER

The wisdom of children can be a strong weapon against the adult world, as this young mother found —to her dismay and satisfaction

THE high hill on which the house was situated still blazed with sunlight, the green lawn brilliant as if it were dyed, red gold glinting off the windows of the barn; but in the valleys down below evening was gathering in black pools and the tall pines were indigo. Here on the hill all objects had a last lovely separateness and clarity—flowers, leaves, flagstones, each rock in the wall, a robin that chirped aimlessly on a slender branch; but below them everything was merging, outlines fading, all separateness being obliterated by the chilly encroachment of Vermont night. Slowly the hill and then the house would be engulfed. It was the most difficult part of the day for Julia Milton, and now she felt her helplessness as if it were a physical attribute, felt it in the way she felt her size, her smallness, her neat little body.

Her son was watching her. He repeated his question finally. "Where is he now? Do we know?"

She picked up the magazine he had spread out on the porch step where he was sitting and glanced at the advertisement which had brought the question to his mind. It showed a medical officer giving plasma to a wounded soldier on a battlefield, with palm trees, like broken spears, jagged against a blasted sky.

JULIA closed the magazine and tossed it up on the narrow porch. "The Pacific is the biggest sea," she said with inappropriate brightness. Her incompetence dismayed her, but she went on: "It has so many islands. I know a city that's an island. Hong Kong. It's like the top of a mountain, jutting out of the sea."

She could not keep his interest. As she spoke, she saw his glance slide away from her face, first, because he hated pain and was unable to resist reminders of it, to her thumb with its clumsy bandage over the burn which she had awkwardly given herself on the range; then down to his sneakers, and at last across the lawn to the old barn, smoky gray and rubbed with pink by the late afternoon light. She could see, in the sudden kindling of his eyes, his desire to be there in the barn, some plan suddenly formulated.... But she could bring that glance back to her. "All the fighting is, of course, on islands."

He looked at her at once, sharply.

"Japan is a group of islands. The Philippines are islands. Manila . . ."

Before she got further, Tom and now Kate, too, were looking away from her, staring down at the ground at the foot of the steps. Somewhat dreamily they were watching two large black ants lugging a third dead one across the stone path.

She sighed, and her voice rose with feeling as she said, "Manila is a lovely city. It is the whitest city in the world. After your father and I were married, we went around the world, and we lived in Manila for two weeks."

Both children looked at her again, but she

(Continued on page 56)

"You baby!" Julia said to Tom. "You're always wanting to know about war . . . and yet you're afraid of a little iodine"

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

A Friendly Warning

TO POSTWAR RADIO SET BUYERS FROM

Stewart-Warner

AS SOON as manufacturing restrictions are lifted there will be, no doubt, a great demand for radio sets—regardless of make.

But before you buy, remember what happened after the first World War. In the period between 1922 and 1939, 886 makes of radio receiving sets were put on the market, according to authoritative figures. 742 of them are out of business today!

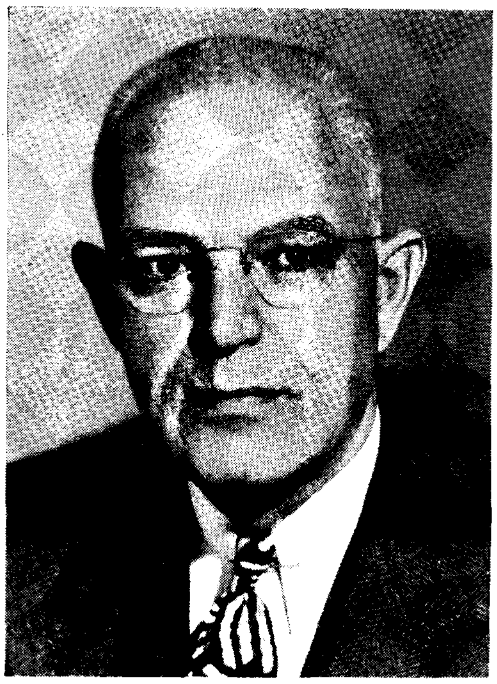
Most of the people who spent money on one of these 742 "orphan" sets probably wished they had made a wiser, more thoughtful selection. Certainly, they experienced little "pride of ownership."

As for Stewart-Warner (a $50,000,000 institution, well-known the world over), we have been a leading manufacturer of radio receiving sets for more than 20 years. We propose to keep and to amplify this position in the industry.

Since Pearl Harbor, we have devoted our large radio production facilities entirely to radar, radio and communications equipment for our armed services.

During the course of this work, we have developed many new and interesting features which will be incorporated in our postwar sets.

The point of this message is to *caution* all of our friends who propose to buy a new radio set as soon as available.



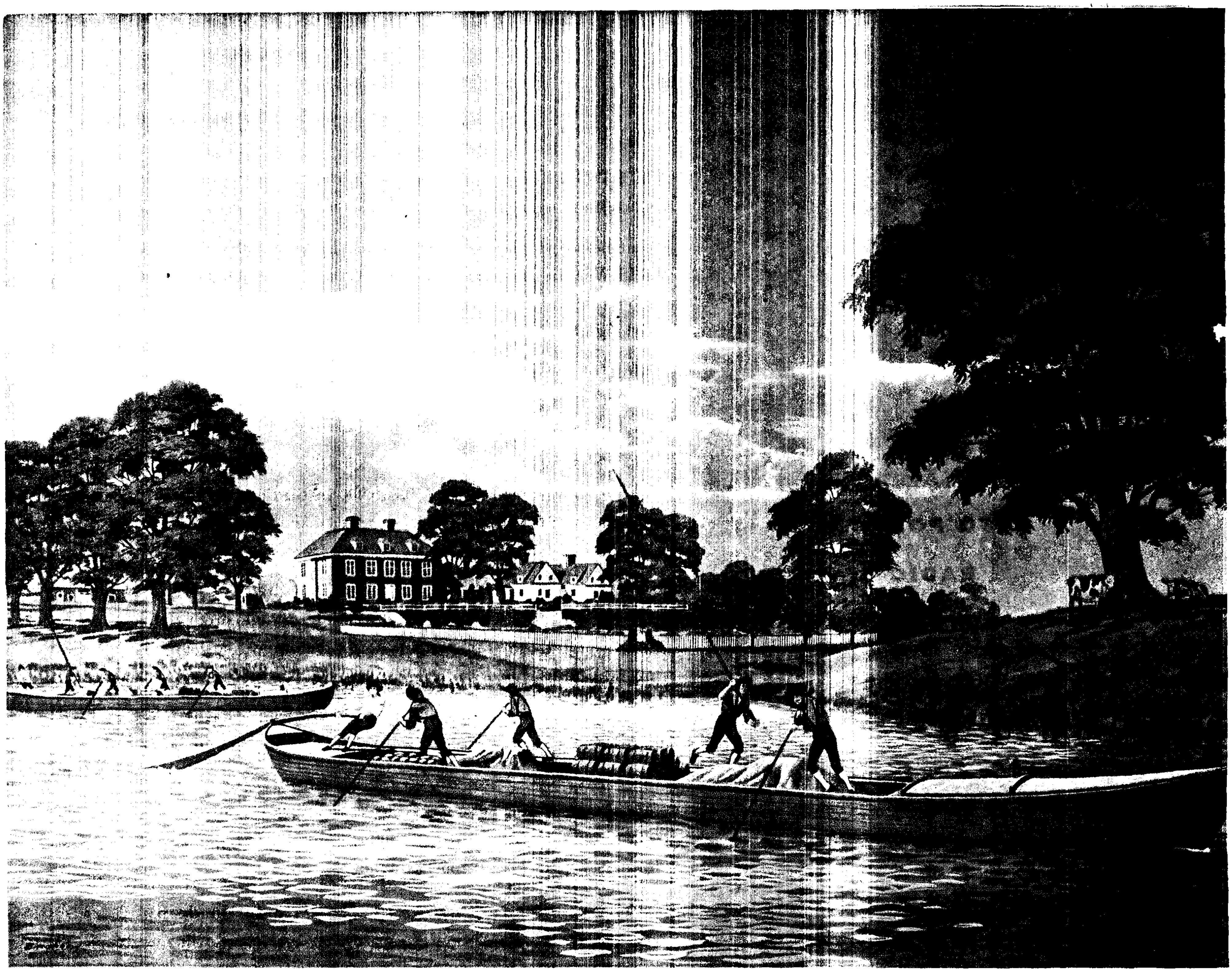
If you can't get a set made by Stewart-Warner — and there will undoubtedly be a scarcity, at least to begin with—buy a set made by a well-known, experienced radio manufacturer whose trade-mark you know and who has a proved record of performance behind him.

Those of you who exercise buying discrimination in the postwar era will get a world of new enjoyment, plus increased pride of ownership, as a result of your purchase.

F. A. Hiter

Senior Vice President

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION CHICAGO 14. ILLINOIS



Durham Boats Passing Pennsbury on the Delaware, about 1750*

Philadelphia

The Heritage Whisky

"She came across country on the dew"
. . . from Skipper's account of last recorded trip of a Durham boat
. . . developed as a cargo carrier for river traffic.

Shot and shell for Washington's army, whisky and lumber from the upper reaches of the Delaware, were transported by these famous light-draught boats. That their cargoes encompassed the amenities as well as the necessities of the Good Life, is a fitting commentary on Colonial Philadelphia. Today one finds a welcome reminder of such pleasant traditions in Philadelphia, "The Heritage Whisky". Rich, gratifying, mellow . . . a whisky of such special excellence one might justly reserve it for special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia, regularly and often.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

HERITAGE
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY

BLENDED WHISKY

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

*FROM A SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA . . . *THE HERITAGE WHISKY* . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

The Last Stand of Felicity Jones

Continued from page 16

for you," she said. "If he has tried to kiss you by this time tomorrow, I'll say uncle."

"Do I have to let him kiss me?"

"That, my pet," said Madeleine, "is strictly up to you."

"Okay, Mrs. Machiavelli," Flicker said finally, "it's a deal."

They shook hands.

"But what's Doug going to say about all this?" Madeleine said.

"He'll have a fit, I suppose," Flicker said. "But Doug has no strings on me. Even for a fighter pilot he's a trifle adolescent at times."

"He's twenty-two," Madeleine said, "which makes him three years older than you. But I know what you mean."

THE victim of these disparaging remarks, at this precise moment, was climbing out of his flying clothes. Douglas Heyward, second lieutenant AAF, had two interests in life, airplanes and girls, and in his opinion he was doing rather well in both directions. His current plane was a P-51D, aptly called a Mustang, and his current girl was Flicker Jones. The two objects of his admiration had a good deal in common, and the technique of handling each called for a good deal of skill and self-assurance.

Lieutenant Heyward had plenty of both. He crammed himself into a phone booth in the officers' club and called the Jones' house where Flicker's small brother, Widge, informed him that his sister was not home.

"Listen," Doug said. "I told Flicker I was hooked for duty officer tonight, but they changed the list. So I'll pick her up about seven."

"Whyncha come to supper?" said Widge, who, as an aviation fanatic, had visions of man-to-man air discussions. "We got spareribs."

"Maybe I will," said Doug. "Tell Flicker, will you?"

"Roger!" croaked Widge, and hung up.

FROM the porch of the clubhouse, meanwhile, Madeleine watched as Flicker walked down to the pool. The indifferent Mr. Jackson now lay on his face, and he was not aware of Flicker until her shadow robbed him of the sun.

"Hello, Mr. Jackson," said Felicity Jones.

He rolled over on his back and sat up. There was nothing, she concluded, unusual about his face except perhaps his eyes which were sea-green under their sandy brows. He looked young, and yet she sensed a tempered quality that was not young at all. There was something about him, not exactly hostile, but not friendly. Wary, that was it—like an animal.

He did not speak, so she sat down beside him.

"My name is Felicity Jones," Flicker said. "Most people call me Flicker."

He looked at her without changing his expression. "Really?"

"Madeleine Gates told me you worked in the aircraft factory. My father's one of the engineers—C. K. Jones."

"I've met him."

"Oh," said Flicker. "Well, in my charitable way I was going to ask you to have supper with us tonight. Dad loves to talk shop and . . ."

"Do you?" he said. "Aircraft-production shop?"

"Frankly, no."

"Why'd you ask me, then?"

"Because," said Flicker, "I like your looks. Because I want to know you better."

He turned his head and reflected light from the pool shimmered across his face. "What do you know about me?" he said. "Your father tell you anything?"

"No," said Flicker in surprise. "Does he know anything?"

He ignored the question. "Or Madeleine?"

"Not really. Except you were rather to be pitied. . . ."

"Pitied?" he snapped the word back at her.

"Because you don't appreciate the ladies of our fair city."

"Oh, that," he said, grinning at her, and the tension seemed to go out of him all at once.

Flicker got up. "I'm due at the canteen," she said. "Spareribs tonight or not?"

"Thank you," he said. "I'd like to see your father again."

"Apparently," Flicker said, "Madeleine wasn't far wrong. However . . ." She gave him the address and set the time. Then she walked slowly back to the clubhouse.

MR. JONES was a widower. He loved his children dearly, but sometimes felt that their behavior bordered on the incomprehensible. Standing now in the hall, he was listening to a dialogue in the living room that seemed to have more volume than good sense.

"You might," Flicker was saying, "let *me* ask my friends to supper . . ."

"Well, f'heavensakes," Widge said, "if Doug's not your friend, who is? He's practickly been living here for weeks."

"That," said Flicker, "is beside the point. It happens that tonight, when we haven't too much to eat anyway, I've asked somebody else."

"Well, then Doug's my guest, not yours," said Widge. He paused and glowered suspiciously. "Who is this new feature attraction, anyway?"

"He's a friend of Father's," said Flicker.

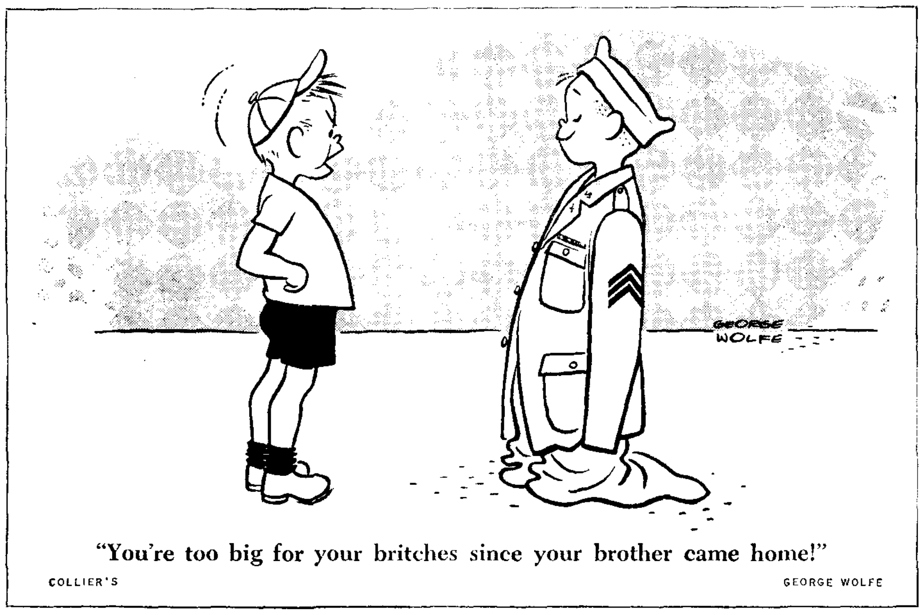
"Indeed?" said Mr. Jones, advancing into the room. "How thoughtful of you! And which friend, may I ask?"

Flicker kissed him lightly. "Name of Jackson. Works at the plant. Says he knows you."

"So," Mr. Jones said, "you've run into Jackson."

"Why, yes," said Flicker. "Any harm in that?"

"No," said her father slowly. "But I im-



"You're too big for your britches since your brother came home!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

Wuxtry, Wuxtry

Here's a

SHAVING CREAM

Guaranteed *not*

to make shaving a pleasure!

BIG SHAVING CREAM EXPOSÉ TELLS ALL!

We're going to be frank, and we're going to be earnest: *we* can't make shaving fun!

We'd like to. We'd be delighted if *our* shaving cream would make shaving one of the happiest events of your daily life. And don't think we haven't tried to. But no soap (shaving)!

About all we got out of all the dollars and hours we spent on Listerine Shaving Cream was a way to bring big and little Shavers satisfaction. Not *fun*, mind you. Just *satisfaction*.

We think you'll see what we mean when you squeeze just a fraction of an inch of Listerine Shaving Cream on your brush... put plenty of water on your face . . . and then let 'er billow! You'll notice that *this* billowy shaving cream holds water like a thunderhead holds rain—and keep in mind, mister, it's the *water* that does the big whisker-softening trick!

If you're sensible enough to settle for plain satisfaction in shaving —then this is the beginning of a long and beautiful friendship. Listerine Shaving Cream can be had at any drug counter. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

Sincerely,
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

LAMBERT

35¢ TUBE LASTS AND L-A-S-T-S

REMEMBER, THERE ARE 2 TYPES OF LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Listerine Brushless is 25¢

LISTERINE brushless SHAVING CREAM

TO WAKE UP GAY

Try this tonight for Morning Freshness!

Why be content to waken tired, listless, or low—when you should be gay and radiantly "alive"? Why not follow this simple plan thousands are using for sparkling morning freshness? Just drink a cup of Ovaltine at bedtime each night.

For here's what Ovaltine does to bring you fresher, happier mornings—

First, taken warm at bedtime, it promotes sound sleep, without drugs.

Second, it supplies important food elements to rebuild vitality while you sleep.

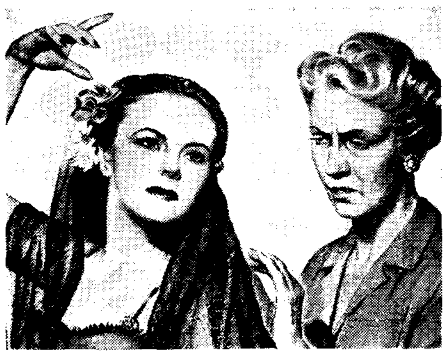
Third, it also furnishes extra vitamins and minerals in a delicious, more natural way for health and vigor.

So why not turn to Ovaltine tonight?

OVALTINE

FOR DRY SCALP ·JERIS· HAIR OIL

DANCERS *have it*



DRESSMAKERS *have it too!*

There's no shame in having piles. Any physician will tell you that! *But it is a shame to suffer needless pain.*

You can do something to relieve the irritation, soreness and burning discomfort of simple piles or hemorrhoids. *Try Unguentine Rectal Cones,* a nationally recognized special formula, by the makers of *Unguentine.*

Millions have been sold because they help relieve pain, fight infection, promote healing. Use as directed.

Unguentine Rectal Cones

Easy to use . . . sanitary . . . inexpensive.

Sold with a money-back guarantee.

A Norwich Product (Norwich)

agine there wouldn't be much future in it."

The doorbell rang then, and Widge rushed to answer it. He shouted happily: "It's both of 'em, and they already look like they're mad with each other."

"Daddy," said Flicker, "if you don't keep that brat under control this evening, I'll strangle him with my bare hands! You be the welcoming committee, will you? I'll go find some sherry."

Fortunately Widge's gloomy prophecy showed no signs of immediate fulfillment. Jackson came in first, wearing a plain dark suit that looked new.

Mr. Jones said pleasantly, "Glad to see you again, Jackson. How's the work going? Getting what you hoped for out of it?" He turned as Widge convoyed the lieutenant through the door. "Hello, Doug, where've you been. Haven't seen you for nearly twenty-four hours, have I?"

Flicker brought in the sherry. "Evening, Jackson," she said. "What's new, Doug?"

"Nothing definite," Doug said, "but there are a few more straws in the wind. We'll be shoving off any day now." He raised his glass and toasted Flicker silently. He was feeling relaxed and cheerful. Jackson, whom he had regarded at first as a possible rival, he now felt sure was merely a guest of Flicker's father.

If Jackson was aware of Doug's tolerant attitude, he gave no sign of it. He replied readily enough to conversational leads, but he made none. All through dinner, Widge kept Doug busy answering questions about aviation.

It wasn't until dessert that he was silent long enough for Doug to say to Flicker, "What'll it be tonight, Miss Jones? Take in the dance at the Tavern or a movie or both?"

"I don't know," Flicker said. She nodded toward Jackson and added, "My escort hasn't told me."

Doug's face grew very red. "Sorry," he said stiffly. "I didn't know you had other plans."

Mr. Jones said, "Why don't you make it a threesome? It's still done occasionally, isn't it?"

"Better stick around, Doug," Widge said. "I mean, if you want to safeguard your interests." He glared at his sister. "Stop kicking me!"

"I'm sorry," said Flicker sweetly, "that I didn't break your leg." She stood up. "Come, gentlemen," she said, "let us discuss ways and means of spending a Saturday evening."

FROM the beginning, there was an inflammable quality about the evening. It was agreed that the three of them would go first to a movie and then to the Tavern, a roadhouse where they could dance.

The hours at the movie passed amicably enough. But a table for three at the Tavern was another matter. Jackson seemed a bit less reticent, but Doug's behavior bordered on the surly. He drank more than was good for him, and the more he drank the more he showed his resentment.

Jackson drank, too, but the drinks had no appreciable effect on him. Once, when Flicker was dancing with him, he said, "I can shove off, if you like. You and Doug keep the car. I'd get home all right."

"I'd rather you didn't," Flicker said. She turned her head so that the corner of his mouth touched her hair just above her temple. They danced that way for several minutes, but she could not tell whether or not he noticed it.

Suddenly, she saw Madeleine watching her from a crowded table. The music ended and they returned to Doug who was contemplating his empty glass. "It's after three o'clock," he said. "Let's scram out of here."

But Madeleine was crossing the floor toward them. She leaned on the table as the two men rose, and winked at Flicker. "How's it going, pet?"

Flicker gave her an uncertain smile. "Maybe I'll have to ask for an extension of the deadline."

"No dice," said Madeleine. The music started and she tugged at Doug's sleeve. "Come on, handsome, I'm going to let you dance with the next-to-prettiest girl in Cartersville."

She dragged the lieutenant onto the floor and they disappeared in the crowd of dancers.

Jackson said to Flicker as he signaled the waiter for the check, "What's this you have with the lady? A bet?"

Flicker said, too quickly, "Nothing important. Just one of those silly things."

ON THE dance floor, Doug was pouring his woes into Madeleine's ear. "I don't get it," he said. "She just sits there, practically inviting him to make a pass at her. It's not like Flicker."

"And what," said Madeleine, "will you give me if I lift this burden from your soul? Flicker has her reasons, chum." And she told him the story.

"Well," said Doug, "I still don't like it. She's taking it too seriously. I'm going back there and—"

What he was going to do remained unrevealed. As he swung around he lost his balance and staggered backward. His heel came down violently on a foot in a soft patent-leather shoe. The shoe belonged to a large, tuxedo-clad individual whose reaction was immediate and explosive.

Doug had recovered his balance but not his judgment. "Look, brother," he said. "Nobody can talk to me that way."

The dancers scattered like a flock of sheep. In one smooth motion, Jackson was out of his seat and on the dance floor, pulling Flicker with him. He thrust her into Doug's arms and turned to face the irate tuxedo.

"You two wait for me in the car," he said over his shoulder. "Hurry. I'll take care of this."

Flicker did not question the order. She took Doug firmly by the wrist, and out into the warm night. They climbed into the car and waited. "Honestly," said Flicker, "you're worse than a child. If it hadn't been for Jackson . . ."

"Look, Flicker," Doug said, "about this whole deal, I wish . . ."

He broke off as footsteps approached. Jackson opened the door and climbed behind the wheel. "He's pacified," he said.

They drove the relatively short distance to Thomason Field in silence. The sentry stopped them at the main gate, and Doug got out.

"'Night, Flicker," he said. He hesitated. "Thanks, Jackson," he said gruffly. "You kept me from getting into a jam, I guess."

"Forget it," Jackson said.

They watched Doug disappear into the graying darkness. Flicker said, "It's nearly morning. Are you sleepy?"

"Not particularly," Jackson told her. "I don't sleep much these days anyway."

"At dawn," Flicker said, "a squadron always takes off on a practice flight. It's quite a sight if you wait at the end of the runway outside the field and watch 'em fly over. Want to try it?"

Jackson shrugged his shoulders. "If you like."

They drove slowly to the west side of the field and parked outside the fence.

Flicker said, "They'll be taking off in a few minutes." She put her head back against the seat and looked at Jackson. His eyes were closed and a muscle flicked nervously in his cheek.

Flicker said, "You don't seem very happy."

He opened his eyes. "I should be happy. I like watching sunrises. They always start some lines running through my head. Can't remember all of it. Just the part about sunrise."

Flicker thought: Lord, what a strange guy! Aloud she said, "Tell me."

His words came easily:

"No time to ponder which counts the most—
A kiss in the dark or the sharp delight
When the dawn leaps up like a frightened
ghost . . ."

A hurricane of noise drowned his words. Three hundred yards away the Mustang was airborne. It leaped the fence, soared over their heads in a shattering crescendo of sound. Flicker turned toward Jackson. He was not even watching it.

"What's the matter?" Flicker said. "Don't you like airplanes?"

"I love them, but I hate to see them used for killing."

"You don't win wars without killing," Flicker murmured.

"Nobody wins wars," he said.

ANOTHER Mustang bellowed overhead into the sky. Flicker looked at Jackson's face; it was taut and forbidding. She noticed the lines at the corners of his mouth. She was not conscious of moving closer to him.

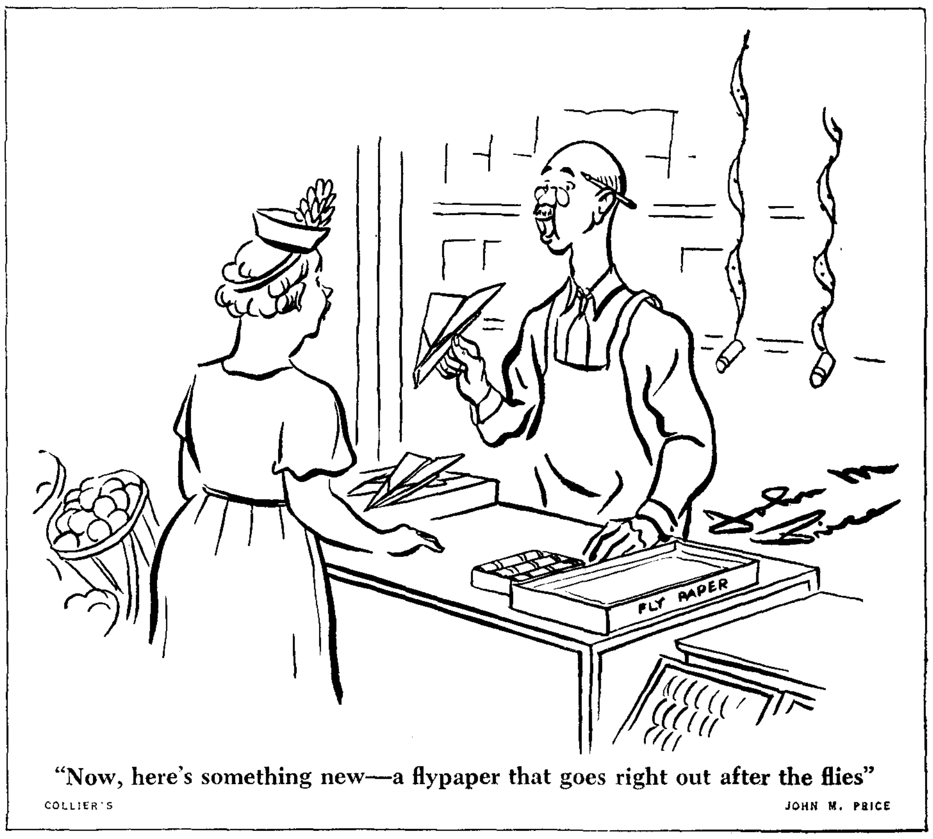
He twisted her shoulders with sudden brutal strength and pinned her head against the back of the seat with a kiss so hard, so ruthless and demanding that it was more like a slap than a caress. She was too dazed and incredulous to move.

"Well," he said roughly, "you've been asking for it all night, haven't you?"

She rubbed the back of her hand furiously across her lips. What made her angry was not the harshness of the kiss or his unauthorized taking of it. It was the knowledge that she had begun by playing a game, the game she and Madeleine had agreed upon, and the further knowledge that in the last hours she had not been playing a game at all. She had wanted him to kiss her, and it had nothing whatever to do with Madeleine.

She said, "It's very late. Let's go home, shall we?"

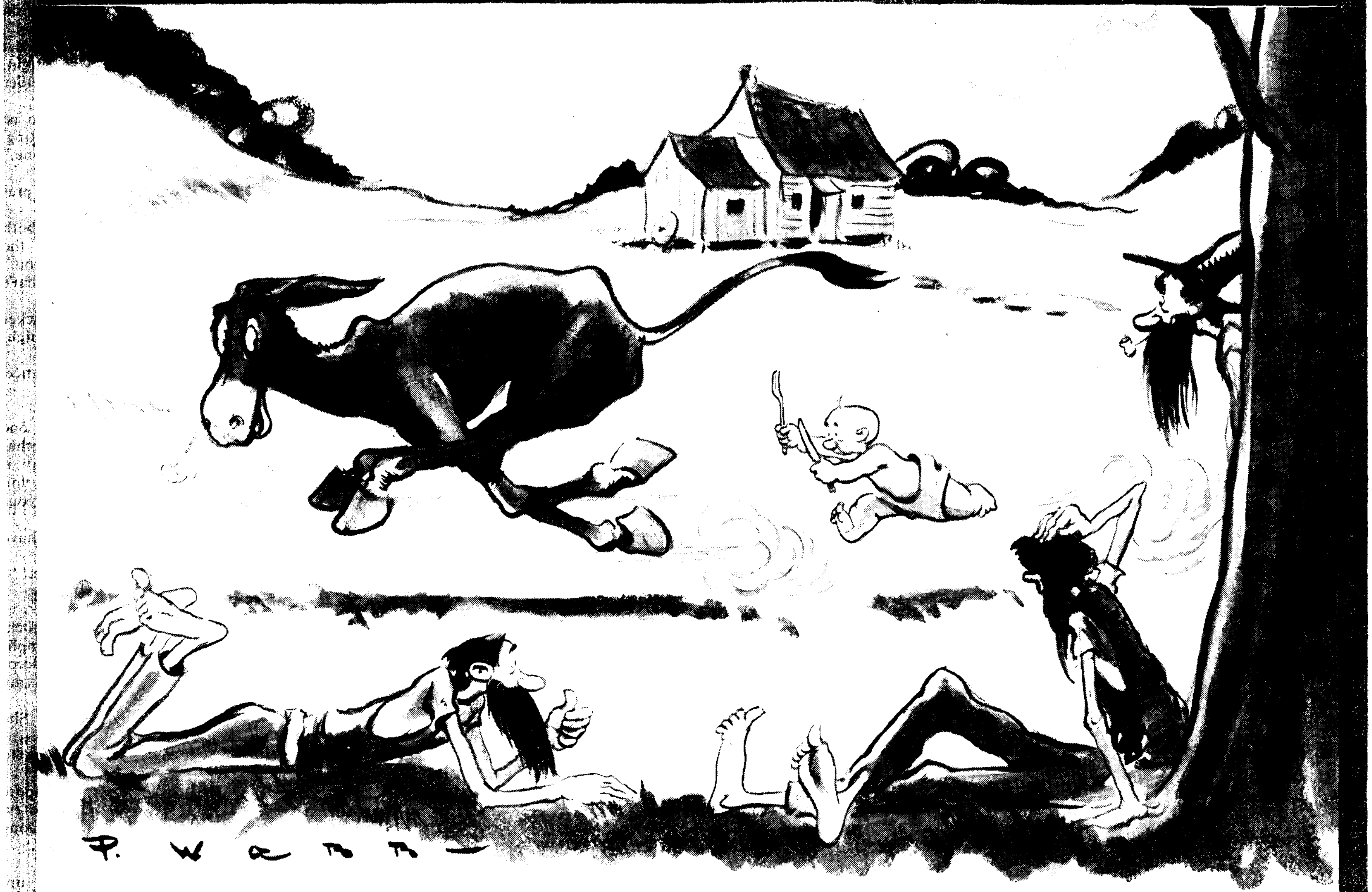
He started the car, and they drove in si-



"Now, here's something new—a flypaper that goes right out after the flies"

COLLIER'S JOHN H. PRICE

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS



"Reckon Oncle Rafe's mighty tired of eatin' fish 'n aigs"

NOW YOU CAN BUY AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

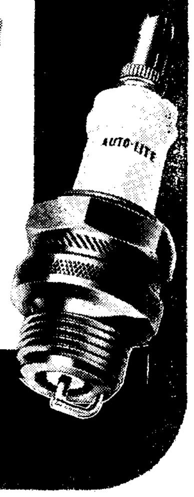
Like many products you preferred, the bulk of Auto-Lite Spark Plugs made these war years have been going to the armed forces — for trucks, jeeps, half-tracs, combat vehicles of all types.

Now comes the good news! Auto-Lite Spark Plugs are again available. So, next time faulty plugs in your car need replacing, you can get ignition engineered Auto-Lite Spark Plugs to help restore power and economy. In tests conducted by the American Automobile Association, when faulty plugs were replaced by new Auto-Lites, mileage was increased as much as 12%!

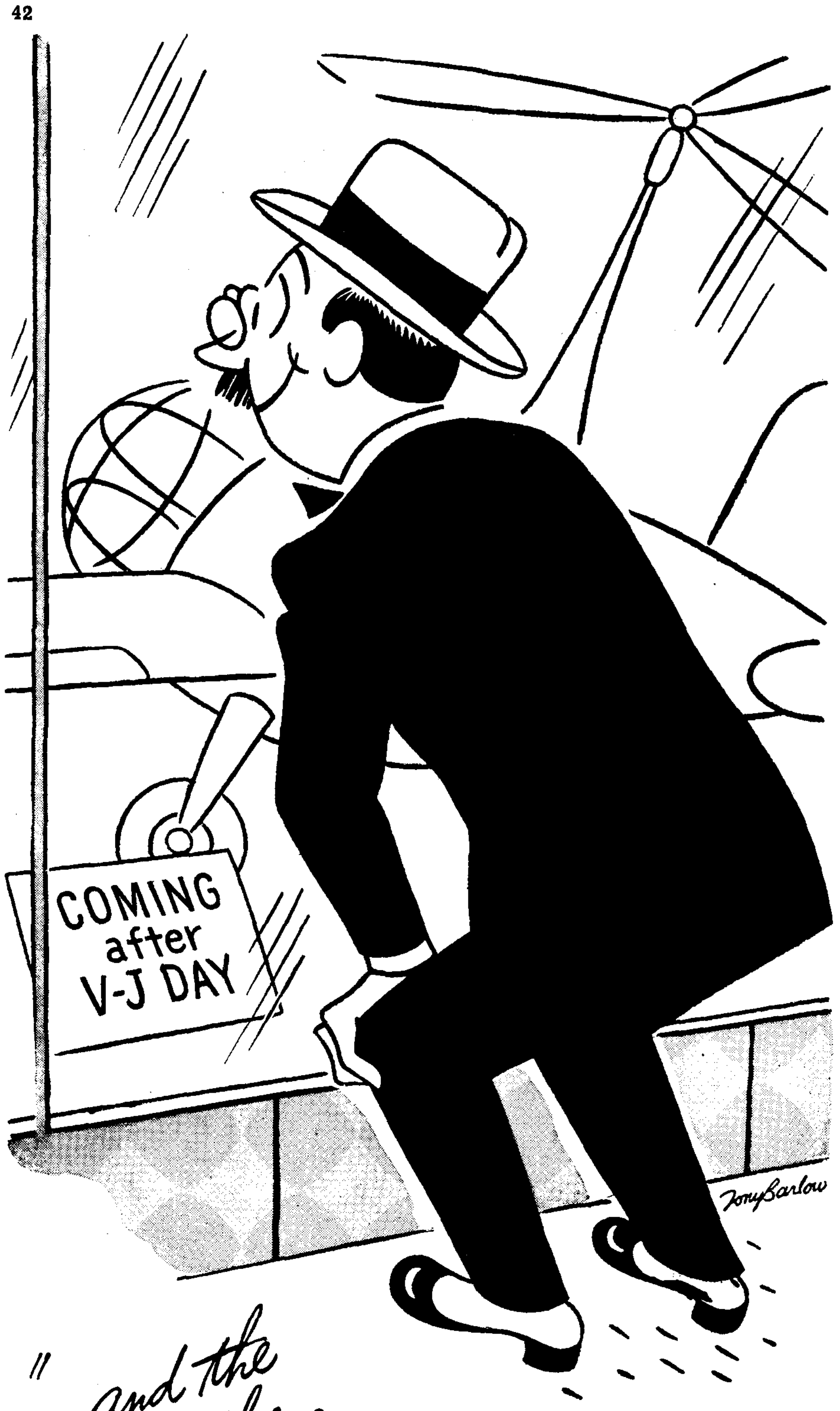
BUY WAR BONDS

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, 1, OHIO • *Merchandising Division* • TORONTO, ONTARIO

Tune in the
AUTO-LITE
Radio Show
STARRING
Dick Haymes
HELEN FORREST • GORDON JENKINS' ORCHESTRA
Every Tuesday Night • NBC



IN ITS 22 GREAT MANUFACTURING PLANTS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR



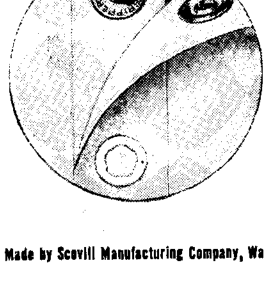
"... and the second thing on my postwar list is shorts with Gripper Fasteners!"

Why do men want shorts with Gripper fasteners?
Every time a button pops or a buttonhole tears, you have the answer.
Gripper fasteners are the convenient snap fasteners that end "button-bother." They're laundry-proof.
They're neat and dependable.
That's why *9 out of 10* pairs of men's woven shorts before the war had Gripper fasteners.
The day is coming when you can get Gripper fasteners on your shorts.
You'll know them by the trademark *Gripper* stamped in every fastener.

GRIPPER* FASTENERS
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

**the laundry-proof snap fastener that ends "button-bother"*

Made by Scovill Manufacturing Company, Waterbury, Conn. • America's Leading Manufacturer of Snap Fasteners



lence for what seemed a long while. Finally he said, "I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me, really. I wanted to . . ."

"To what?"

He laughed. "I wanted to break down that complacency of yours. You're so damn' self-assured. You've got the confidence of a perfectly secure background. You have no problems." He stopped the car and she got out. He did not move. "Tell me something," he said. "Will I see you again?"

"Yes," said Flicker. "Any time. Any time you want. I'm in love with you, I think." He started to speak, but she stopped him. "Don't say anything," she said. "No—tell me one thing. Did you write the lines you quoted to me?"

"No, my best friend wrote them."

"Where is he?"

His face hardened into the watchful guarded look that was becoming so familiar to her. He started the engine and gave her a queer smile. "He's dead," he said. The car began to move. "I killed him."

The car moved and left her standing there in the street.

Flicker was still asleep at eleven o'clock when Madeleine telephoned. She had slept badly. She pushed back her hair wearily and picked up the telephone beside the bed. "Hello," she said.

"Well," cried Madeleine. "It's past eleven, and here I sit, waiting for a report from you. Do you know you have less than four hours before the deadline?"

Flicker said nothing.

"Don't you hear me?" asked Madeleine. "I know you haven't won it already. If you had, you'd have called me up."

"I've won it," Flicker told her.

"Well," said Madeleine again. "You don't sound very pleased about it. You're not getting serious about our mystery man, are you?"

"I think I am," Flicker said. "I never felt this way before."

"Heavens on earth, girl!" said Madeleine. "This is no way to behave. Pull yourself together! Take a stand!"

"I've taken a stand," Flicker said. "I have an idea it may be my last. Flicker's Last Stand."

"What you need," said Madeleine sagely, "is coffee. Call me back when you've had it. 'By, now."

FLICKER had no sooner put down the receiver, and wandered sleepily into the kitchen, clad in a saffron dressing gown, than the phone rang again. She ran to it quickly.

"Oh," she said. "It's you. Good morning, Doug."

"I called up to apologize," he told her. "I know I was difficult last night, but after all, how was I supposed to know the score until Madeleine told me?"

"How indeed?" said Flicker.

"Anyway," Doug went on, "come out to the field after lunch. There's a guy showing some war movies that oughta be good. Bring Jackson. He's not a bad Joe, really, and I feel sorta guilty about last night. After all, he did keep me from flattening that guy in the tuxedo. My C.O. takes a dim view of socking civilians."

Flicker thought quickly. If Jackson didn't call her, here was a perfectly good excuse for her to get in touch with him. . . . "All right, Doug," she said. "I'll try to bring him."

"Swell," said Doug. "See you about three-thirty."

Flicker was quiet at lunch, so quiet that Widge noticed it. "Yah," he said. "She's in love." He put his chin in his hands, rolled up his eyes in horrid pantomime.

"That'll do, Widge," his father said.

"If I'm in love," Flicker remarked, "it seems to be unrequited. He hasn't even called up."

"Why don't you call him, then?" Widge demanded.

"I would," Flicker said, "but I don't know where he lives, or whether he has a phone."

"The personnel office at the plant would know," Mr. Jones said unexpectedly. "Call up old Collins; he works the Sunday shift. Tell him I want to know Jackson's address, if you like."

Flicker jumped up and threw her arms around her father. "You're wonderful," she said. "Wonderful!"

"Bah," said Widge. "Wait'll I report all this to Doug."

THE address old man Collins gave her was in a quiet backwater of the town. Flicker drove slowly, searching for the number, and finally saw it, a comfortable enough place with rocking chairs on the porch.

She rang the bell, aware of a sudden pounding of her heart.

A colored girl opened the door. Mr. Jackson, she thought, was in his room. Would Flicker care to come inside and wait?

"No, thanks," Flicker said. "I'll wait on the porch."

He came down almost at once, in his shirt sleeves. He looked at her with his light, steady eyes, and she could not tell whether he was glad to see her or not.

"Hello," she said. She had planned to be nonchalant—flippant, even—in her greeting, but it was impossible. "You didn't phone," she said, "so I had to find you."

"Didn't you have a better excuse prepared?"

"Yes," said Flicker. "Doug asked us both to visit him this afternoon. This was the only way I could get the invitation to you."

"Doug wants *me?*" he repeated. "What's caused his change of heart?"

"A guilty conscience, I think," Flicker said. "He knows you helped him last night when he'd been behaving badly."

"Ah," said Jackson. "A guilty conscience. That's a bad thing."

"You'll come, then?" said Flicker.

He offered her a cigarette and lighted one himself. "You always offer me these other inducements to be with you. Yesterday it was your father; now it's Doug. Don't you suppose I might like to be with you for your own sweet sake?"

"If that were the case you would have phoned me."

He frowned at the tip of his cigarette. "I nearly did."

"Why didn't you?"

"Lots of reasons. I like you too much, maybe. Your life is simple and uncomplicated. Mine's not. I don't want you decorating your pretty head with any of my crowns of thorns—real or imaginary."

It was an opening and she took it. She said, "When you spoke of your friend's—of your friend's death, you were referring to some sort of accident, weren't you?"

He looked at her deliberately. "I suppose you might call it that," he said. He drew a long breath. "What was it you said Doug wanted us to do?"

"Just come out and pay him a visit."

"All right," he said. "Wait'll I run upstairs and get my coat. I'm the star boarder around here; live in the second floor front—very palatial!"

She was waiting for him in the car. He slid in beside her. "Do we have to make this a long visit?" he asked.

"Just a courtesy call," Flicker said. "Afterward, if I phoned the cook and told her to set an extra place, would you come back for supper? Without Doug, this time."

"I might," he said. He glanced at her sideways. "I'd be very glad to see your father again."

They both laughed, and Flicker stepped on the starter.

They found Doug waiting impatiently for them in the officers' club. "Hiya, people," he said. "Gosh, you're late! The show's about to start and . . ."

"Show?" said Jackson.

Doug gestured toward the double doors that led into the lecture room. "Didn't Flicker tell you? It ought to be good. But let's get inside and get our seats or we'll find ourselves standing up."

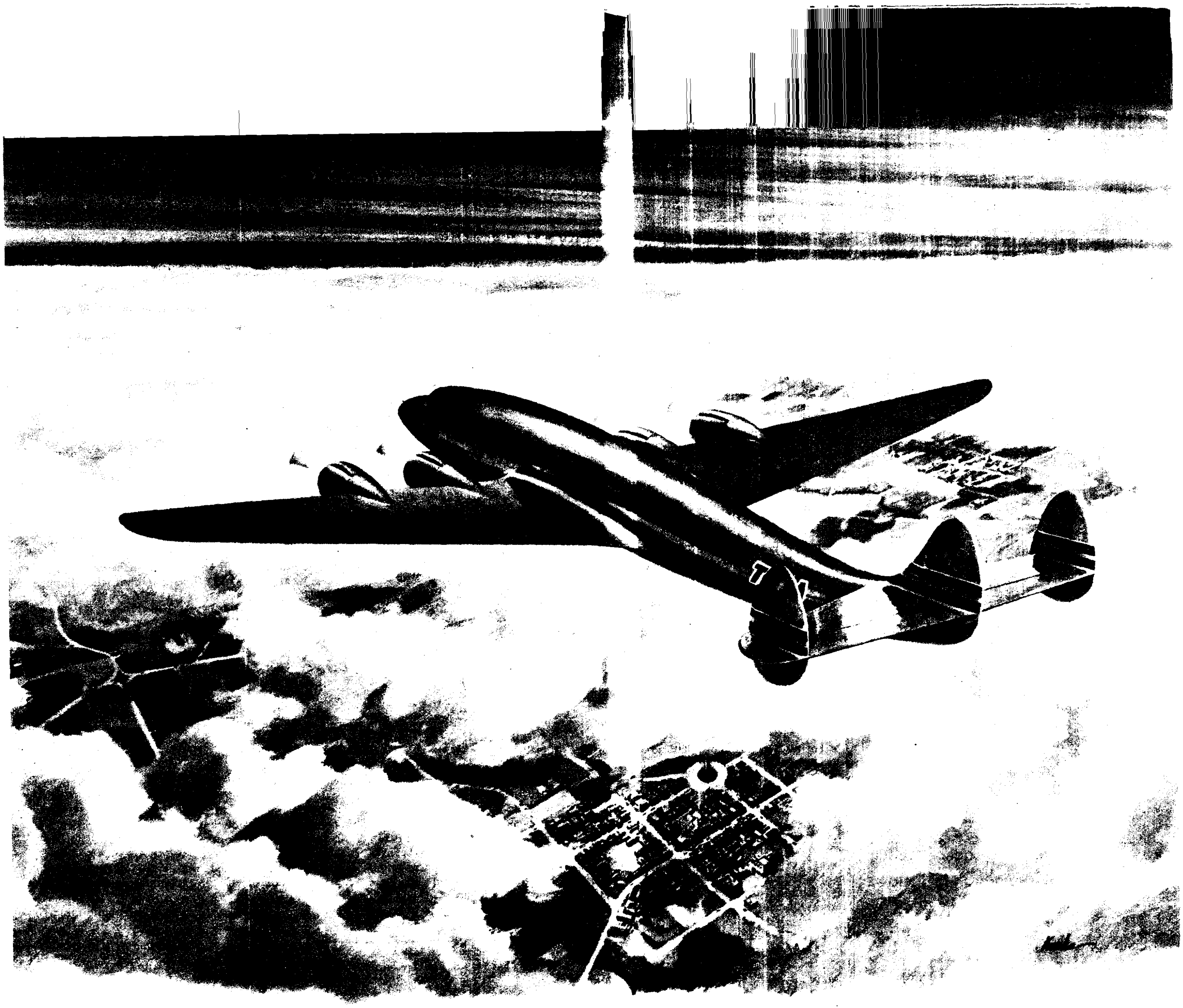
"You two go ahead," said Flicker. "I've got a phone call to make."

She shut herself into the booth and dialed her own number. "Dad," she said, when she heard her father's voice, "I called to say there'd be one more for supper."

"Who is it this time?" Mr. Jones said.

"It's Jackson," Flicker said. "Do you approve?"

There was a barely perceptible pause. "I



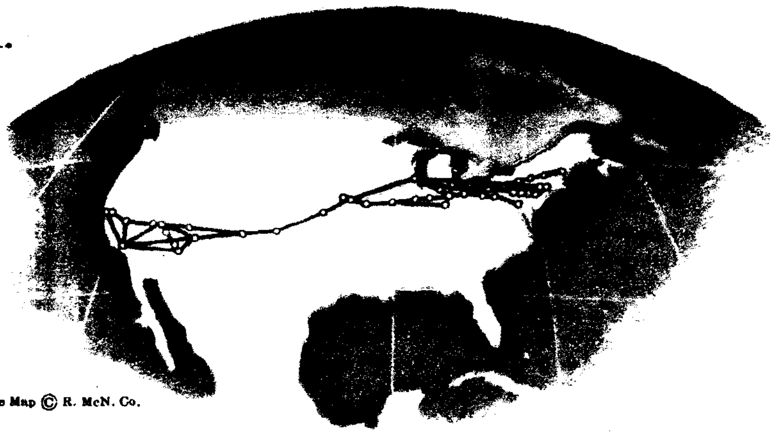
NEW VIEW OF THINGS

Sooner or later, all of us need a change of viewpoint to make the day's affairs fall into proper perspective. So each TWA flight is planned not merely as a time-saving journey, but as a pleasant change from the usual. Even seasoned air travelers say they get a new view of things after a few enjoyable hours as guests of TWA.

TWA

POINTS THE WAY

Don't travel unless your trip helps win the war



Base Map © R. McN. Co.

It's Good Business to buy a Good Pencil ...

EBERHARD FABER U.S.A. MONGOL No2

Ask your Stationer—he's a business expert. He'll show you why the buy for you is

MONGOL

whose exclusive Complastic lead offers twice the wear, and smoother, faster work. In 5 degrees* for every office task. Use his experience; he can serve you well.

*No. 1 – Soft
No. 2 – Medium
F – Firm
No. 3 – Hard
No. 4 – Very Hard

EBERHARD FABER
Leadership
IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

think so," Mr. Jones said, "but I wonder if you know what you're doing."

"Of course I do, silly," Flicker said. "Look, Dad, I've got to run. See you later."

She came out of the booth and walked quickly down the hall. The doors to the lecture room were still open, and Doug was standing near them in conversation with a tall captain whose left sleeve bore three overseas stripes and whose blouse was resplendent with decorations.

Doug saw her and came toward her, followed by the captain.

"Where's Jackson?" she said.

"He's gone," Doug said. "It's the damnedest thing. . . ."

"Doug," she said, with a sudden sick feeling inside, "you told him about the bet. Oh, Doug, how could you?"

"Bet?" said Doug. "What bet? Oh, the Madeleine business. Good Lord, no! Say, Flicker, do you know who that guy really is? He's Dusty Jackson!"

"Dusty?" asked Flicker.

"Ye gods!" groaned Doug, turning to the tall captain. "She doesn't even know. *You* tell her. Oh, excuse me; Miss Jones—Captain Bancroft. You tell her, will you?"

The captain smiled. "Dusty was with our Group in the Pacific. I knew he'd been taken off operations—and high time, too; he has nineteen Japs to his credit. But to find him in civilian clothes. . . ."

"Imagine!" Doug broke in. "Me throwing my weight around with that little guy, and all the time he . . ."

"He's one of the best," the captain said. "One of the very best. I said to myself: Why bother to show these films when this guy can tell these green pilots in his own words. . . ."

"So the captain came over," Doug interrupted, "and Jackson froze up like a clam. Said he was sorry, but he'd have to be going. And so help me, he went!"

"Did he leave any message for me?" Flicker asked.

"He said to tell you that he was sorry, that he shouldn't have come in the first place."

"Tell me one thing, please, Captain Bancroft," Flicker said. "Was any close friend of his killed—killed in an accident, I mean, not in combat?"

The tall captain looked at her strangely. "Why, yes," he said. "Larry Vance, his wingman, was killed. They collided in the overcast coming back to their base. Dusty bailed out at about three hundred feet and made it. Vance wasn't so lucky. Dusty was pretty upset; that was one reason they took him off ops."

"Thank you," Flicker said. She looked at Doug. "I think I'll skip the movies, Doug. I want to try to find him."

Doug walked with Flicker to the front door. "Want me to come with you?" he asked.

"No thanks, Doug," she said. "I'd rather you didn't, really."

He smiled a bit ruefully. "All right, Flicker," he said. "Just as you say. Let us know what you find out, will you?"

FLICKER drove slowly in the direction of town, hoping to see a solitary figure trudging along the roadside, but she did not. At the outskirts of the city she hesitated, then drove toward her own house. She wanted time to think, time to fit the pieces of the puzzle together. She understood, now, some of the moodiness and remorse. But why the civilian clothes? Why the job in a factory?

She came into the house and found her father reading in the living room. She went in and sat on the floor at his feet. "You know who Jackson is," she said, "but you didn't tell me."

"No," said Mr. Jones. "I knew he'd do that when he was ready."

"Tell me what you know, please," Flicker said.

"He had a bad break when his best friend was killed—you know about that?" her father said.

Flicker nodded.

"So they took him off combat and let him come home. He was pretty jittery, and the combat-fatigue experts in Florida decided he needed three weeks of complete change. Apparently Jackson had no real home to go to, and he suggested working in a war plant—he used to be a mechanic. The authorities not only agreed, they also advised him to get out of uniform entirely, so that he wouldn't be recognized and lionized. That's how he came to us. Naturally, we gave him a job. . . ."

"How long ago was that?" asked Flicker.

"It was nearly three weeks," said her father.

Flicker got up and kissed the top of his head. "Thanks, Dad," she said. "I'll be back in a little while."

THE quiet backwater of the town where Jackson lived seemed even quieter in the level rays of the sun. Flicker mounted the steps and did not ring the bell; she simply pushed the door open, and walked up the stairs quickly. The second floor front, he had said. She chose the likeliest door and rapped once.

"Come in," Jackson's voice said.

She went in and closed the door and stood with her back to it. It was a small room, full of the mellow light of sunset. The closet door was open and she could see a uniform hanging inside. She could see the ribbons and the wings and the dull gold of the maple leaves on the shoulders.

Jackson was sitting in one of the chairs, hunched forward. Smoke spiraled quietly from the cigarette in his fingers.

"Hello, Dusty," Flicker said. "May I sit down?"

"Sure," he said. "Why not? Cigarette?"

She shook her head.

"You interrupted quite a train of thought," he said. "About seven thousand miles long and loaded with regrets."

"They told me a lot about you, Dusty," she said. "Why didn't you tell me yourself?"

"It's my problem," he said. "I didn't want advice—or sympathy."

"Is that why you ran away this afternoon, like a sulky child? You can't run away from yourself, you know."

"I know," he said. "But meeting Bancroft brought it all back so suddenly. When he wanted me to get up and talk to those kids, it was the last straw. I've been putting off this decision and putting it off. This afternoon it jumped right up in my lap and licked my face, and I couldn't take it."

"What decision?" Flicker said.

He looked at her in surprise. "Why, the choice we all have to make—whether to volunteer for another combat assignment or stay home and be an instructor or something." He drew on his cigarette, flicked it into the fireplace.

"And what," said Flicker, "are you going to do?"

He stood up suddenly and glared at her. "I'm not going back," he said savagely. "I've done enough. I've had enough. The last thing I did was fly into my best friend and kill him. I might do that again. I might . . ."

"You might save a lot of lives," Flicker said. "You might tell boys like Doug what to do and what not to do. You might even make the war end a little sooner."

"I told Vance what to do," he said. "I told him to stick close to me, no matter what—"

"I'll bet he was proud to be your wingman," Flicker said. "So would Doug be. So would any of them."

Abruptly his mood changed, his voice softened. "You're selling me on going back," he said. "Isn't that a bit strange?"

"No," said Flicker. "I know what's best for you, that's all. I'll always know that, somehow."

"And is it best for you?"

"I don't know," said Flicker. "Maybe. Maybe I'll learn something. If you go, at least I'll know what it's like to sit and wait and be afraid."

He said, half to himself, "I probably wouldn't go back right away. There'd be refresher courses. There'd be some time . . ."

She smiled a little. "Time for me?" she asked.

He turned and took her face in his hands and studied it carefully. "I don't know, Flicker. You're an amazing girl, but I'm not in love with you. I don't believe in this love at first sight. It's something that happens only in books."

"Not always in books," she said, but he was not listening.

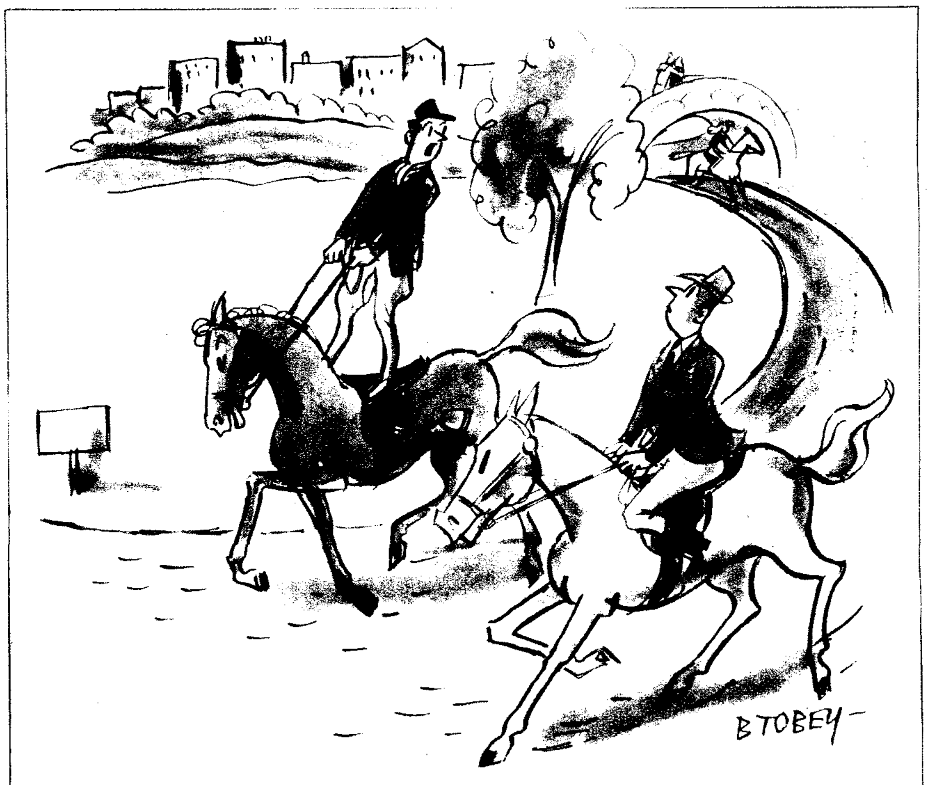
"But I'll tell you one thing," he said. "You have something—you and your father and your little brother—that I've never had. Something I've always wanted. Call it a home, if you like. Call it an anchor—something solid, something to fight for. Closest thing to it, in my life, was my friendship with Larry Vance. I taught him to fly. He used to bring his poetry to me. When I lost Larry, I seemed to lose everything. But the other night, sitting there with you and your father and Widge, I felt it again. It was yours, not mine, but it was there." He broke off suddenly and released her. "You'd better run along, now," he said. "My landlady is very strait-laced."

She turned obediently and opened the door. Her hair caught the last of the sunlight.

"We have the extra place at the table for you," she said. "Shall we keep it?"

"Yeah," said Jackson. "I think I'll wear my uniform to surprise Widge. Keep the place for me, Flicker. I'll be along."

THE END



"It's the only way he'll let me ride. He used to be a circus horse"

COLLIER'S SGT. BARNEY TOBEY

Today I really heard Susie's laugh for the first time!

Sure—Susie laughs a lot, but I found out that I've never really heard the gay sparkle of her laughter until today. Seems that my old hearing aid was built just to hear people talk. It didn't amplify the tones and overtones that give "color" to sound. But today I tried Western Electric's new hearing aid—Model 63. And what a difference! With its extended sound range I really heard Susie laugh for the first time. It was as though a gray picture had suddenly changed to full color.

NOW *"Full Color"* HEARING BRINGS YOU THE SPARKLE AND RICHNESS OF THE WORLD OF SOUND

● This new Western Electric Hearing Aid climaxes 63 years of work and research in sound. That's why it is called the Model 63.

It has what experts in the transmission of sound call "brilliance"—a new quality for a hearing aid.

By that they mean that Bell Telephone Laboratories have engineered hearing aids to deliver a wider band of frequencies—many more of the tones and overtones that *color* sound.

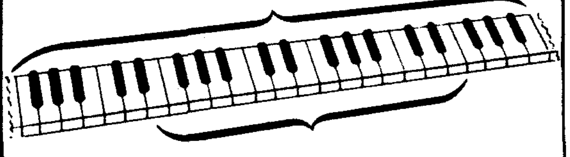
You, too, can hear the difference! Model 63 reaches high and low on a piano keyboard. You really can hear in church and at lectures. And you can enjoy radio, movies, and symphony music.

An achievement in modern design, Model 63 is smaller and less conspicuous, with a new case, curved to the contour of the body.

Consult your doctor about any hearing difficulty. If you need a hearing aid, see your Western Electric Hearing Aid dealer—you'll find his name and address under "Hearing Aids" in the classified Telephone Directory. Or write Western Electric, Dept. 380-B4, 195 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.

WHAT "FULL COLOR" HEARING MEANS

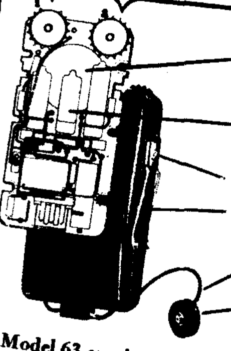
MODEL 63 GIVES UNDISTORTED AMPLIFICATION OF THIS WIDE BAND



MANY HEARING AIDS CONCENTRATE AMPLIFICATION WITHIN THIS NARROW BAND

THE INSIDE STORY

Only two fingertip controls. (1) *Tone Discriminator* filters out annoying background noise—yet you still hear sounds you want. (2) *Volume Control*—smooth and continuous action.



Crystal Microphone . . . protected sensitivity.

Three Miniature Electron Tubes for full amplification. Replace without soldering.

Twin Clip that stays put.

Streamlined plastic case

Slim, Sturdy Cord

Receiver, air or bone conduction, of aviation headset accuracy.

Model 63 employs the famous Western Electric Stabilized Feedback Circuit—to minimize tonal distortion. *All parts are standard and readily interchangeable without costly factory charges.*

NEW PRICE $89⁵⁰ MOLDED EARPIECE OR BONE CONDUCTION RECEIVER EXTRA

Western Electric Model 63 *Hearing Aid*

CLIMAXING 63 YEARS OF WORK AND RESEARCH IN SOUND

U.S. ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

With their fanaticism broken, Jap soldiers surrendered in greater numbers on Luzon as well as on Okinawa. This group is part of a bag of over 1,000 made by the 38th "Cyclone" Division and caged in a stockade east of Manila

BYE-BYE, BUSHIDO

BY MAC R. JOHNSON

The Japanese warrior's code, which requires a soldier to be killed or to kill himself rather than surrender, was junked during the last days of the Pacific fighting

ACME

Japs surrendering to Marines during the last stages of Okinawa battle

A SEVENTH DIVISION patrol beat its way along the narrow, white coral sand beaches below towering coral limestone cliffs on Okinawa's southeastern coast. It skillfully probed around huge coral boulders which had broken from the mother cliff and crashed down to the sea.

It was June 19th—two days before organized enemy resistance on Okinawa ceased. The heat was suffocating. Sweaty combat greens were plastered to the bodies of these patrolmen from Captain Charles (Dusty) Farnham's G Company, 32d Infantry Regiment.

The patrol pushed forward into the tiny pocket where we had compressed Japanese remnants after eighty days of barbarous bush-and-cave fighting. It was Jap-held territory —"Purple Heart country." But despite the danger, the men of the patrol walked upright, advancing slowly, talking casually and deliberately exposing themselves. They wanted to be seen. Occasionally a Jap would look at them from behind a rock or from a cave entrance and then, flushed from his position and without firing a shot, he would withdraw. It was very strange—and very quiet.

Out in the water two American amphibious tractors kept pace with the patrol, lurching and lunging forward in slow, clanking movements while crewmen kept heavy machine guns aimed protectingly at the beach. Captain Samuel V. Eastman commanded one of the tractors, and Lieutenant Robert W. Strickler the other. Theirs was the responsibility of guarding the patrol's flank and they were alert—and worried.

Each man wondered when the shooting would start. The Japanese were running from rock to rock in front of the patrol, but these veteran infantrymen didn't fire. They weren't trigger-happy. They had orders to capture as many Japs as possible.

Captain Farnham called Captain Eastman and told him to go behind the Japs. "Cut them off—with machine-gun fire if necessary," the patrol leader ordered.

Picking up speed, the amphibious tractors moved several hundred yards down the coast. Then Corporal Harvey J. Martin eagerly hollered that he'd seen a party of Nip soldiers in the open.

"I looked over the side," Captain Eastman said, "and saw a large unshaven Nipper walking toward my tractor, with his saber in its scabbard raised over his head. A white towel was attached.

"I was a little afraid and didn't know exactly what to do. But I told my men to keep their guns trained on the Japs and not to fire unless I yelled or was hit. I crawled over the side and advanced toward the Nip, who turned out to be a captain.

"I left my pistol in its holster to show I meant no harm, but I didn't feel very secure. I stopped him when he got within ten feet. Trying to be nonchalant, I offered him a candy bar and some cigarettes. He took a smoke. But when I brought out a box of matches and tried to light it for him my hands were shaking so badly I couldn't hold the match steady. So I handed him the box and he lit it himself.

"I motioned him to surrender his saber. He did. Then I frisked him for other weapons, talking all the time in friendly tones although he never understood a word. I think I kept saying, 'The war's over for you now—we'll treat you okay.' "

Captain Eastman then pantomimed that he wanted all the Japs behind the enemy captain to surrender. The Nip jabbered and motioned and, as American soldiers looked bug-eyed from their amphtracks, Jap soldiers popped from every crevice, fissure and hole in the cliffs. They jumped up from behind rocks and stepped out from the bushes. They outnumbered the Americans 30 to 1, easily. But the Nips weren't hostile. They waved white handkerchiefs, towels and pieces of underwear. They walked toward Captain Eastman, who apprehensively watched this mass of firepower approach. He went through another vigorous pantomime and they threw their weapons down.

Then the march started. Eastman, with his tractor following, led the Nips back toward Farnham's ground patrol. There were 200 Nips in the bunch, including some boys and a dozen women in full Imperial army uniform. As they walked along, other Japs came out of the hills, sheepishly falling in. When Eastman contacted Farnham's patrol he turned in 300 prisoners.

The Japanese military maxim that surrender is a Japanese soldier's most disgraceful act had been broken, and the result was of great importance in speeding the end of the Pacific war. The 300 prisoners proved to be only the vanguard of nearly 10,000 who junked the Bushido code on Okinawa and came hands-up into our lines. It was a fantastic total. Amazed American officers jubilantly announced it was the largest number of enemy prisoners ever taken in a two-weeks period in the Pacific war.

And we had won another count. The prisoners had come to disbelieve Japanese lies that prisoners are tortured, mutilated and killed by cruel, sadistic Americans.

Horrors of a War of Nerves

The Japs didn't know how to surrender, but they did. They cracked and broke and exploded mentally during the closing days of the Okinawa campaign. Some came running from their caves laughing and smiling when a short spurt of fire from a flame-throwing tank made up their minds. Others walked for a half mile to within ten feet of our patrols—within ten feet of life as a surviving prisoner of war—but then training and tradition would triumph and they would commit suicide. A few went insane under our ceaseless attacks and had to be carried away bodily.

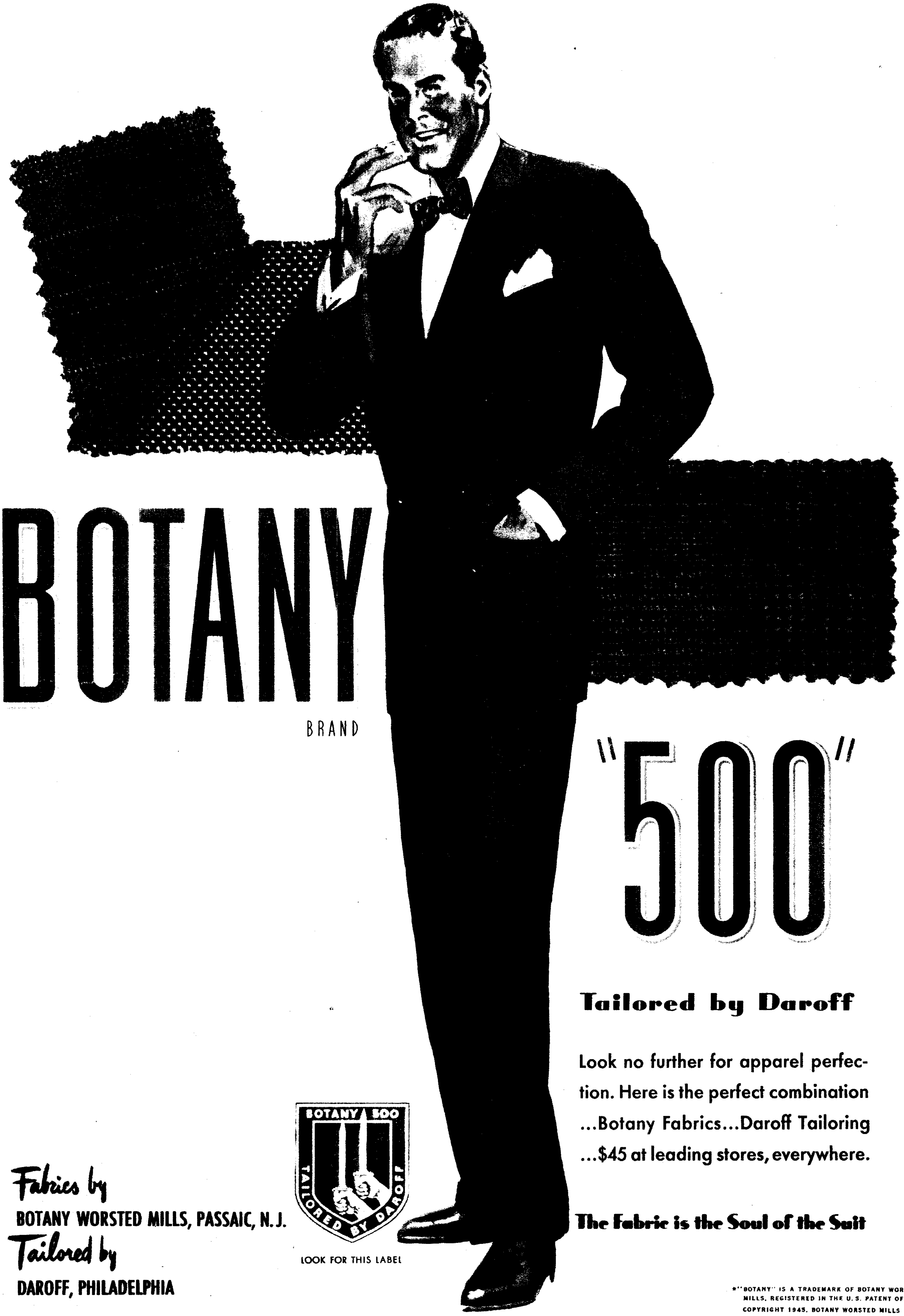
It was an extraordinary ending for the 82-day, sanguinary battle. Every Japanese of the Okinawa garrison, like his fellow soldier on Leyte, Iwo and Saipan, had orders to "take ten Americans with you when you die." But nearly 10,000 knew this was impossible and preferred to live.

Lieutenant General Simon Bolivar Buckner, Commanding General of the 10th Army, was killed the day before Eastman and Farnham turned in their 300 prisoners, but he had lived to see the trend. A few days later when his successor, Marine Lieutenant General Roy S. Geiger, announced all organized enemy resistance had ceased, Marines and soldiers had taken 3,525 POWs.

Before another 24 hours had passed a record haul of 1,000 Nips boosted the total to 4,500. On this day two Japanese lieutenant generals, Mitsuru Ushijima, Supreme Commander of the Okinawa area, and Isamu Cho, his army Chief of Staff, were beheaded on their own orders. Thus nearly one half of our Japanese prisoners surrendered before their commanding generals died.

Ushijima and Cho made their departure

(Continued on page 52)



*BOTANY

BRAND

"500"

Tailored by Daroff

Look no further for apparel perfection. Here is the perfect combination ...Botany Fabrics...Daroff Tailoring ...$45 at leading stores, everywhere.

The Fabric is the Soul of the Suit

Fabrics by

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J.

Tailored by

DAROFF, PHILADELPHIA

BOTANY 500

TAILORED BY DAROFF

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

*"BOTANY" IS A TRADEMARK OF BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, REGISTERED IN THE U. S. PATENT OFFICE.

COPYRIGHT 1945, BOTANY WORSTED MILLS

A Fortune to Wear . . .

• *Style 6164. One of Fortune's new blucher models, heavily stitched across the tip.*

$5 TO $5.50
SOME STYLES HIGHER

● In India, only the Hindu princes can afford to wear fortunes in precious jewels. Here in America, any man can wear Fortunes! In fact, more men wear Fortune shoes than any other brand in their price range. With such leadership, it is evident that Fortune shoes have passed successfully the finest test of any product's worth—the test of public acceptance. To discover for yourself why millions of American men choose Fortunes, try on a pair . . . *step into a Fortune* and find the snug-fitting comfort, the quality leathers, the expert detailing and finish that make Fortune the *really fine* shoe in its price field. After the first step, you'll know that *this* is the shoe for your money!
Richland-Davidson Shoe Co., Nashville 1, Tenn.
Division of General Shoe Corporation

FORTUNE
Shoes for Men

Brooklyn's Sturdy Branch

Continued from page 17

Hedges, Brownie president: "Sign George Sisler."

Sisler, greatest hitting and fielding first baseman of his day, was an uncommon prize. Hedges recognized Rickey's genius in detecting brilliant youngsters. He brought Branch to St. Louis, made him business manager of the Browns.

Nearly three decades were to pass before Branch Rickey quit St. Louis for Brooklyn. In the meantime, he had been president of the Browns, manager and president of the Cardinals and the center of a bitter controversy which rages to this day.

It was Rickey who conceived and realized the possibilities of the "farm system" in developing ballplayers. By the mid-1920s, major league owners were paying fantastic sums for ready-made stars. Rickey engaged faithful, experienced scouts, sent them into towns and hamlets of the Midwest and South where they located youthful prodigies whose parents eagerly signed them to contracts with the famous Cardinals of St. Louis. Millhands, plowboys, green high-school kids soon staffed a dozen teams of the Cardinal chain. They sometimes received as little as $25 a week for their services.

"I offered them a better way of life," Rickey says. "They rose from sand lots to big city diamonds. In a month they earned more than they could have earned in a year. And it is my boast that no young man who signed a contract with me has ever suffered—educationally or morally. If he chose to remain in school, I helped him. When he quit the Cardinal chain, he had learned the lesson of clean living. . . ."

Central to all of Branch Rickey's thinking is this need for self-betterment. He judges his associates from two standpoints—their utility as players, scouts, managers or businessmen, and their moral stamina.

On the question of drinking, for example, he agrees that love for liquor is not necessarily a bar to star performance on the ball field. "The best team I ever had—and I won't name it because I don't want to identify the men—had nine hard drinkers.

"Grover Cleveland Alexander gave me my greatest thrill," Branch admits. "He won my first world's championship for me in '26—by striking out Lazzeri with the bases full. And you know what condition he was in that day."

Rickey regards each ballplayer as a problem in human relations. His greatest problem has been, of course, Leo Durocher. In the book of Branch Rickey, the Lip is variously a baseball virtuoso, a master of men, a gentle, kindly lover of children—and a raw, undisciplined, explosive personality who, but for Branch's fatherly aid, might long ago have vanished into limbo.

"Leo owed untold thousands of gambling debts when I obtained him from the Cincinnati Reds in 1930. I put him into private bankruptcy, gave him $10 a week and paid his debts with the remainder of his salary." It was Rickey to whom Leo went when he fell in love with Grace Dozier, widow and well-to-do manufacturer of misses' dresses. It was Rickey who virtually argued Mrs. Dozier into marrying the dynamic ballplayer. Again it was Rickey to whom Leo confessed only a year ago that the marriage must come to an end.

"Leo is forever at war with himself," Rickey comments. "I've lost patience with him many times. And when I do, I usually fire him. He storms about my office—I watch him without blinking an eye. The last time it happened, he raged up and down, finally agreed to all my demands, all except one.

"'Boss,' he said, leaning over my desk, 'you can do what you please with me, but, please, boss, don't ask me to give up going around with girls!'"

High-Powered Problem Child

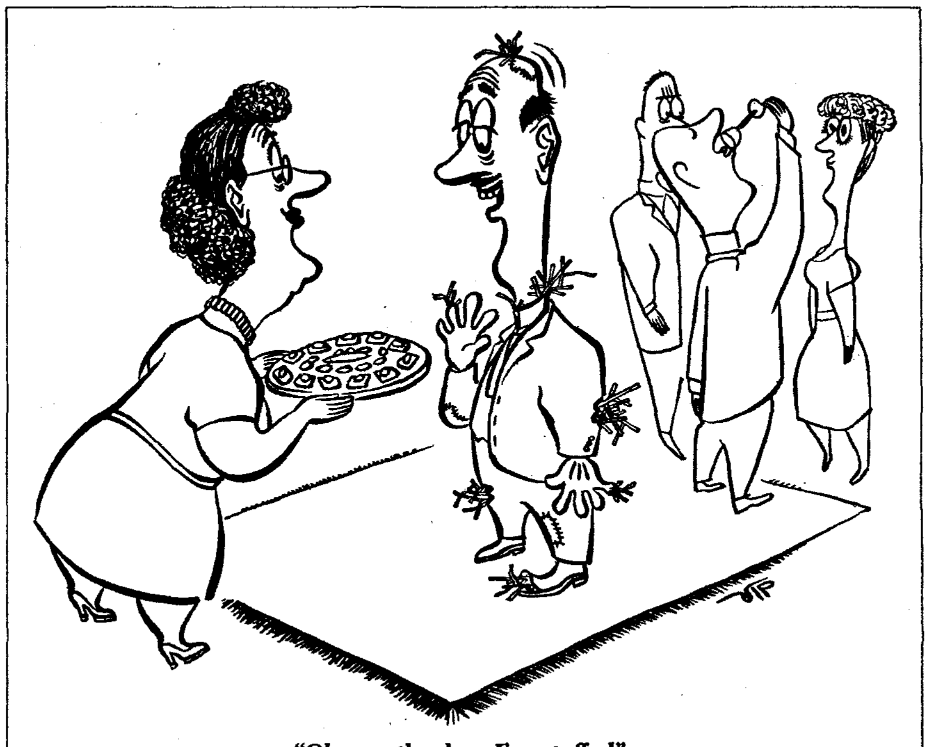
Today Leo Durocher receives the highest salary in baseball, $40,000, for managing the Dodgers. But Rickey is worried about his bad boy. "He's unpredictable. I swear by Jupiter that I'd give him up if it weren't for Mrs. Rickey. She believes in him more than I do. But no matter what happens, I'll take care of him always!"

Rickey blames the downfall of the Dodgers in 1943 and 1944 on the fact that it wasn't "my kind of team." The Dodgers of 1945 have played far over their heads at times, he says.

He first decided to give the 1945 Dodgers "mental peace," by letting it be known that no one would be fired except for cause; and even under such circumstances Leo Durocher and his coaches, Charlie Dressen and John Corriden, would pass upon the case first.

One of the least likely among the Dodger rookies to succeed was twenty-year-old Clyde King, a raw college boy, shy, intelligent. "I was impressed by King's sincerity," Rickey relates. "One day, on my way to the railroad station I said to King: 'Drop in the office when I return.' I could see that he was upset—he thought I intended to release him.

"He was waiting for me when I came back. We had a long talk." Soon afterward, King coolly won three games in five days as a relief pitcher. "Nothing could disturb him because he had gained confidence in himself. Oh, yes, he'll have his moments of despair.



COLLIER'S "Oh, no thanks—I'm stuffed" VIRGIL PARTCH

He isn't ready yet to face the day-by-day grind. But he knows the answer now!"

On the 1945 roster are several players who performed far beyond expectations during the first half of the season. On two occasions, Durocher handed out $100 bonuses. "That's not the way to do it," Rickey declares. "I have already called in eight Dodgers individually, giving each $625, or enough, with income-tax deductions, to net them $500 each. Two others will similarly receive bonuses soon—one of them a veteran who is making many thousands. The bonus won't be for his work on the field. It's for the moral help he is giving one of my boys who is down."

Rickey's worry over "morale" extends into his farm clubs. For this task he assigns members of his scouting staff—with his old friend George Sisler as his ace evangelist. "We have a clever pitcher on a Class D team," Rickey says. "According to Sisler, he is better than any hurler on the Dodger staff. But he's a shy boy, lacking confidence. I sent George to see him, told him to take the boy out to dinner a few times, to talk to him, meet him at night, build him up mentally. Before he becomes a Dodger, I'm going to invite him, unsigned to Brooklyn. He knows one of our boys—worked with him on the same team down South last year. I'll have them room together. He'll see how his old chum has rounded into a Dodger. Then, when he knows he's good enough to win on any field, I'll sign him. And, by Judas priest, he'll win his first game. . . ."

Today's Dodger organization is manned by stalwart believers in Branch Rickey's philosophy of life. There's Rex Bowen who quit a post as instructor of psychology at the University of West Virginia to scour the woods for young ballplayers. "I can teach better and more practical psychology by scouting for Mr. Rickey," Bowen says.

Or Don Beach, Dodger auditor. "Branch and I were classmates at Ohio Wesleyan," he affirms. "I became vice-president of a bank in Florida. Branch was far away in St. Louis —I hadn't seen him in years. In 1930, my bank failed. My wife and my two girls were faced with destitution.

"The phone rang. It was Branch. 'I heard about your misfortune,' he said. 'Can you come to St. Louis at once? I have a job for you.'

"'But I don't know anything about baseball,' I said."

Two years later, Beach was president of the Columbus farm club of the American Association. "Branch knew I could not afford to send my daughters to college. Two of his girls had won scholarships. He turned the money over to me—"

Rickey was lord of a manor then. His country home, in a suburb of St. Louis, sat in the midst of a vast estate. Turkeys roamed the barnyard; in the fields grew ripe melons, vines heavy with tomatoes. In Missouri he belonged; and in Missouri he wielded so much influence in Republican party councils that he was approached with an offer to run for governor.

The family is the heart of his life. Of his five daughters, all college-educated, four are married to officers in the armed services—Sue is still too young for wedlock. Alice was a bomber ferry pilot on the Atlantic run. Their children bounce up and down the stairs of his three-storied rented house in Forest Hills.

Their link to the past is Mary Moulton, ninety-seven-year-old mother of Mrs. Rickey, who reads, with dimming eyes, Shakespeare and the Bible and remembers Ohio when it was a far western state through which covered wagons churned dust on the road to California's gold.

"She's a *mulier fortis,* a strong woman," Branch Rickey says, translating Latin to the uninitiated. "You know, there are nineteen of us in the family now—we eat in shifts when everyone's home and she always sits at the table, keeping an eye on us."

Stay Away—and Keep Sane

"She went to the ball park twenty years ago," Mrs. Rickey recalls. "Hornsby won the game by hitting a home run with the bases full. The fans carried him off the field. Afterward, I asked mother what she thought of the game.

"'The game was all right, but the place was full of crazy people,' she replied."

Just now, Brooklyn is a place full of crazy people—crazy about baseball; they puzzle Branch Rickey, too.

Evenings, the Rickey clan gathers. The grandchildren are in bed. Young Branch, broad-cheeked like his mother, drops in, not to discuss baseball, but a book he is reading. Jane is there and Mary and soft blondish Sue, and Mary's husband, who is known occasionally as "The Hero" because the PT boat he commands rescued sixty-five Brazilian sailors following a collision off New York a few months ago.

Talk drifts to art and Father speaks his mind. He has opinions on sculpture, classicism as a basis for modern thinking and, by a queer mental twist, a young pitcher out in St. Paul who has golden muscles in his right arm if he only knew it.

Sue places fingers alongside her nose. Mary follows, then Jane. The young people laugh.

Mrs. Rickey says: "Branch, you're talking too much."

"I know it," Branch Rickey admits. "I think I'll go up to bed."

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

his head sadly. "Good heavens," said the lad, "wait until Raymond Swing hears of that."

WE WERE having lunch with an actor who used to be quite a sensation. A friend of ours came in, waved his hand to us and then seeing our guest, rushed over and shook his hand vigorously. "Oh," we said, "you know this guy?" And the newcomer said: "Know him? Why, I knew this guy when that suit he's wearing was new."

AND here's a bitter complaint from a sailor just demobilized after three years of service. He says that he had to stand in line one hour to get into a New York movie. Both his pride and his feet suffered. Also a letter from Mr. Joel Barnupp of Waycross, Georgia, notifying us that Mr. Barnupp has been "against everything that has happened since 1906." Mr. Barnupp explains that "none of it was worth-while doing because nobody who got the idea ever knew how to do it." He adds: "Don't bother to reply. I'm not interested." But a real baffler comes from Miss Jeanne Mortimer of Lowell, Massachusetts: "Please let me know by return mail whether the government has any fish in Lake Hatchapenominee and its location."

WE'VE been offered what we, bad as our judgment is, think is a magnificent idea. It's from a Wac. "You think," writes she, "that the Nazis had trouble holding off the G.I.s. Mister, you ain't born yet. When I send you this story of how we Wacs fought you'll have the story of the war. Of course, we had some casualties. . . ."

MR. ERIC J. COWMACHER of Richmond, Virginia, called at his OPA office and found the head of the board in unsalvageable gloom—just sitting there, hopeless. "What's the matter?" demanded Mr. Cowmacher. "Stuck?" The OPA fellow aroused himself just long enough to let out a groan. "Hell, man!" he exclaimed. "I haven't got that far ahead yet."

AFTER seeing this P-80, the Army's new jet-propelled blow job that loafs along at 550 miles an hour—the Shooting Star—Mr. Forbes Fancher of Yonkers, New York, telephoned to say that his great ambition in life now is to be one of those easygoing conservatives who prefer to take all of nine or ten hours to fly across the country. He thinks it would be nice to dawdle through space like that. . . . W. D.

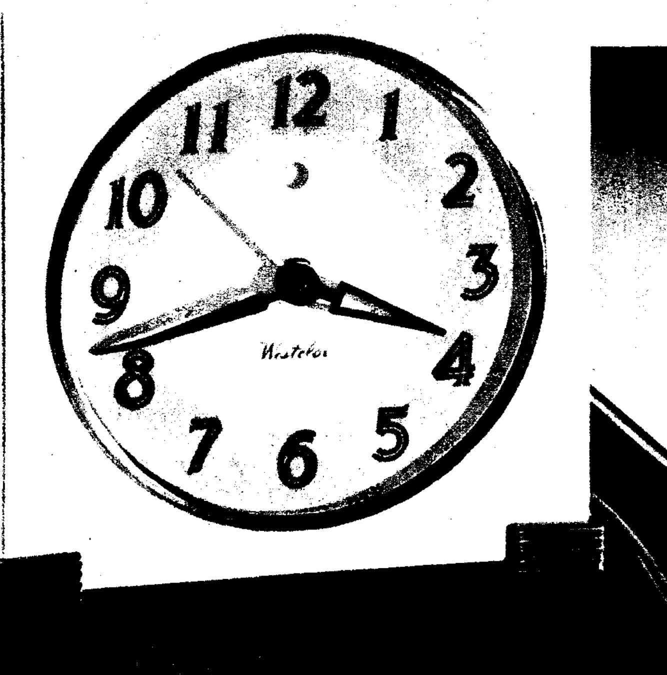
TIME TO TIGHTEN UP!

When a lot of people want the same thing, its price goes up.

Americans have more money today than there are things to buy with it.

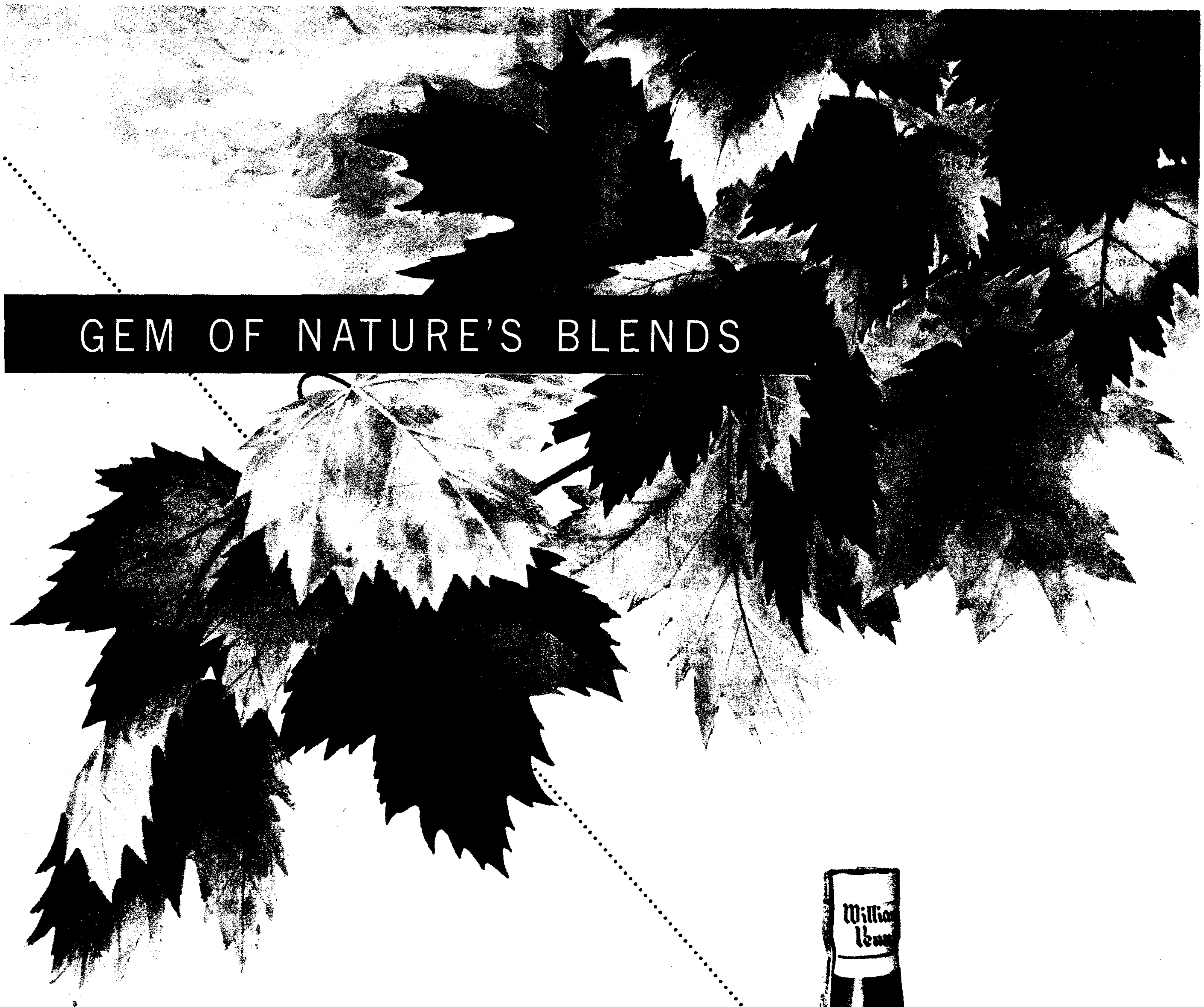
So every big or little thing you buy—that you can possibly do without—cuts supplies and bids prices up on what is left. Rising prices spell inflation. And every inflation has been followed by a bitter depression . . . men out of work, homes lost, families suffering.

So tighten up on those purse strings. Don't buy a thing you can do without. We don't want inflation: we don't want another depression.



WESTCLOX
Electric
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
BIG BEN*
Products of GENERAL TIME Instruments Corp.

WESTCLOX, LA SALLE, PERU, ILLINOIS. *TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.


GEM OF NATURE'S BLENDS

Mother Nature helps us make our point

Come Autumn, Mother Nature stages the greatest show on earth by choosing and blending her richest colors into a scene of grand and glorious perfection. Now, making whiskey is a lot different than creating autumn beauty, but we do follow a similar process in producing William Penn.

In more than a century of experience our distillers have learned how to select and blend the essence of fine grains at the high point of flavor. That's why we call William Penn "Gem of the Blends."

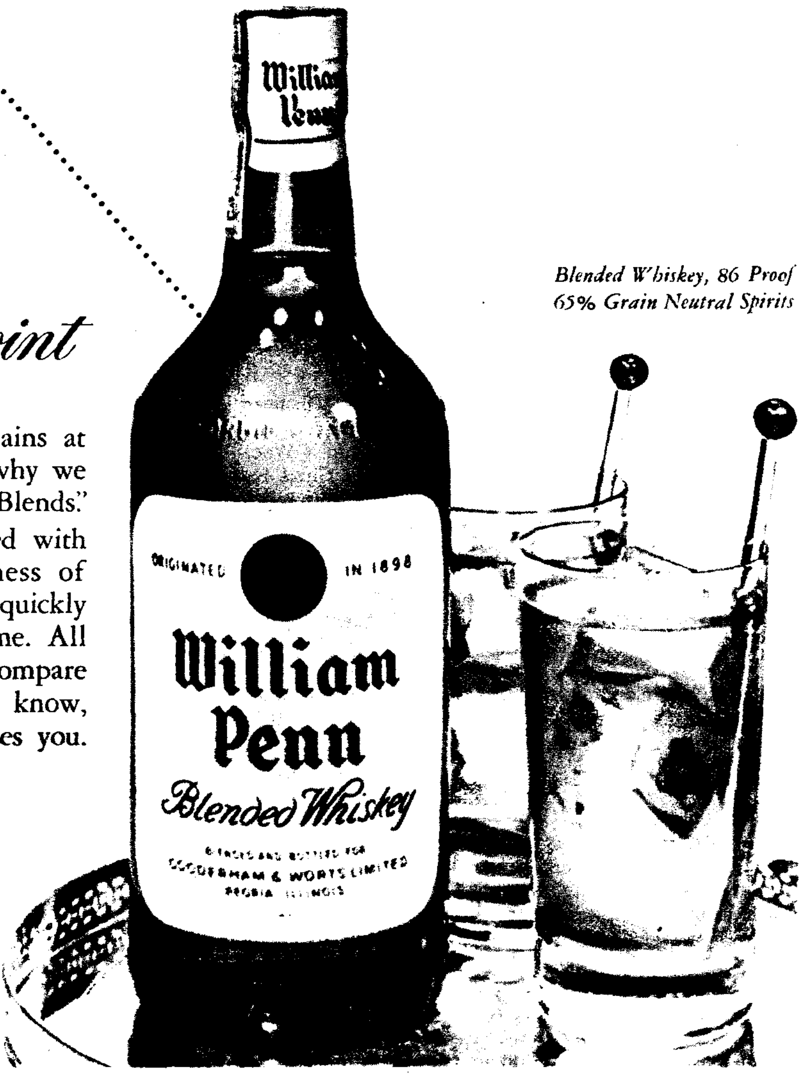
More folks every day are pleased with the sound character and mildness of William Penn for it makes friends quickly and keeps them a long, long time. All we ask is that you try it and compare its flavor with any whiskey you know, and then buy it again if it pleases you.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof
65% Grain Neutral Spirits

William Penn

GEM OF THE BLENDS


William Penn
Originated in 1898
William Penn
Blended Whiskey
Blended and bottled for Gooderham & Worts Limited Peoria Illinois

Sex in the Classroom

Continued from page 23

parenthood, and a dozen others which the University had never before offered in one college course.

University authorities cautioned Doctor Keys to avoid advance publicity and to ban newspaper reporters. A shorthand reporter was assigned to transcribe each lecture as a protection against possible repercussions. For the first class, some 1,500 students were milling around the doors. With only 900 seats available, admission was restricted to those who had registered in advance. To handle the overflow, a second section had to be opened. Since the first few lectures when Doctor Keys deliberately made himself sound staid and stodgy to discourage the inevitable thrill-seekers, attendance has leveled off. But, despite war conditions, which cut the campus population in half, attendance has maintained an average of 600 each semester.

As the course progressed Doctor Keys enlisted a distinguished cast of experts to conduct various sessions. Doctor Frederic M. Loomis, widely known gynecologist and author of the best seller, Consultation Room, has taken a prominent part since 1940. Among others who have addressed the class are Doctor Karl Bowman, president of the American Psychiatric Association; Doctor Richard A. Koch, chief of the Venereal Disease Division of the San Francisco Health Department; Doctor Vere Loper, pastor of Berkeley's First Congregational Church and lecturer on personal counseling; Doctor Olga Bridgman, distinguished pediatrician and psychologist; Mrs. Frances Bruce Strain, author of numerous books on sex education; and Doctor Paul Popenoe, famed director of the American Institute of Family Relations.

Tabooed Topics Now in Movies

No single aspect of sex life and marriage is ignored, from adolescence to menopause, with timely emphasis on war marriages and their problems. Motion pictures, including a two-reel color film on childbirth, charts and stereopticon slides help strip the mystery from matters once discussed ignorantly and guiltily in dormitory bull sessions.

Classes are now held weekly in the Life Sciences Auditorium on the Berkeley campus, with a one-hour lecture plus a half-hour question period. Before Pearl Harbor the men slightly outnumbered the girls, but now the figures are reversed, and most of the men are in uniform.

Knowing that his students would be bursting with healthy and natural questions, Doctor Keys at first invited them from the floor, but drew a blank. Finally he hit on the idea of passing a slotted box and was promptly deluged with questions. These are read aloud from the stage and answered immediately, except in rare instances when the subject matter is too intimate even for this amazingly frank course. But because no problem is too trivial, and because some student may be worrying himself sick, Doctor Keys discusses ticklish questions in his private office.

Samples picked at random from the thousands he has collected include these:

Do contraceptives ever cause cancer?

Is the eating of eggs sexually stimulating?

Do radar rays cause sterility in men?

Can gonorrhea and syphilis be caused by masturbation?

What is meant by the mother-in-law complex in marriage?

What are the chances of success in so-called "shotgun" marriages?

Silly questions? On the contrary, Doctor Keys calls them the echoes of gross ignorance and potential tragedy, evidence that we have urgent need of better sex education in our schools. In every case, some young man or woman was desperately searching for the truth. Since the course began, Doctor Keys has counseled more than 1,000 individuals and couples. More than half of these presented sexual problems.

A comprehensive questionnaire has been worked out which students turn in, unsigned, before they start the course. Analysis of these show that students know exactly what they want in a life mate. One questionnaire turned in by 452, with an average age of 21, brought almost identical replies from the men and women. Common interests, intelligence, a pleasing personality and good character rank highest with both sexes and in the order named. The qualities of character they value most are loyalty, honesty and tolerance. Sense of humor, thoughtfulness and ability to get along with others topped the list of personality traits most desired.

The order of preference in these qualities rarely changes. Doctor Keys also notes, encouragingly, that the subject of money and income is almost ignored.

His students, incidentally, have a strongly optimistic view of marriage. Some 20 per cent said that at the time they were 16 years of age, they were living in homes broken by death or divorce. But when they put their own dreams on paper, 95 per cent had marriage plans, and nearly all of them—97.5 per cent—were sure their romances would last for life, despite the fact that the average marriage in the United States cracks up within six years.

Why do people marry? Doctor Keys has asked this question over and over, and the answers have always come out in this somewhat surprising order:

1. For companionship.
2. To have a home.
3. For love.
4. To have children.

The students chose 25 as the ideal marrying age for men, and 22 for women, and also suggested that each couple should have four children.

In the summer of 1943, wartime pressure on university finances compelled some reduction in campus programs. To the budget committee the course on marriage seemed a luxury which could easily be spared, and funds for its support were withdrawn. The reaction from students and personnel officers was prompt and vehement. The Committee on Student Health pointed out that wartime conditions and the resulting marriage boom had intensified the need for instruction. Whereas other classes were shrinking, interest in these lectures had actually increased. Accordingly, after a lapse of one term, the series was resumed at the same hour and place, but under the sponsorship of the University Extension, with a small fee imposed to make it self-sustaining. Far from declining, enrollment and attendance have since risen to new heights.

In the spring of 1943, Doctor Keys was persuaded to conduct an evening course in Oakland under the auspices of the East Bay Church Federation. A year later, the San Francisco Y.M.C.A.-Y.W.C.A. sponsored the same course, with the endorsement and cooperation of the San Francisco Council of Churches. The University Extension in San Francisco now offers the course as a fixture with an average enrollment exceeding 300.

The first night of the San Francisco class, Doctor Keys spotted two burly men who didn't look like candidates for a honeymoon.

"Are you gentlemen signing up for the course?" he asked genially.

The gentlemen flashed badges. "No, we're from the police department morals squad," one said. "We're just going to listen."

They sat motionless through the first lecture, returned the next few weeks and eventually became cordial supporters.

Today Doctor Keys is a somewhat harassed educator commuting between San Francisco and Berkeley, holding private consultations seven days a week, answering inquiries from colleges and others interested in duplicating the course. He accepts grateful tribute from former students.

"After all," as he has often told them, "there is nothing you can do outside marriage that you can't do in marriage—and do a lot better. All I can say is the truly happy marriage is the one in which each person honestly wants the other to get the best cut from the beefsteak—when there is any steak. . . ."

THE END

THE STUDENTS' ANSWERS

From one student questionnaire come these results:

Subject	*Desirable*	*Permissible*	*Wrong*
Sex instruction in high schools	86	13	1
Kissing on dates	27	72	1
"Heavy" petting on dates	3	21	76
"Heavy" petting for engaged couples	13	61	26
Premarital sex experience for men	10	31	59
Premarital sex experience for women	2	19	79
Intercourse with a prostitute	0.3	9.5	90.2
Intercourse between engaged persons	3	27	70
Intercourse without expectation of marriage	2	16	82
Dating by wife of man away in service	3	49	48
Use of contraceptives	65	28	7
Marriage kept childless from preference only	7	44	49
Divorce of childless couples on joint request	51	42	7

(Figures are percentages)

DOCTOR KEYS' ANSWERS

Here are 6 questions asked most frequently by the students in the sex and marriage course at the University of California—with Doctor Keys' answers:

Q. Is monogamy a natural state?

A. Do you mean, would we remain monogamously married for life if we acted wholly on instinct? Doubtless not. But 95 per cent of our conduct is determined, not by inborn nature, but by social institutions, custom and training. Lifelong marriage is an ideal toward which men have gradually been led by experience. But if not instinctive, it is not necessarily uncongenial to human nature. In the Oneida communistic community, every member was regarded as loving and married to all the others. Nevertheless, it was soon found that couples perversely insisted on falling in love with each other and wanting to devote their lives to each other to the exclusion of all others.

Q. Is it all right for a wife to date when her husband is abroad in the Army?

A. Before Pearl Harbor, a majority of our students counted this "wrong or very unwise." But experience born of separation has led to a slightly more charitable viewpoint. After two years of warfare, opinion was almost evenly divided between those who considered it "permissible" and those who still declared it "wrong." No husband who loves and trusts his wife would be likely to object to an evening out at a dinner and show with some old friend, perhaps passing through. But the wife who accepts repeated invitations from another man while her husband is away with the armed forces is inviting heartaches and regrets, and even endangering the whole future of her marriage.

Q. What is the use of an engagement period?

A. A long and close acquaintance before marriage is the most practicable form of insurance for its success. Marriage studies show unmistakably that the chances of happiness are far greater when the couple have known each other for a period of years, and there has been an engagement lasting six months, maybe longer.

The engagement period is an opportunity for couples to see each other for longer periods and in more informal circumstances; to learn each other's habits, reactions and ability to get along with other people. If possible, the two should plan for a visit in each other's homes.

The engagement is also a time of planning and a chance to take serious stock of oneself. Are *you* the kind of person who *deserves* a happy marriage? Have you given thought to increasing your earning power; or, if a girl, to your ability to make a pleasant, livable home? Is there something you can do to improve your physical fitness or the personal habits that are so important in the intimacy of married life?

Q. What occupations make the best showing in married happiness?

A. Those occupations in which the level of education and income is high show a far greater percentage of couples judged happily married, by themselves and their intimate friends. That is also true of the occupations in which the influence of social pressure is marked. One very large study of this sort found engineers, clergymen and teachers of all kinds, including athletic directors, at the very top of the list. At the opposite extreme were unskilled laborers and men in occupations which kept them much of the time away from their families. For example, traveling salesmen, oil-field workers, members of the regular Army and Navy, et cetera.

Q. Is it true that most husbands are unfaithful to their wives?

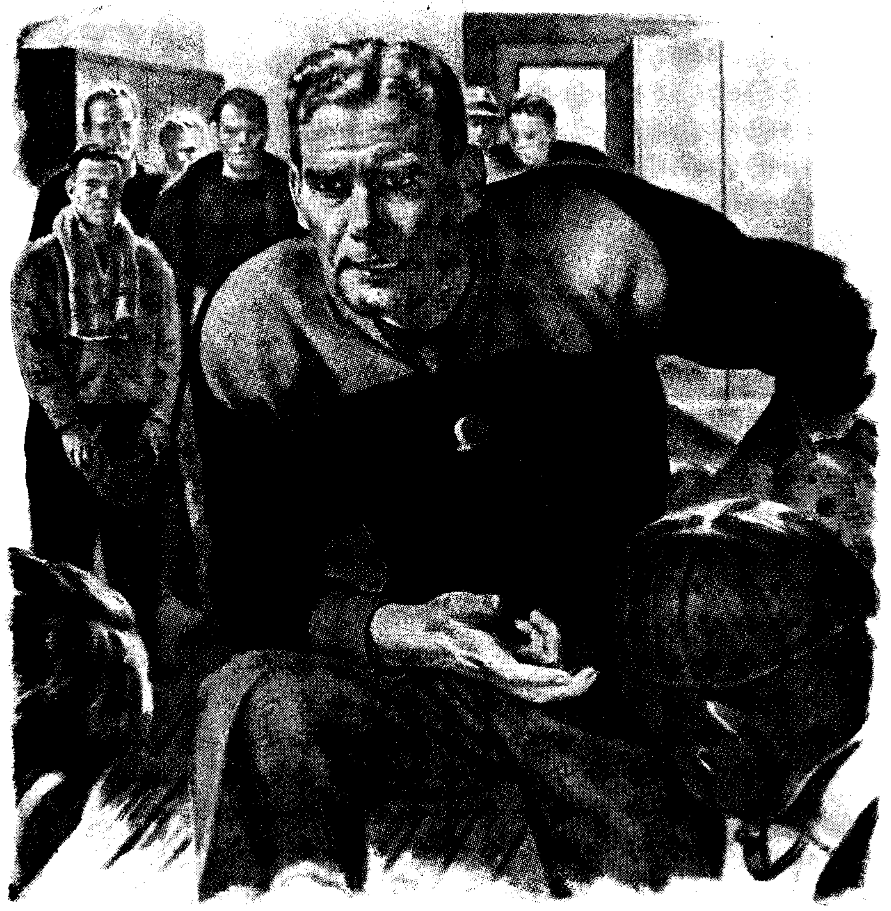
A. Certainly not. A large-scale scientific study of marriage conducted before this war found that most husbands in the upper middle-class groups sampled had remained entirely faithful to their wives. However, the same study also proved false the popular idea that the man who sows his wild oats before marriage is more likely to remain faithful in later life. Those who had been at all promiscuous before marriage were far more prone to adultery afterward.

Q. Should a wife go on working after her marriage?

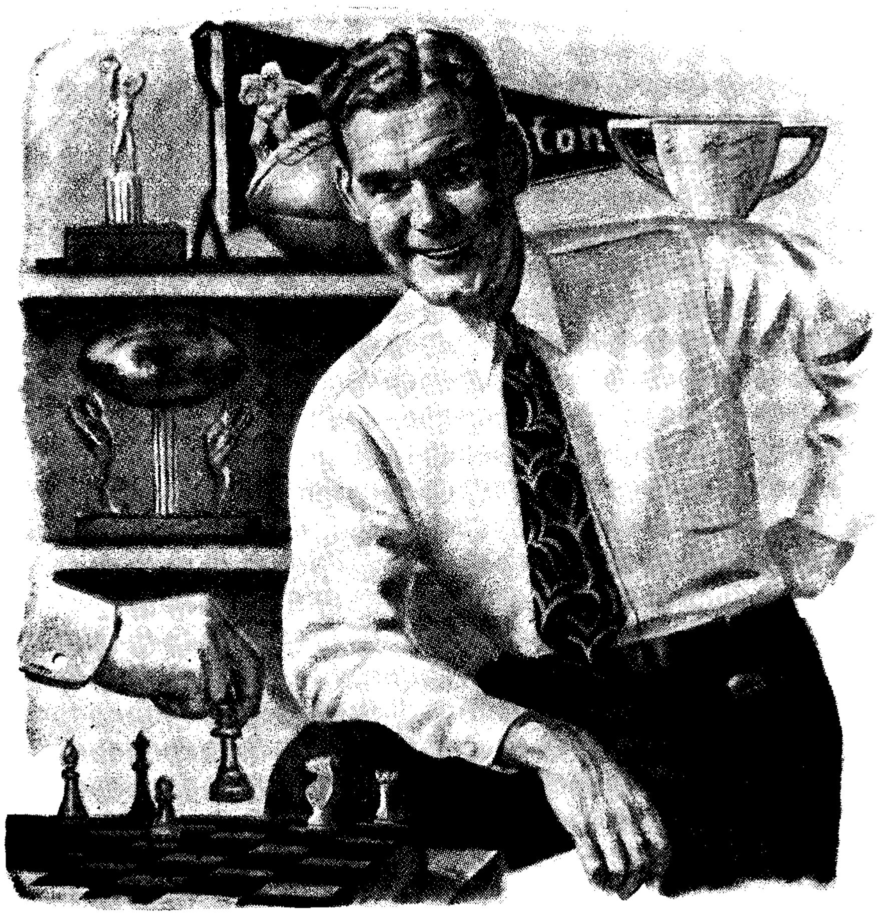
A. The decision must depend on a host of circumstances, such as how great is the necessity for added income and what are the interests and wishes of the two persons. The simplicity of housekeeping in a modern apartment leaves many young wives with far too much leisure. More marriages probably come to grief through the idleness of the girl without children than as a result of outside work. After there are children, the picture is different. A home with two or more youngsters can be a full-time job for any woman.

However, many business or professional trained girls find it hard to remain content in the home. Two-career families present great difficulties. The double burden of homemaking and outside employment makes unfair demands on the woman. And the possibility of friction between husband and wife is ever present. Sooner or later the vocational interests of one have to be sacrificed.

The happiest situation is likely to be that in which the mother can devote her full attention to family responsibilities while her children are growing up, with only such part-time or volunteer outside activities as are needed to keep her from boredom or stagnation. Our educational system can fairly be charged with having educated girls away from instead of for homemaking and motherhood, which are their distinctive contributions to society.



Of course he wears a



VAN HEUSEN shirt

It pays to wait for Van Heusen if your dealer is temporarily short — because only Van **Heusen** Shirts have the comfortable Van Heusen collar attached (no starch yet non-wilting). **A** new shirt free if a Van Heusen shrinks out of size. PHILLIPS-JONES CORP., New York 1.

Bye-Bye, Bushido

Continued from page 46

as dramatic as possible under front-line conditions. General Ushijima ordered his cook to prepare the finest meal possible for an "important occasion." That night the staff ate well of rice, canned meats, sweet potatoes, fried fish cakes, salmon, bean soup, fresh cabbage and pineapple. They drank tea and *sake*.

The generals wore polished black cavalry boots to set off their full field uniforms. They pinned on ribbons of victorious campaigns and medals of valor. After eating heavily and talking for several hours over *sake*, in the cave that was their last command post, while maps, code books and military documents were burned, the two generals went outside. A silk patchwork comforter had been spread on a ledge and on this was placed a white sheet symbolic of death.

Weapons for the Death Rite

They kneeled, unbuttoned their blouses and exposed their abdomens. Then Ushijima and Cho selected ceremonial hara-kiri knives from Ushijima's aide, who had wrapped half of each gleaming blade in white cloth so his unworthy hands would not touch it.

Then the generals bowed their heads as Ushijima's assistant adjutant, grasping the handle of a saber in both hands, stepped up. It was almost dawn when Ushijima ceremonially scratched his bulging abdomen with the keen blade. But self-disembowelment is painful, and so the adjutant, in full compliance with the hara-kiri ritual, beheaded his commanding officer with a smashing blow. With barely a pause Cho was dispatched in the same way.

The two military leaders had apologized to their emperor for their disgraceful and dishonorable failure to defend Okinawa. They had seen 101,000 of their officers and men killed. In a little more than five days they had seen 4,500 surrender—an unthinkable, unbelievable, totally unmilitary occurrence.

Perhaps the two generals, by following their old, uncivilized Bushido teachings, had hoped to inspire the remnants of their command either to die fighting or take their own lives rather than to become prisoners. But if that was their hope they again failed, for 5,000 more of their command gave up in the next few days.

The mass surrenders were a circus for our troops. It became a race to see which outfit could take the most prisoners. And Major General Lemuel C. Shepard's Sixth Marine Division won the championship with 3,279 prisoners, while Major General Archibald V. Arnold's 7th Army Division was runner-up with 2,627. But the Army division took eighty-three officers, including two majors, while the Marine champions took forty-one officers, two of whom were lieutenant commanders.

The Japs didn't follow any rules in surrendering. Some came in with their arms stiffly parallel, pointing to the sky like a movie safe-cracker being surprised by a cop. Others had their arms extended like a bird in flight. Some voluntarily stripped to a loincloth to prove they carried no firearms or explosives. It wasn't even a German-type surrender, with troops neatly stacking rifles at predesignated dumps.

Each day the battleground buzzed with new developments. For days the Japs had been surrendering singly and in groups of three to ten—without their officers. One day two Japanese majors rounded up 83 survivors of their butchered organization and personally led them into our lines. It was unprecedented then, but it soon became commonplace.

Triumph of the Warrior Code

The number of captives would have been higher but sometimes Bushido triumphed. A Japanese captain picked up a light machine gun and murdered twelve of his enlisted men who had left their positions and were moving single file toward American lines with intention of surrendering. Then the enemy captain pressed a grenade to his chest.

The Marines named many of the Jap POWs as they poured into custody. There was "Brooklyn," who asked for American baseball news "because I haven't heard any for four years." There was "Machine-Gun Kelly," who insisted he was an expert machine gunner and as such deserved special favors.

There was "Flattop," who looked as though he'd been hit on the noggin with a board at the age of one month. There was "The Brow," who had a pitiful, shriveled countenance—he had been hit in the face by a flame-thrower; and there was the Nip they called "The Word" because he had it. He was a

ADOPTED WORD RELATIVES—I

Can you tell the language from which each of the following words came? There are two words from each source, and the languages of their origin are given below. Answers on page 76.

keg
taro
dune
crag
saga
czar

tulip
igloo
rodeo
waltz
kayak
preen

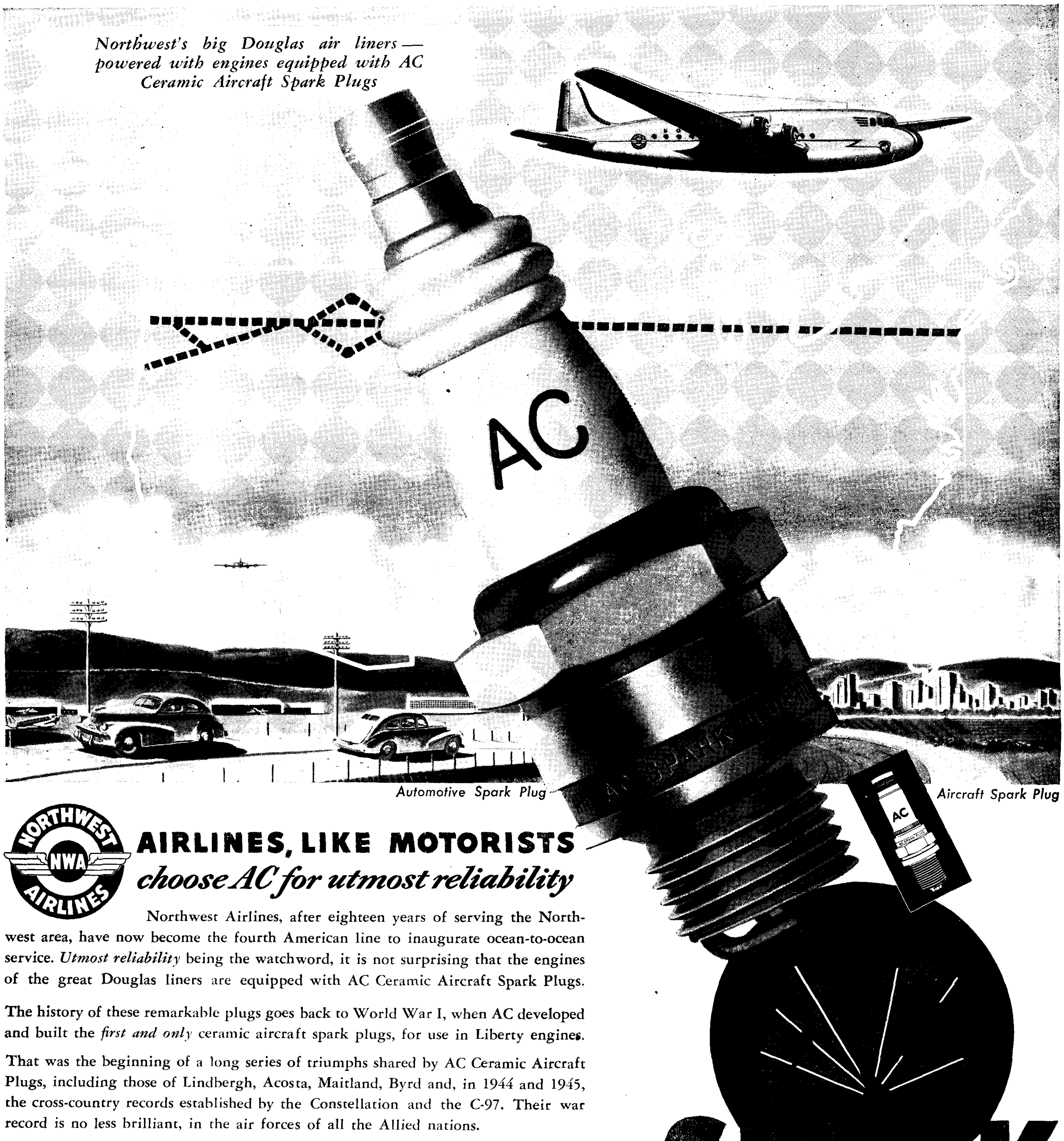
coach
ballet
vampire
siesta
slogan
ukulele

balloon
colleen
caboose
veranda
mammoth
hussar

kangaroo
trousseau
flamingo
boomerang
influenza
blitzkrieg

Australian ....
Eskimo ....
French ....
German ....
Hawaiian ....
Hungarian ....
Irish ....
Italian ....
Portuguese ....
Russian ....
Scandinavian ....
Scotch ....
African Dutch ....
Spanish ....
Turkish ....

—Hart Constable



Northwest's big Douglas air liners — powered with engines equipped with AC Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs

AIRLINES, LIKE MOTORISTS
choose AC for utmost reliability

Northwest Airlines, after eighteen years of serving the Northwest area, have now become the fourth American line to inaugurate ocean-to-ocean service. *Utmost reliability* being the watchword, it is not surprising that the engines of the great Douglas liners are equipped with AC Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs.

The history of these remarkable plugs goes back to World War I, when AC developed and built the *first and only* ceramic aircraft spark plugs, for use in Liberty engines.

That was the beginning of a long series of triumphs shared by AC Ceramic Aircraft Plugs, including those of Lindbergh, Acosta, Maitland, Byrd and, in 1944 and 1945, the cross-country records established by the Constellation and the C-97. Their war record is no less brilliant, in the air forces of all the Allied nations.

In automotive fields, AC pioneering has consistently shown the way to better spark plug design and performance, revolutionizing construction with the one-piece plug, improving quality through metallurgy, ceramics, and engineering.

Engineers of 2 out of every 4 cars and trucks specify AC. In every type of motorized equipment, motor-wise people choose AC for *utmost reliability.*

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

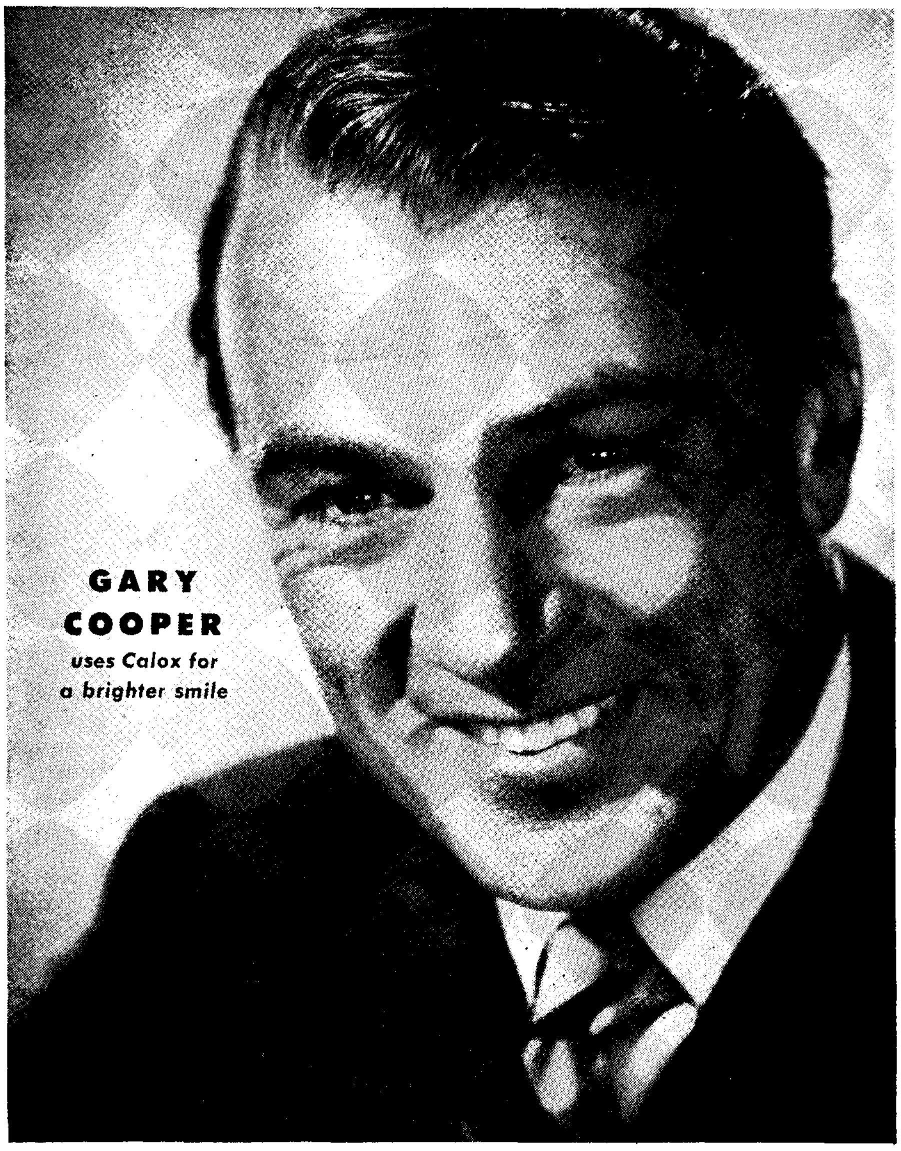
Features of Northwest's New Douglas Airliners

Overall Length—93 feet, 11 inches • Wing Spread—117 feet, 6 inches • Engines—four 1450 h.p. Pratt and Whitney • Cruising Speed—235 m.p.h. • Passenger Capacity—44 to 55 • Cabins—1 forward, 1 aft • Commodious rest rooms and many other modern features that contribute to luxurious air travel.

SPARK PLUGS

SPEED FINAL VICTORY — BUY WAR BONDS

Producer-Star of "ALONG CAME JONES" (An International Picture)



GARY COOPER
uses Calox for
a brighter smile

FRESH, TINGLY FLAVOR of CALOX protected again by a metal can!

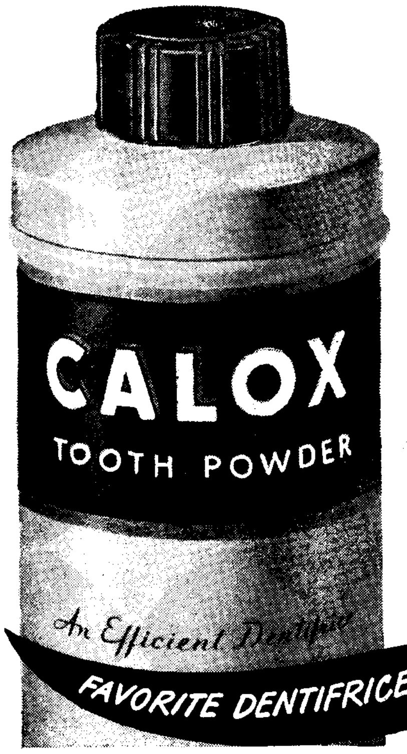
Yes, cool, clean-tasting, refreshing Calox Tooth Powder is again available in a flavor-tight metal container!

As always, Calox keeps your smile bright and sparkling. Calox is efficient, yet gentle and free from grit.

Developed by a dentist, Calox contains five different cleansing and polishing ingredients to help bring out all the natural lustre of your teeth.

You'll like Calox... everybody does! Buy a can today. Made in the famous laboratories of McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



CALOX TOOTH POWDER
An Efficient Dentifrice
FAVORITE DENTIFRICE OF MANY HOLLYWOOD STARS

member of the First Battalion, 22d Japanese Army Regiment, which oddly faced the First Battalion, 22d Marine Regiment, in combat those last days. Somebody asked him which was the better and he shrugged his shoulders, saying: "Look who's winning."

The main factor in bringing on this deluge of prisoners was the predicament of the Japanese garrison on Okinawa as the campaign closed. Their ranks were decimated and many were wounded. They were suffering from shortages of water, food and ammunition. They were afraid to build a fire to cook rice as smoke drew American gunfire. They had no communications—bursting artillery shells cut every telephone line. They had no transportation left—our guns and planes destroyed every parked or moving truck. Their supporting artillery had been pared to a few pieces. Hour after hour, our unmolested planes soared low over enemy terrain reporting every secret. They lived in fear of our constant, hammering artillery. They dreaded our frying flame throwers. Every position they took up became untenable as the Americans pushed ahead. They lost men and ground every hour.

Psychological warfare had been vigorously and intensively applied since March 25th. We dropped eight million pieces of propaganda behind enemy lines, including twelve editions of a newspaper and 45 types of leaflets. The newspaper informed the enemy of the ignoble death of Mussolini, the capture of Berlin and the end of the European war. Later we told them of the atomic bomb and the entry of Russia into the Pacific war.

We gave them honest, accurate news. Our leaflets impressed the enemy with his continuingly deteriorating position and assured him of good, humane treatment on surrender. Our surrender leaflet said: "The bearer has ceased resistance. Treat him in accordance with international law. Take him to the nearest commanding officer." And it promised the prisoner food, clothing, tobacco and medical treatment in conformity with the Geneva Convention.

The Americans mounted loud-speakers on tanks, trucks, planes and gunboats patrolling offshore. Japanese-speaking Americans, including many Nisei, urged the enemy to surrender.

A typical instance was the capture of a dozen Japanese in a cave below Mabuni ridge. A tank mounting a loud-speaker was jockeyed dangerously close to the entrance. A Nisei sergeant picked up the microphone and began to talk over the public-address system. He told the sons of Nippon that the time for surrender had come. He pointed out that continued resistance was futile. He told them they had been abandoned by their fleet and air force.

"The battle has been lost," he continued. "What will you contribute by dying now?" He asked what Japan would do for leadership and workers in reconstructing the nation after the war if all warriors were killed or committed hara-kiri. The enemy soldiers surrendered. A 10th Army staff officer said the immediate cause in most instances of large-scale surrenders was this type of appeal.

But strong-arm persuasion was also used. Jap-hating, irrepressible Colonel John Merton (Mickey) Finn, much praised fighting commander of the 32d Infantry Regiment, couldn't stay out of the front lines. Mickey took over a six-man patrol which had been having trouble getting some Nips to surrender. The Japs would watch from caves and peer from behind house-sized boulders at the Americans, but they made no effort to surrender or to shoot at our soldiers.

"I had one of my boys put a burst of machine-gun fire up against the side of the cliff," Finn said. "That was the old convincer. Instead of firing back, fifteen Nips suddenly stepped out hands up. . . . Near by there was a cave with plenty of Japs in it. I called in a flame-thrower tank and had a quick squirt of fire placed above the entrance. The Nips inside decided right quick that surrender was better than valor. We even got a Jap nurse out of that one. Altogether fifty Japs came out. They laughed and yelled and fell down on the coral. They beat the ground and hollered with joy. They were screwballs but were very happy to surrender."

Marines Hit the Jackpot

West of where the Army was taking hundreds of prisoners daily, the Marines were performing equal feats. First Lieutenant George Thompson and Pfc. Rufus E. Randall started in pursuit of fifteen fleeing Nips. They chased them down a heavily wooded hillside and broke out into a clearing on the southern tip of Okinawa.

"There were 350 Nips, fully armed, sitting around," Thompson said. "I figured we were just about to make a Navy Department casualty list. I started grinning and waving and bowing, knowing we were dead ducks if I started to shoot. We slung our rifles over our shoulders and I yelled 'Tobacco, tobacco' because that was all that came to my mind.

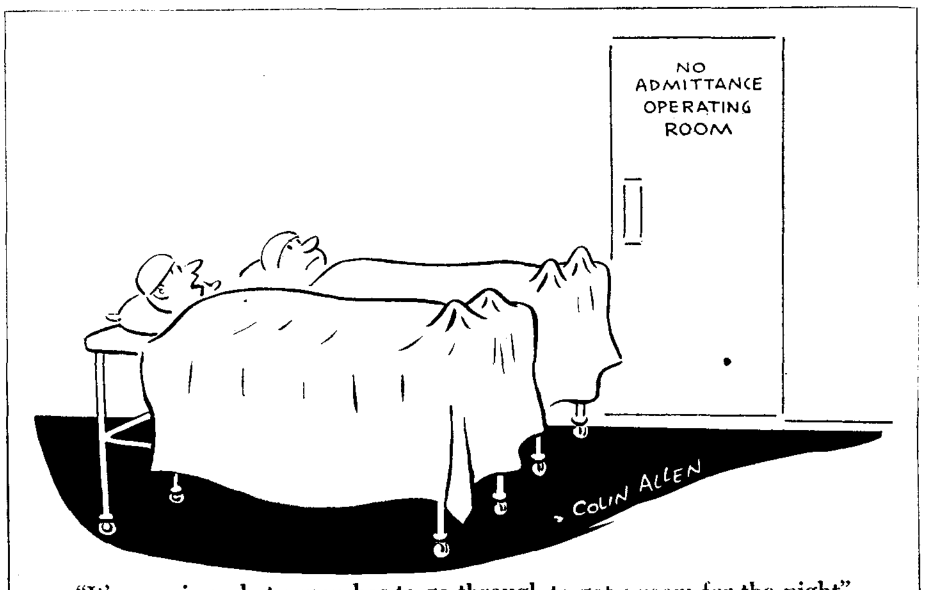
"The Nips started coming over to me putting out their hands. I had four packs of cigarettes and gave them all away, a few at a time. I had a walkie-talkie radio with me and whenever I could I'd describe part of the scene to my command post—1st Battalion, 20th Marines. I figured they'd send help—and we needed it.

"One Jap officer killed a woman sitting with him. Then he walked up to Randall, saluted and handed him two sabers and a wrist watch. Then the Jap stepped back to a safe range and blew his head off.

"The suicides in the group were running about one a minute and we only got about 200 prisoners by the time a patrol came up."

Occasionally we took a prisoner to whom it made no difference. One shell-shocked Jap sat in the water just off the beach as the tide lapped higher and higher on his body. He stared out to sea as a burning sun seared his skin. He didn't hear our interpreters or his fellow soldiers who tried to talk to him. Finally our troops picked him up and carried him away bodily. He didn't object.

THE END

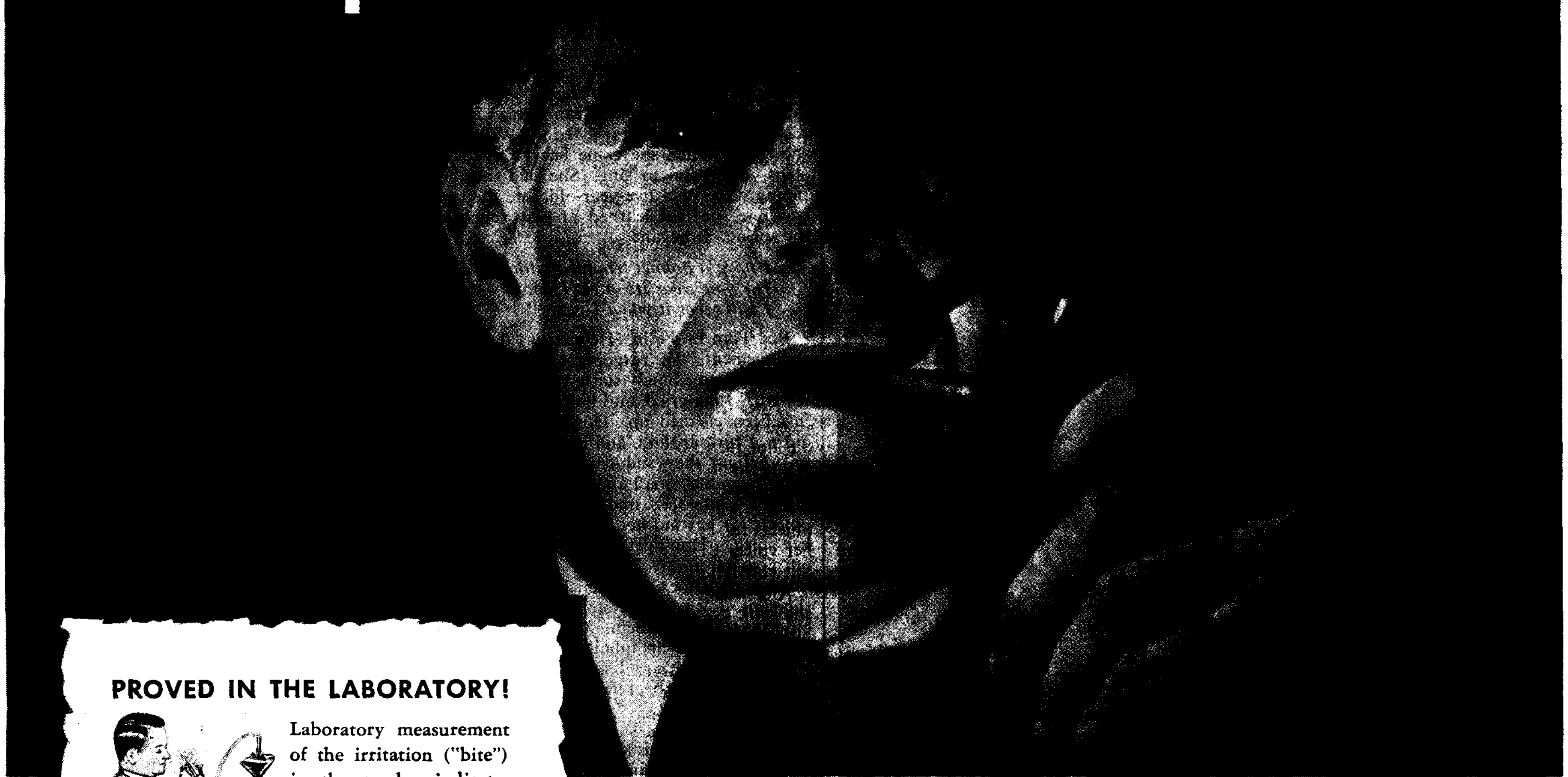


"It's amazing what a man has to go through to get a room for the night"

COLLIER'S COLIN ALLEN

THE FLAVOR'S *IN*...THE BITE IS *OUT*—

Two Pipe Tobaccos You Can Inhale



PROVED IN THE LABORATORY!

Laboratory measurement of the irritation ("bite") in the smoke, indicates that the average of six other leading, popular pipe tobaccos is over *three times as irritating* as REVELATION! Since BOND STREET is produced by the same Philip Morris method, you'll find this goes for BOND STREET too!

NOW PROVE IT IN YOUR PIPE

Try BOND STREET or REVELATION in your pipe. You'll find both extra good . . . smooth, cool-smoking—thanks to a Philip Morris advance in preparing pipe tobaccos.

PHILIP MORRIS *presents*

Two Grand Pipe Mixtures—So Mild and Gentle—they're Winning Thousands who Never Smoked Pipes Before!

Here's a tip to smokers! Do as thousands are doing in this shortage . . . try BOND STREET or REVELATION in a pipe. They're the *pipe tobaccos you can inhale, just like cigarettes.* Yes, thousands who never smoked pipes before . . . are stretching out their limited cigarette supplies . . . with mild, gentle, cool-smoking BOND STREET or REVELATION. Try these two grand pipe mixtures—made by Philip Morris—the flavor's *in* . . . the bite is *out!*

PHILIP MORRIS & CO.

Dedicated to the Production of Fine Tobacco Products

BOND STREET
TOBACCO

A Genuine and very different Aromatic Mixture! Contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in popular-price blends . . . wonderful flavor and aroma, even the ladies approve. Smooth, cool and clean-burning.

ONLY 15¢

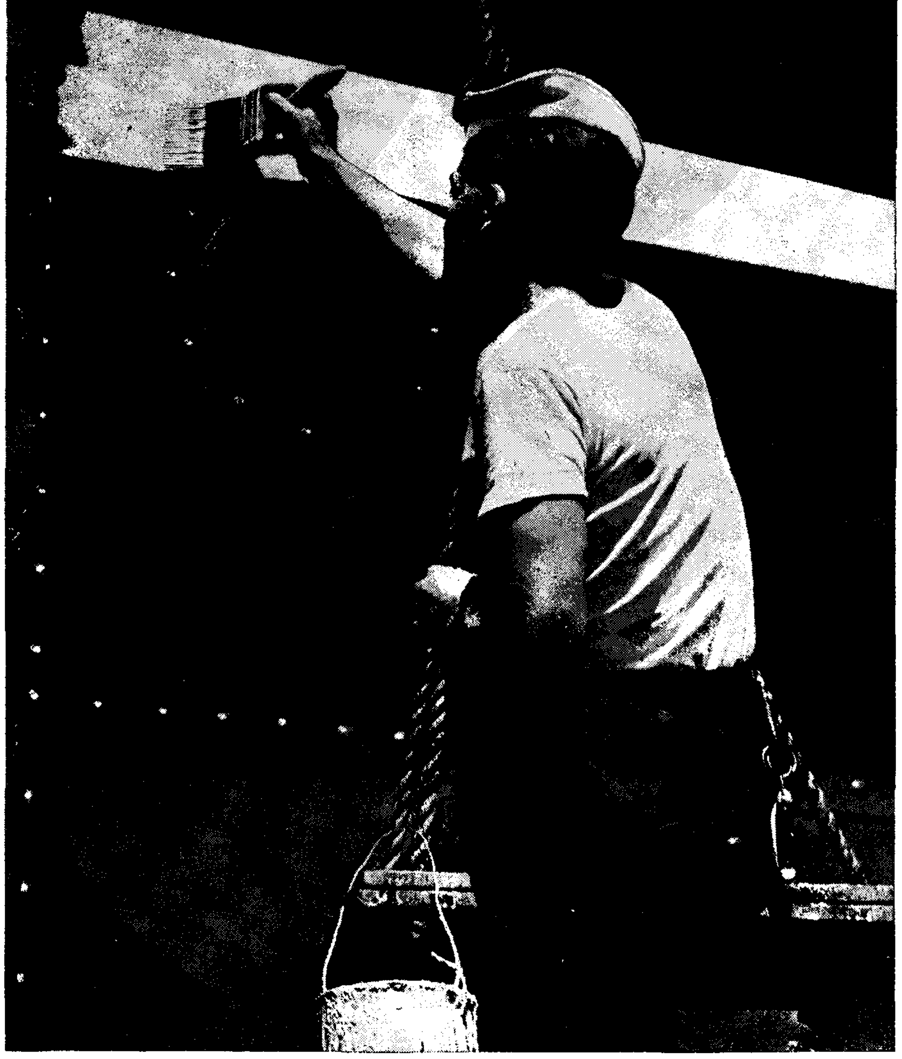
BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD.
NEW YORK MADE IN U.S.A. LONDON
REVELATION
SMOKING MIXTURE
THE PERFECT PIPE TOBACCO
"It's Mild and Mellow"
MADE IN U.S.A.

REVELATION
TOBACCO

One of the world's most Perfectly Balanced Blends! A magnificent "flavor-blend" of five different, superb tobaccos . . . cut five different ways; smokes clean, cool and even—every puff a pleasure.

ONLY 15¢

The best brushes have
DU PONT NYLON BRISTLES



...the Navy uses Millions of 'em!

Here's a paintbrush any painter would like to get his hands on! It has bristles of Du Pont nylon—bristles that wear better (at least 3 to 5 times longer than hog bristles). They're uniform, hold paint well and let it flow on evenly and smoothly. They resist the destructive action of paints and thinners. And they even have better "feel"!

Since 1941, Uncle Sam has taken all of the nylon-bristled paintbrushes made. To date, the Navy has used several million. Someday nylon bristles will be available in ample supply. Not just for paintbrushes, but for household, hair and industrial brushes as well. Meanwhile—

There's one kind of nylon-bristled brush you can buy today, the toothbrush! Today's leading brands are tufted with Du Pont nylon bristles. Ask for them! E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.), Plastics Department, Arlington, N. J.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

PAPER PACKS A WAR PUNCH...SAVE IT!

A Product of Du Pont Plastics

Bring Them Back

Continued from page 36

thought it was not because of what she had said but because her voice had become a little shrill. Should she tell them now of storms that came off the Pacific, bending and twisting tropical trees like dancers, laying flat the grass? Or of low houses in strong sunlight, white as if they were built of chalk? What could she say in the late Vermont afternoon, where loneliness was something that she breathed with air, where the quiet was more quiet because of the last twitterings of a bird and the insistent whir of a mower working in a distant field—what could she say here of the Pacific that would not make her voice go up and that they would care to hear?

The robin had flown to the grass, and suddenly Kate leaped up and ran toward it with a shout, then watched it fly to the wall along the road. When she came back toward the steps, she began to sing. She had the thin, piping voice of a five-year-old, and the song was one she had learned at play school in the spring. It began:

"I have a bonnet trimmed with blue.
Do you wear it? Yes, I do.
I will wear it when I can—"

But Tom broke in. He said, as if by prearrangement, "We're going to the hideout," and they immediately started off together.

"No," Julia cried, and half arose. "You've just been cleaned up. Don't go!" But they did not turn around, and in the dimming, illusory light they suddenly seemed very far away from her, small and remote on the wide lawn, a white shirt and a pink dress, bright objects far beyond her reach or the power of her voice. "Don't get dirty," she called without conviction.

And when they had vanished in the barn, she sank down on the step and felt a sharp bitterness toward them. Children, she said to herself, have an infinite capacity for detachment. They are like cats, they do not really *care*, and to pretend otherwise is sentimentality.

Their voices rose suddenly from the barn and a shriek from Kate and then the awful sound of Tom's imitation of machine-gun fire: *aa—aa—aa—aa—aa—aa*. Their endless, aimless, valueless war games! If Dick were here, he would have organized some activity for them, been in it himself or interested them in it so intensely that he would not have had to be.

But Julia lacked some necessary knack with them. Each day she tortured her brain for something constructive to occupy them for more than a moment, and everything she thought of failed. Their gardens were a mess of weeds; in the shed off the kitchen hung the pieces of plyboard she had given them for butterfly and insect collections—on Kate's, a single maimed cricket; on Tom's, one dragonfly and the wing of a crow; their scrapbooks were a mess of dried paste and a few pictures put in crookedly; Dick's workbench in the garage, which Julia had encouraged Tom to use, was piled with jumbled tools and scraps of wood, and nothing but one miserable, crooked thing that he called an airplane had come of that. What was it—about them, about her?

SHE glanced down into the deep, dark valleys, and she gasped a little. If she could only manage this time of day without falling into her mood of nervous resentment against nothing, and hopelessness! She usually called the children in the middle of the afternoon and got them cleaned up early, so that they could all be together at this time; but like today, she was unable to hold them, and they almost always left her again.

On rainy days it was better. They had to stay indoors, she lit a fire, they listened to her while she read, and it was cheery. But to wish for rain at Faraway!—Dick would shake her if he knew. Still—on sunny days they disappeared. She would see them wandering off through a field, and then, much later, mysteriously reappear, without explanations. Or they would be in the barn for hours at a time, either making their terrible mock-battle racket, or being absolutely quiet. Sometimes she came upon them suddenly and found them whispering together, and she could not repress the suspicion, admittedly foolish, that they were almost conspiratorial. Once, when she asked them what they were whispering about, Tom looked at her shrewdly and, in an elaborately offhand way, said, "Oh, we got a secret weapon."

Kate was singing again, behind the barn, and the sound of her small voice made Julia shiver:

"I will wear it when I can,
Going to the ball with my young man..."

Some secret quality in Kate's voice disturbed Julia, the remoteness of it, or perhaps only her self-contained air when she sang, as if she felt that there was no one else in the world, that her song was a miracle by which she transcended all wants.

MRS. JACOBS, the farmer's wife, for whom Julia had been waiting, was coming up the road at last. Almost eagerly Julia watched her faded blue dress appear and disappear between the trees, and she stood up to greet her when she got to the gate.

"The eggs," Mrs. Jacobs said, "and the fowl." She handed her the paper box of eggs and the dressed chicken wrapped in newspaper which had become sodden.

"Sit down for a minute, won't you?" Julia was glad to see her and her voice was warm with welcome.

Mrs. Jacobs was a spare woman of fifty or sixty, with long, taut tendons showing in her brown neck, and thin brown hair pulled tight over her skull. She looked tired and sat down on the steps with a sigh. She took off her gold-rimmed spectacles and rubbed the steam off them with the edge of her skirt.

"What do you hear from the Doctor?" she asked.

"I haven't heard anything for more than a month," Julia said. "Not since Okinawa."

"It's not the same up here without him, I guess," Mrs. Jacobs said.

Julia did not reply at once. At last she said, "I think it was a mistake to come at all this summer. Everything's so difficult—the marketing . . . And the children and I get lonely!"

Mrs. Jacobs put her glasses on and looked at her. "You're used to people and need them," she said with a curious lack of sympathy.

"Especially since the Richards didn't come up," Julia continued. "We used to go over there all the time, or they came here. And the Harrises, too. That leaves only the Jacksons, of our friends, and they live on the other side of the village."

"Came through the Harris place. There's a dead fox in their swimming pool."

"Our shutters need painting," Julia said.

"Maybe you shouldn't have come," Mrs. Jacobs said.

"I wouldn't have, but I wanted to get the children away from talk of war. That's all they hear in the city. Even at school. Everywhere—war, war, war! And after all, that isn't normal. I can't bear to think of them growing up to believe that war is the normal thing in life." Julia talked rapidly, as if she wanted to say a great deal before Mrs. Jacobs stood up again to leave.

"Isn't it?"

"War?"

"You fight weeds, or you fight to make money, or you fight to make a place in the world or to keep the one you've got."

"But killing—I mean killing. That's not normal. Neither is the breaking up of homes, and lives."

"It's harder for a woman like you, I guess," Mrs. Jacobs said.

"The war?"

"Your husband being away."

"What kind of woman am I?" Julia heard herself laugh nervously.

Mrs. Jacobs looked at her squarely. "I used to see the Doctor shake out your dust mop."

Julia laughed again, easily. "That's nothing," she said. "I'm clumsy with my hands. See this burn? Pure clumsiness. I never could get the dust out of a mop. He has some knack with his wrists, so he could shake it quickly and—"

"The Doctor *does* for you. And the way you live, somebody always does for you."

"Oh, come now, Mrs. Jacobs. We're not wealthy. I've had two children. I manage a big house in—"

"Wash ready?" Mrs. Jacobs asked abruptly, and stood up with a heavy sigh of finality.

"Don't go!"

"Got supper to get."

Julia opened the door and pulled out a white laundry bag, stuffed full, and Mrs. Jacobs swung it over her shoulder. "Tuesday if it don't rain," she said, and started off down the path.

Once more Julia watched the blue dress flash between the trees. Leaning slackly against the frame of the screen door, she continued to stare down the road long after Mrs. Jacobs had disappeared, until the dark trees blurred in her vision. A yell from the barn startled her.

The children came streaking across the lawn, both of them covered with dirt. Tom was howling. He danced up and down before Julia, flapping one hand and shouting, "My hand! My hand!"

"Rusty nail," Kate said wisely.

Tom stopped his noise and clutched the wrist of the injured hand. "It wasn't rusty," he said.

"Let me see!" Julia commanded. She had been trying vainly to take hold of Tom's hand.

"Don't squeeze!" he yelled.

"Don't you be a baby," she said sternly. She turned the hand up and looked at the scratch on the palm. It was rather deep and it was not bleeding much—the kind of wound which easily becomes infected.

"It wasn't rusty, honest," Tom protested.

"Yes, it was," Kate said.

Tom looked at his mother apprehensively. "Do I need iodine?"

"Let's not have another scene about iodine. All cuts need iodine, whether the nail is rusty or not. Your father is a doctor. You know all about it. Come in, Tom."

He was pulling away from her in terror. "It burns!" he wailed.

JULIA got a tighter grip on his wrist and tugged him close to her. "Listen, Tom," she said severely, "you're seven years old. The last time you scratched yourself, I didn't force you to put iodine on it. And your foot got infected. You had to soak it in Epsom salts for five days. Do you remember? The water has to be very hot. A little stinging now—and it's nothing at all—is better than an infection later. And you *must* get over this foolish fear. It gets worse and worse. Come along."

He began to struggle with her. He braced his feet against the steps and pulled away from her. His face, under the streaks of dirt, was white and desperate. Julia's lips tightened with resolution. She got behind him and put her hands under his arms and marched him into the house. *"Don't* struggle!" she cried.

"No! No! No!" he begged, and his legs kicked out ahead of him.

"I've got you," she cried. "Don't fight! I've *got* you!"

Kate followed them. She had been grinning when they first appeared from the barn, but now she looked troubled.

Julia felt for a moment that she would not be able to handle Tom, and it was only with what seemed to be a supreme demand upon her strength that she got him through the house to the small washroom off the kitchen. There she made him sit down on a chair. Then, as she turned to open the medicine chest, he tried to dart past her.

But now she felt that the situation was hers. "Very well," she said curtly. She took him by the arms and, in spite of his struggles, maneuvered him into the corner near the medicine chest. Then she leaned against him and held him there with her weight while she opened the chest, found the iodine, and loosened the cap. Her hair had fallen about her face, there was sweat on her forehead, and a streak of blood across her cheek from Tom's scratch made her look savage. She was panting. As she took the stopper from the bottle, she caught sight of Kate in the doorway, her dirty face frightened, her eyes wide and staring.

"Go away, Kate," she said as calmly as she could, but Kate did not stir.

Tom, who had momentarily ceased his struggling and was sobbing quietly, now began to twist and turn and to yell again. His face was bright red as he arched his back and strained to free himself.

"Stop it!" Julia shouted angrily. "Listen, you baby," she cried, "you're always wanting to hear about war. All right, I'll tell you. Don't you know what war is? Men get *killed!* They lose their arms and legs, they get blown to pieces! That may have happened to your father, or can any day! And you're afraid of a little iodine!"

HE WAS staring at her frantically, his eyes wild, but for the first time he was wholly quiet. She pulled his hand roughly to her, lifted the stopper from the bottle, and applied it. Tom gave a great shriek and freed his hand. He began to blow on it furiously.

Julia pushed her hair out of her eyes. She put the iodine away. Kate watched her solemnly, and then suddenly turned around and went into the kitchen and out through the back door. Outside she began to sing.

Julia walked into the kitchen and sank down on a chair beside an open window. She put her elbow on the sill and rested her head on her hand. Tom was sobbing quietly in the washroom, still huddled in the corner. Dimly she heard him groan, "Oh, you nut-head! You *nut-head!"*

She remembered something Dick had told her once about the threshold of pain in children, and how it varied from person to person, and that Tom was apparently even more sensitive to pain than most children. She clenched her hands in repentance. Nothing had been gained, nothing, and her head sank in the knowledge of a loss.

When she lifted her head and looked out of the window, she saw Kate wandering into the meadow which sloped up, behind the house, to the top of the hill and down to a wood on the other side. Only her shoulders and her brown hair were visible above the tall grass, but the thin song she sang came clearly back on the deadened evening air:

"My young man has gone to sea.
When he comes back, he'll play for me.
Tip to the heel and tip to the toe.
That's the way the polka goes.

"I have a bonnet trimmed with blue . . ."

Julia started to get up. The sun was down now and the meadow was gray with twilight. She would have to bring the child back. But as her eyes moved around the kitchen, which had not been straightened up after lunch, and then fell on the dust mop beside the door where she had left it that morning because she did not want to shake it out, she was suddenly too weak to move, and she sagged down into the chair and put her head on the window sill and began to cry.

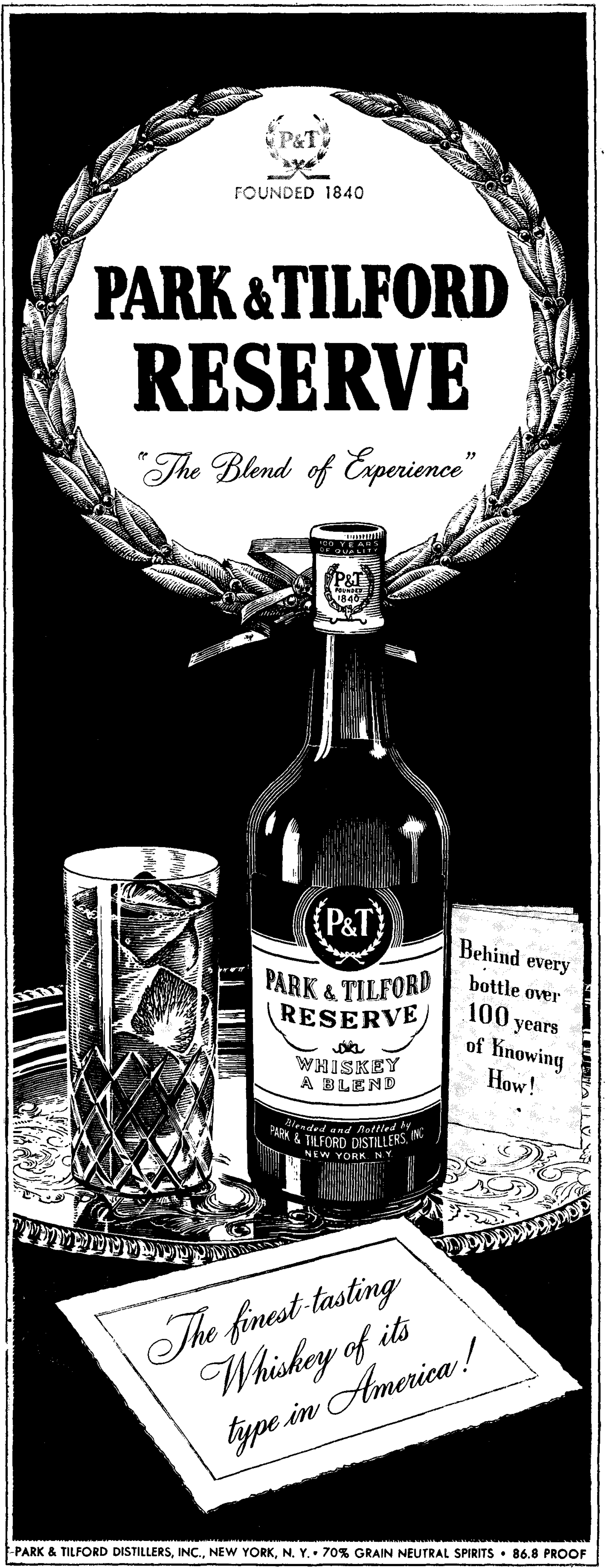
Strength was illusory. Everything was illusory, and above all now her past, which seemed suddenly as if she had never lived it or possessed it.

SHE heard Tom come out from the washroom and tiptoe across the kitchen to the door. She lifted her head just before he went out and saw him look at her for a moment over his shoulder, coldly. Once out, he began to run.

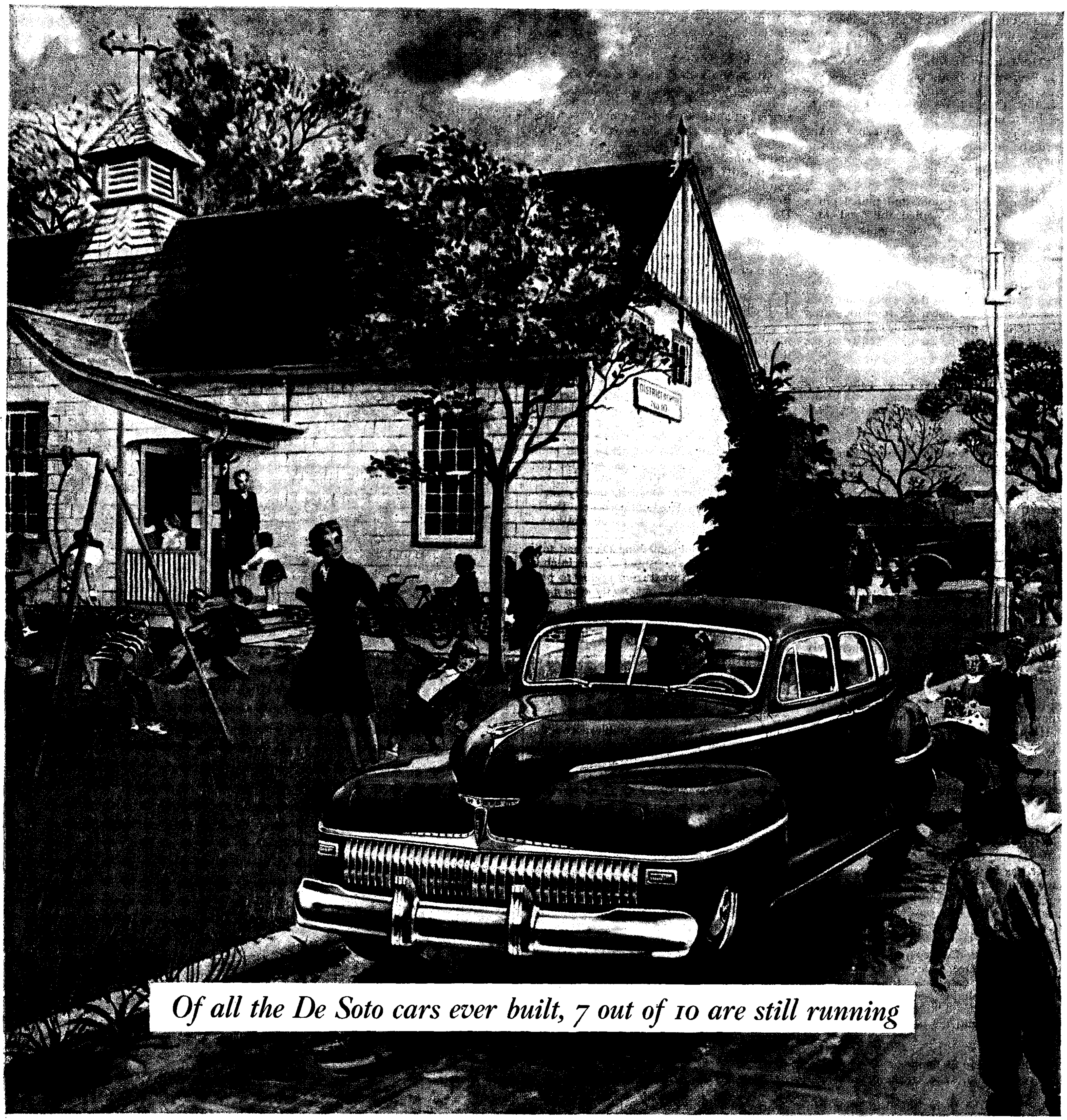
His look brought her to her feet. She ran to the door. Her mouth opened to call him back; but his name did not come. That was not the way, it would not avail her. She would have to start all over from the beginning, as if she had, as yet, indeed not lived at all.

She took the dust mop and went outside and shook it awkwardly over the porch rail. Gray like the evening, the dust mingled with the air. Her hands and wrists ached with her effort, but she did not stop. She shook it and shook it, and said to herself that when no more dust fell, then she would hunt for the children and then she would bring them back.

THE END


P&T
FOUNDED 1840
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
"The Blend of Experience"
100 YEARS OF QUALITY
P&T FOUNDED 1840
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
Blended and Bottled by
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC
NEW YORK N.Y.
Behind every bottle over 100 years of Knowing How!
The finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF


Of all the De Soto cars ever built, 7 out of 10 are still running

8 out of 10 owners say, "De Soto is the most satisfactory car I ever owned"*

* FROM A MAIL SURVEY AMONG THOUSANDS OF OWNERS OF 1941 AND 1942 DE SOTO CARS

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

DeSoto

DESIGNED TO ENDURE

Lights Out at God's Lake

Continued from page 18

on the barren landscape—the light that issued from the window of the cook's cabin. Inside, a kitchen stove gave sweet warmth, and Mac, the cook, said, "You'd like steak, I guess? And coffee?"

The three men ate. It was their third steak meal that night. When the snow stopped, Wilson bundled up in his fur-lined clothing and went outdoors again, to take advance measurements. With the theodolite, a sort of surveyor's transit, he sighted on Venus, Polaris and Jupiter, and then, by consulting certain tables and the chronometer, he determined the exact location where he stood.

"We were ten miles from the center of totality," he says, "but the bad weather made it impracticable to shift our base that far." He measured the temperature (it was well below freezing) and the amount of electricity in the air, and the intensity of terrestrial magnetism. Once during the night—or rather during the twilight, for at this time of year there is perpetual twilight at God's Lake—the aurora borealis flamed in the sky. "This was a nice bonus for us," says Wilson. "I was interested to see that the magnetic dip needle responded by oscillating while our other compass, a regular marine compass, showed no reaction at all." Cooke, who was hovering around, adjusted his color camera as fast as he could to the brilliant light and shot some pictures.

Wilson worked until 4:30 A.M., and then climbed into his sleeping bag for just 45 minutes of rest. Mac, who vowed he was not sleepy, promised to wake him at 5:15.

Wilson, who is the physicist for the Allis-Chalmers Company, Milwaukee, had been making detailed plans for this expedition since last fall. Allis-Chalmers was interested because any new knowledge Wilson gained might be of use, eventually, in solving problems the company encounters in the manufacture of electrical equipment. Allis-Chalmers wants to know everything possible about electronic bombardment from the sun and its effect on electrical equipment.

Wilson first considered going to Sandy Island, but decided to travel the extra 750 miles to God's Lake because there the eclipse would last 3½ seconds longer.

The party traveled by plane, chartered from the Canadian Pacific Airlines. In addition to Wilson and Cooke, the group included Lawrence E. Peterson, president of the Milwaukee Astronomical Society; Dr. Ross H. Bardell and E. Szekely, Society officials, with their wives, and the pilot.

Canadians welcomed them cordially at every stop—Winnipeg, Lac du Bonnet, Norway House and God's Lake. They carried food enough to last at least a month, plus three-months emergency rations. The Canadian Pacific Airlines insisted on ample supplies in case they were stranded. Forty pounds of the best fresh beef, two sides of bacon, beans, coffee, etc., etc.

Flying into a Twilit Land

There was excitement in the very flight over this strange, flat country with its eerie 24-hour dusky light. Once the plane was flying in the center of a brilliant triple rainbow. That is, the three-ply rainbow completely encircled the plane.

God's Lake lies near the Land of the Little Sticks, so called because the only vegetation is stubby, sticklike grass. Once a thriving gold-mining town, it is completely deserted now, except for occasional forest rangers and mounted policemen. But seven men—most of them Hudson's Bay fur traders—had gathered to receive the eclipse expeditioners. Several Indian and Eskimo families were on hand, too. They had traveled miles to see the sight. The folks up there weren't much impressed with the big seaplane. They've seen lots of planes. But a car, now—they'd certainly like to see a car. They've heard that cars can travel over the ground as fast as 35 miles an hour.

The party, benumbed from hours of cold flying, thawed out under the influence of the huge meal Mac prepared for them. Mac honored them with a special spiced bread, made by his own treasured recipe.

Most of the party were sound asleep during that long night while Wilson worked with his instruments. When Mac roused everybody at 5:15, the sky was overcast. So Cooke with his cameras and Peterson and Szekely piled into the plane, and climbed and climbed until at 10,000 feet, and only three minutes before the eclipse, they finally managed to break through the clouds, enabling Jerry Cooke to make the photographs you see here. It was, Jerry says, a weird and wonderful sight. His great regret was that, in order to reach clear weather, the plane had to veer slightly from the path of totality.

Wilson stayed below to make observations, and here is what he saw: "The giant black shadow of the moon traveled out of the southwest and it could be plainly seen on the thin cumulus clouds which covered most of the sky. At the first moment of totality, all the landscape around us lost its color, the dark clouds overhead seemed like a low, oppressive ceiling, and the chief source of light in the sky was from the horizon where bright sunlight still illuminated the atmosphere outside the path of totality.

Long-Awaited Moment at Hand

"Mr. Bradley and my other helpers were silhouetted against the bright horizon, and, to add to the eerie effect, the dog teams which were tied near by began to howl. The routine of observation had been rehearsed and as the chronometer ticked off the seconds, readings were made and data recorded. . . . As totality ended, the heavy clouds separated for a moment. I caught a fleeting glimpse of the sun and moon. The thermometer showed a half-degree drop at this time. Now the shadow of the moon swept overhead and the horizon turned reddish purple. Color bands followed the moon's shadow on the clouds in violent color patterns. . . ."

Four minutes after totality—that is, after the moon had completely blotted out the sun—Wilson made what was to him the most interesting observation: "The earth's potential gradient became topsy-turvy and erratic in its behavior. (Potential gradient is the measure of the electrical charge of the atmosphere.) Where the atmosphere ordinarily carries a positive electrical charge to the earth's negative, now suddenly the atmosphere was negatively charged to the earth's positive."

Perhaps the moon had intercepted electrons streaming from the sun to the earth. The fact that the change did not register until four minutes after totality may give a clue to the speed with which electrons travel.

"I continued my observations," says Wilson, "until I heard the plane roar overhead and then I left my post and ran to the landing pier to learn the happy news that the plane had been successful in flying above the clouds and numerous photographs of the eclipse had been made."

And what does it all prove? Well, with science it doesn't do to be impatient. Wilson's electrical findings may have some bearing on radio, telegraph and telephone communications. They may point a way to prevent the breakdown which occurs when electrical storms overload the wires.

Wilson has not by any means finished calculations based on his findings. He must, for instance, translate that eclipse temperature drop, as registered by the sensitive bolometer into calories—a long mathematical job. And when he has done all his work, and all the other scientists who observed this eclipse have finished theirs—then all the findings will be filed away in little scientific cubbyholes, and they may not be used at all, in a practical way, for years and years.

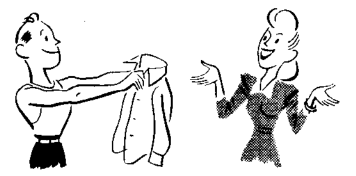
But then somebody, maybe twenty years after you and I and Mr. Wilson are dead, will pounce upon one of those little God's Lake facts. He'll fit that fact, perhaps, into a theory of his, and suddenly—another great scientific advance will bless the world.

THE END

"Hey—who locked my bottom drawer?"

"I did. Me. Mrs. Brown. The Little Woman.

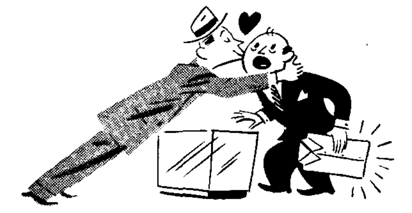
"Because every time one of your shirts needs a little minor repair, you toss it in there and forget it! Not any more, Mr. Brown!



"You see, I went through your collection and fixed up every single shirt that had a breath of wear in it!"

Little Mrs. Brown knows the score in this time of make-it-do!

But when you're *sure* you have to buy a new shirt, see that you get an Arrow.



Only an Arrow can give you the perfect, stay-fresh Arrow Collar, Mitoga figure-cut, *anchored* buttons, and the Sanforized label.

You may find that your dealer doesn't have just the Arrow you want, first time you call. Arrow production is filling quite a peck of government orders. Try your Arrow dealer again. Shortages and all, he's doing a great job!

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

FROM
CALIFORNIA

"193,000 miles of Death Valley driving"

"...have one of the toughest stage runs in the United States over a 300-mile route in Death Valley.

...loads average over 3500 pounds. Schedule is six days a week the year around. Grades are steep and temperatures range from 140 degrees in summer to below freezing in winter.

...use a Chevrolet panel delivery truck...piled up 193,000 miles of Death Valley driving on Ring-Free oil. Only had two sets of rings installed...both times replacement wasn't really necessary.

...there was absolutely no hard carbon, no sludge accumulation, no apparent wear on any part, thanks to the thorough lubrication of Macmillan Ring-Free oil."

Lloyd F. Harvey
Yermo, California

Above are excerpts of letter from Lloyd F. Harvey —one of a series of testimonial letters received from all parts of the United States.

Guaranteed* performance. Macmillan Ring-Free oil is guaranteed *"to make your motor run smoother, give more miles per gallon of gasoline, reduce wear and repair"*—or your money back.

Macmillan Ring-Free is made by the Macmillan patented refining process. No other oil is "just like" it!

*According to a specific guarantee which your Macmillan Ring-Free dealer will show you.

MACMILLAN RING-FREE MOTOR OIL

BUY
MACMILLAN RING-FREE
where you see this Red sign
35¢ A QUART

Copyright 1945

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORPORATION
50 West 50th Street, New York 20 • 624 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 5 • 530 West Sixth Street, Los Angeles 14

The Great Nazi Gold Rush

Continued from page 20

house. Within forty-eight hours, Molde was aflame and the British cruiser Glasgow was sent to rescue the king.

"We'll take the gold, too," declared Ole Colbjornsen, secretary to the finance minister.

But while the loading was going on at the docks, German planes attacked furiously. One bomb hit the quay and exploded, setting it afire. Only a few boxes had been put on deck when the Glasgow had to pull out or risk being sunk. And again, Haslund was left with his boxes of gold on a burning dock and the order, "Ship it north!"

By some miracle, the trucks got through the bombs and fires of Molde and had reached the near-by forests. By night, Haslund and his band of soldiers drove north. By day, they hid in the forest. Thus, painfully, slowly, they made the coast again. There the trucks were abandoned, and the gold was packed on five fishing smacks. The northern coast of Norway is a maze of little islands, and the smacks zigzagged in and out of the shallow waters, always pursued by the Nazis, harried by torpedo boats, endangered by bombs.

Invitation to Attack

At one island, when the pursuit became so hot that capture seemed inevitable, Haslund stopped, transferred the gold to two larger fishing boats and left all his soldiers but Grieg behind. The next day at dawn, the five smacks went out in various directions, inviting the Nazis to attack. The two larger boats lay low until night and then began the zigzag trip north. They hid by day; sailed at night.

After three weeks, Haslund, Grieg and the two boats reached Tromsö, at the northern tip of the country, where the king and his government had taken final refuge from the Nazis.

But Tromsö was being destroyed from the air and from within, and when Haslund arrived, he was ordered to move his cargo to the waiting British cruiser Enterprise and to go with the treasure directly to England. Scapa Flow was the first stop. Plymouth was second. London was third. And there, in the vaults of the Bank of England, the gold brought from Norway on three separate cruisers was stored.

But not for long. The Battle of Britain had started. At any moment, the Germans might cross the Channel. The gold wasn't safe in London.

And so Norway's treasure began its last journey—across the mined and submarine-patrolled waters of the Atlantic. It was loaded on fifteen freighters to divide the risk. In one instance, the gold was put on two sailing yachts which, in turn, were lashed to the deck of the freighter and which were supposed to slide off the deck with the gold in case the freighter was torpedoed. On another vessel, the metal was divided into barrels which were then roped to empty barrels. The whole lot was placed on deck, so it could slip into the water and float if the freighter was sunk. The ships got through to Baltimore. Today, Norway's national treasure is locked safely in a concrete "jail" of the New York Federal Reserve Bank, five stories below street level, at 33 Liberty Street, Manhattan.

"In all, we had to unload and reload the gold thirty times," says Haslund. "But today we have the whole stock."

Norway's luck in this chase has no parallel anywhere. Even though other nations were able to save their treasures from Hitler's greed, they underwent more terror and heartbreak. In the case of Poland, the cops-and-robbers hunt lasted five years.

The Nazis were in Warsaw before the heads of the Bank of Poland realized that one of Hitler's objectives was to seize the seventy-five tons of gold in the bank's vaults. With the guns going off in their ears in September, 1939, the bankers assembled fifteen trucks and loaded the metal.

Then, manning the trucks with trusted followers, Ignace Matuszewski, former Polish finance minister, Zygmunt Karpinski, a director of the bank, and a half dozen other officials joined the stream of refugees pouring out of Warsaw. Refugee children and women sat atop the trucks to divert suspicion. Going across Rumania, a squadron of German planes, apparently informed that the innocent-appearing caravan carried precious cargo, attacked. But the bulk of the gold got through to the Rumanian Black Sea port of Constanta, where a Turkish ship was anchored. The bankers barely beat the Germans out of Rumania, for the ship had just cleared the harbor when the Nazi government warned Rumania that it was not to let Poland's gold get away "under any circumstances."

The little Turkish ship hung around for more than a week in the Mediterranean, looking for a safe haven. Finally the French government came through with a notice that the gold was to be sent to Syria. In Syria, the bags and cases, filled with gold zlotys, with old coins of many nations and odd-shaped metal bars, were transferred again to a French vessel, which sailed for France's shores.

Secrecy still covers details of the losses suffered by Poland in the first leg of the trip, but the amount of metal actually deposited in the Bank of France for safekeeping on October 14, 1939, was $64,000,000. Poland started out with a gold reserve of more than $70,000,000.

Throughout the winter of 1939 and the spring of 1940, Poland's hoard was hidden in the Bank of France's vaults at Nevers, 125 miles south of Paris. But by May, 1940, Nazi Panzers were smashing through the forests in the north of France. Poland's bank officials hurried from London to Paris in mid-May and learned that France was sending her own treasure to America by every ship available. And so Karpinski made a deal with his French allies "in trust and confidence," that if the situation got worse, France was to send Poland's gold to America too.

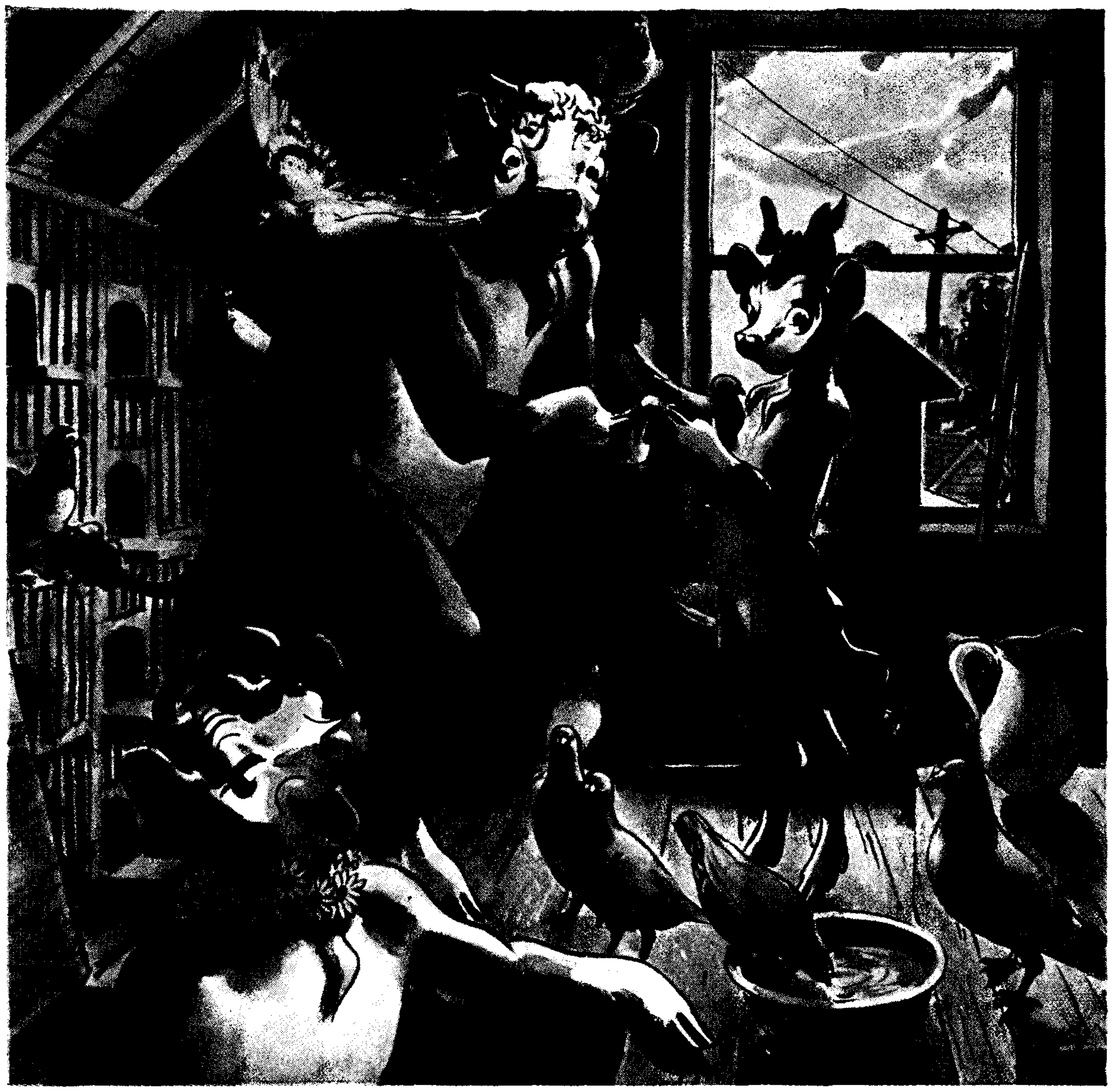
By May 28th, Flanders had become a trap. All of Belgium and 10,000 square miles of northeastern France were in German hands. And thus, in accordance with its agreement with M. Rousseau and Governor Fournier of the Banque de France, on May 31st the Bank of Poland turned over its $64,000,000 hoard for immediate transportation to the United States or Canada.

Detour to Safety

But instead of sending the gold to France's western or southwestern ports, the French bankers sent it to Angoulême, an inland city near Bordeaux. Despite the pleas of the Poles, it remained there until June 8th. Then, without informing the Polish officials, the French transferred the precious cases to Lorient, over three hundred miles into the dangerous north. There the reserve remained until June 17th, when Marshal Pétain formally surrendered to the Nazis. On June 18th, Poland's gold left the shores of France on the S.S. Victor Schoelcher, a French vessel bound for Dakar, in French West Africa.

To put it in the bitter words of Karpinski, "At no time did M. Rousseau or anyone else on behalf of the Banque de France indicate that the banque might be prevented for any reason from keeping its agreement with us."

Once again, the story fades in a fog of secrecy. The gold got to Dakar. In fact, a Polish official named Stefan Michalski went along on the Victor Schoelcher, but when he arrived at the port, he "was not even permitted to inspect the cases to be sure they were all accounted for," and the gold was transferred secretly out of Dakar to the interior. One tale says that its place of safekeeping was known to the Germans and not to the Poles. But the French wouldn't hand it over to the Nazis unless they had "instructions" from the Poles. And the Germans hesitated to walk in and scoop up the treasure,



"But, darling, what will the postmaster say?" laughed Elsie

"WHAT'LL HE SAY!" roared Elmer, the bull. "He'll say I'm a smart guy! He'll pat me on the back! He'll say my idea of flying mail to the boys in the service by pigeons is *colossal!*"

"Pigeon mail!" smiled Elsie, the Borden cow. "Why, Elmer *dear,* haven't you ever heard of *V-Mail?*"

"Aw, that old stuff!" snorted Elmer. "Look at all the red tape. First, you gotta walk to the letter box. Then, the postman has to walk to the post office. *Then,* the letter has to have it's silly picture taken before it gets on a plane. I tell you, woman, my system saves the government a lot of trouble!"

"The government," pointed out Elsie, "will go to no end of trouble to get letters to our men in the services *fast and sure!* For they know that letters from home are as necessary to winning the war as guns!"

"There you go again, taking the joy out of life," groaned Elmer, shooing the pigeons out the window.

EVERY SIP OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK IS A CREAMY DELIGHT!
Borden's

"Oh, no!" protested Elsie. "I'm all for putting more and more joy into the lives of our fighting men with tons and tons of short, *cheery* V-Mail letters! We should all write as often as we can, for letters are sweet reminders of the things that make home *home.* The tang of orange juice, griddle cakes dripping syrup, the rich flavor of *Borden's Homogenized Milk* with cream and Vitamin D in every sip!"

"If I got a penny every time you mentioned Borden's," sighed crestfallen Elmer. "I could throw a party for servicemen every night."

WONDERFUL BUYS FOR YOUR POINTS AND PENNIES— BORDEN'S FINE CHEESE!
Borden's
CREAM CHEESE

"If you're planning a party," reminded Elsie, "don't forget to serve *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* Men love them. They taste so wonderful, and they're hearty eating. Full of body-building proteins, you know."

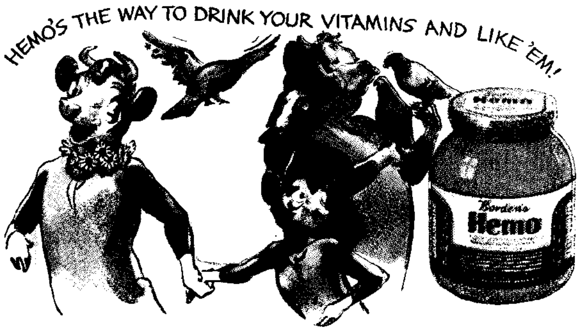
"What're you going to do next," sneered Elmer, "send proteins by V-Mail?"

"No indeed!" exclaimed Elsie. "You can't put *any* enclosures in V-Mail. What you can put in is news the boys are starving for. Homey news about Junior's football team, and Mary's party, and baby's first tooth. Which reminds me that *Borden's Evaporated Milk* is helping babies all over America to grow strong teeth and bones. It's fortified with Vitamin D, you know! And it's *sterilized* for babies' protection."

"Somebody's going to need protection," warned Elmer, "if somebody doesn't quit dragging the name Borden's into every discussion that starts in this house."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK HELPS LITTLE ONES GROW INTO BIG ONES!
Borden
MILK

"It's not only in this house," sparkled Elsie, "that Borden's name is mentioned. Wherever folks talk about vitamins, for instance, *Borden's Hemo* is sure to be mentioned. For *Hemo* gives you vitamins and minerals in a real *food* drink. Do you *more good* that way, according to dietetic experts."


HEMO'S THE WAY TO DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM!
Borden's
Hemo

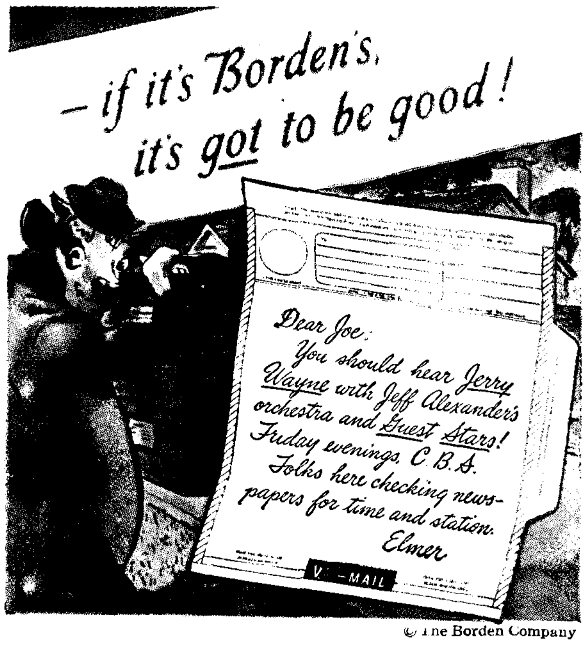
"If *you* weren't such an expert on everything," groaned Elmer, "my little pigeons would have my letters halfway across the ocean by this time! And I wouldn't be all tired out listening to you and your arguments."

"What better way can you pep up, dear, than with a nice big dish of *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Milk Sherbet?*" asked Elsie. "They're fine, *energizing* foods as well as grand, refreshing treats, you know."

COOLS YOU OFF AS IT PEPS YOU UP— BORDEN'S ICE CREAM!

"Aw, tell it to the Marines!" snapped Elmer.

"You don't have to tell a Marine," smiled Elsie, "or a soldier, or a sailor, or anybody about Borden's, even by V-Mail. For everybody knows—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"


—if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!
V-MAIL

Dear Joe:
You should hear Jerry Wayne with Jeff Alexander's orchestra and Guest Stars! Friday evenings, C.B.S. Folks here checking newspapers for time and station.
Elmer

© The Borden Company

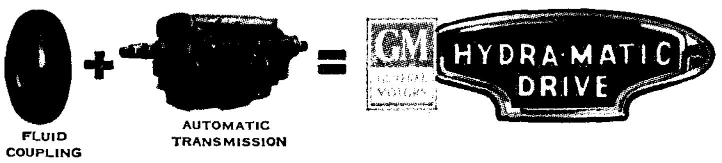
LOOK TO OLDS . . . FOR ALL THAT'S

NEW

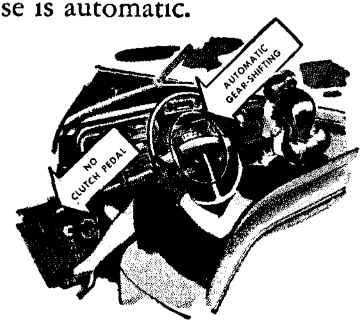
Including the New General Motors
HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE!

New is the big word in any description of the coming new Oldsmobile. It will *look* new . . . in style, and features, and appointments. It will *feel* new . . . in performance and handling ease. It will *be* new . . . in materials, and workmanship, and quality.

Naturally, the 1946 Oldsmobile will offer the *New* Hydra-Matic Drive, modified and improved as a result of wartime experience in fast Army tanks. Hydra-Matic Drive is the famous General Motors feature that shifts gears automatically through four forward speeds, and eliminates the clutch pedal entirely. From a standstill to cruising speeds, all you do is step on the accelerator, and steer. Everything else is automatic.



More than a fluid coupling, even more than an automatic transmission, it's the *combination of both* that enables Hydra-Matic Drive to give you so much extra in driving ease, in performance, in safety and economy.



OLDSMOBILE CARRIES ON WITH FIRE-POWER PRODUCTION, TOO!

Defeating Japan is still America's number one job. And building the weapons to help bring about that defeat has top priority at Oldsmobile. As long as our fighting men need cannon and rockets and shell . . . we'll do our part to Keep 'Em Firing!

BUY WAR BONDS
TO HELP THEM CARRY ON!

OLDSMOBILE

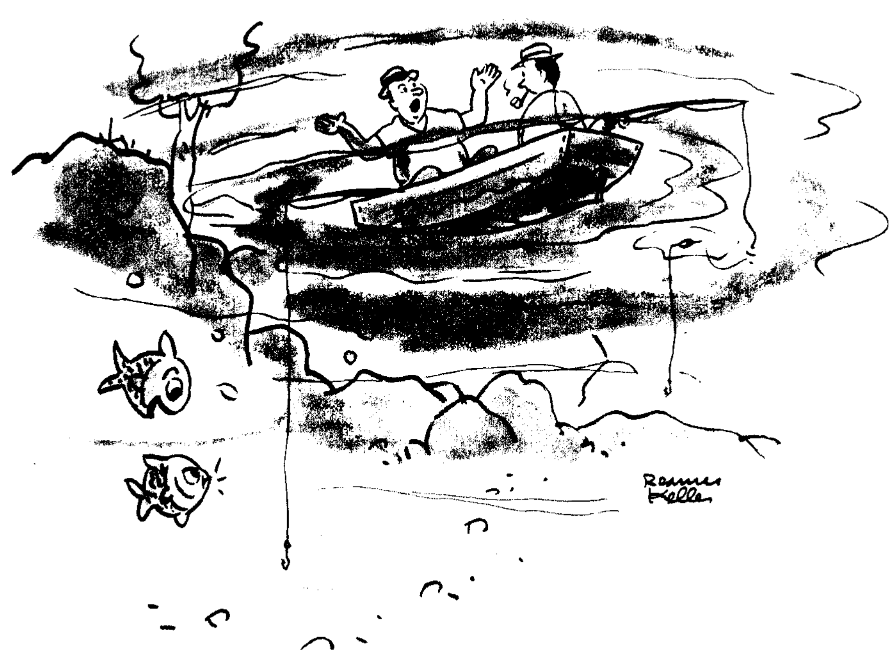
Product of
GENERAL MOTORS

because they wanted to give the transaction a cloak of legality to prevent future claims.

One night early in 1943, after the Allied armies had thrown the Axis out of Africa, Antoni Balinski, first secretary of the Polish embassy in London, slipped out of Britain and went through Dakar to Timbuktu. When he returned to London, the rumor spread on both sides of the Atlantic that Poland's $64,000,000 was "safe beyond the Nazis' reach." The French Committee of National Liberation didn't announce the return of the hoard to Poland until 1944. But Poland has its gold, and it's almost certain that it is safely cached in its own little "jail" beneath Liberty Street's sidewalks.

U.S. Protects Foreign Treasures

Down in those damp, robberproof, bombproof vaults lie nearly four billion dollars worth of foreign-owned gold! And of that, about half came here for protection from the Nazis. Between August 31 and September 3, 1939, for instance, England loaded her metal on ships and sent them to New York. In mid-1940, the treasures of the Netherlands, France, Belgium, Yugoslavia, Greece and the neutral nations poured in to America at the rate of $100,000,000 to $250,000,000 a day. The traditional ways of handling national reserves, the "safety limits" set on the capacity of each liner—all were thrown aside in this greatest and most abrupt mass movement of gold in history.



COLLIER'S "That's you he's talking about" REAMER KELLER

But only a few nations eluded the gold-crazy enemy completely; and even Belgium, which did send two thirds of her $734,000,000 hoard to this continent in time, was finally caught—because she trusted the wrong Frenchmen.

When the war broke out, the National Bank of Belgium split its reserve into three parts and sent one third to New York, one third to London and one third to the Bank of France's vaults in Bordeaux and Libourne, on the southwest coast of France. The last shipments of gold from Brussels were made as the Nazis were shelling the city.

Then came May 28th, the day King Leopold ordered his soldiers to lay down their arms. The bank's governor Georges Janssen, its inspector Hubert Ansiaux and other officials fled to London, confident that they had protected their nation's reserves. They were wrong. Within a few weeks, the Germans were in Paris. Ansiaux arranged for a British cruiser to be sent to Bordeaux to rescue $228,000,000 of Belgian metal. On June 18th, Ansiaux flew by special airplane to the French city to request the release of Belgium's gold and to supervise its loading on the waiting British ship. But Governor Fournier and M. Dambrière of the Banque de France wouldn't even tell the Belgians where their gold was hidden and refused to hand over the reserve.

As Georges Theunis, ambassador extraordinary of the Belgian government-in-exile, later remarked in New York, "Even then, the Germans had made it clear to the French that, under the armistice, they would want the Banque de France to turn over the Belgian gold which had been entrusted to it."

Actually, the Belgian gold was stacked on a French vessel and, like the Polish treasure, was shipped to Dakar. But unlike the Polish gold, it didn't stay safe in French West Africa.

After Belgium had fallen, the Germans managed to place a majority of quislings on the Bank of Belgium's board of directors. These quislings, under orders from General Baron Alexander von Falkenhausen, the German Commissioner General in Belgium, instructed the Vichy government to return the gold in Dakar to Europe. The Vichyites promptly obeyed, which gave the desired touch of propriety to the deal. In 1941, the Banque de France began shipping tons of Belgian gold by water to Casablanca, by rail to Algiers, and by airplane to Marseilles. And in Marseilles, it was handed over to representatives of the German Reichsbank, who flew it directly to Berlin.

In February, 1941, the Bank of Belgium sued the Banque de France in New York's Supreme Court for $228,294,283 and asked that payment be made out of the French gold in the Federal Reserve Bank's vaults. John Foster Dulles of Sullivan & Cromwell represented Belgium, and Coudert Brothers defended France. Three years later, in November, 1944, the De Gaulle government in Paris conceded the Belgian claim, and some New York Federal Reserve Bank workmen wrapped up a lot of gold bricks and transferred them from the French vault to the Belgian vault. Now some of the booty found in the German Merkers salt mine by the U.S. Third Army Engineers may have a Belgian stamp on it. If so, perhaps France may be able to recoup some of its loss.

Nazi Ruse to Find Hidden Hoard

When the Germans entered Paris, the rumor flew that France's whole gold treasure—close to $2,000,000,000, one of the great hoards of the world—was buried in the vaults of the Banque de France, eighty feet below the surface of Paris. But that was a Nazi lie, circulated to find out just where the metal was.

The fact is that before the invasion, the Banque de France had taken excellent care of its reserves. About $900,000,000 had been shipped to America. Another several hundred millions had been transported to Dakar and then scattered in various hiding places in the back country. A final $285,000,000 had been rushed aboard the carrier Bearne from Brest to Halifax and thence to Fort-de-France in Martinique as Marshal Pétain was signing the armistice.

The instant the Vichy government came to power, it ordered the ship to change course away from New York, where it was headed, and swing south to the French possession in the Lesser Antilles. When it arrived at Martinique, Admiral Georges Robert received orders on an average of every three days "to sink the gold and scuttle the warships" in case the United Nations intervened in the islands. Plans had been made to carry the metal to a spot in the sea too deep for successful diving and to dump it. But Robert disobeyed.

After the bloodless struggle for Martinique ended in July, 1943, several American and French officials traveled to Fort-de-France and found all the gold—packed in 8,766 "shoe boxes," in the Fort Desaix casemates. It's still under Allied guard.

Despite these heroic examples of how the Germans were outsmarted, though, Hitler was able to steal plenty of gold. The Nazis had no trouble in grabbing Czechoslovakia's $46,000,000 of metal, for instance. It was 8:15 in the morning of March 15, 1939, when some German officials who had come to Prague "on business" arrived at the Czechoslovak National Bank. They knew that tens of millions of gold and currency were in the bank's vaults. They knew that $25,000,000 more of Czech gold had been deposited in London for safekeeping by the Bank of International Settlements. They knew, too, that Prague was to be taken over by the invading Nazis promptly at 8:30 A.M.

So when the bank's doors opened, the Germans were the first ones in. They seized the $21,000,000 in gold available on the spot, then forced one of the directors to sign an order, instructing the Bank of International Settlements to transfer the other hoard of Czech gold from London back to Prague.

Protest Against Transfer

Loyal Czechs and Britishers alike screamed their protest against the shipment, but Prime Minister Chamberlain's government chose the legalities over the moralities. The $25,000,000 went back to the conquered city, and Berlin ironically announced a few days later, "The Czech gold is as safe in Prague as it would be in the Reichsbank in Germany." The Czechs already have served notice that they'll claim part of the Merkers salt-mine cache.

Most of Denmark's treasure was in its vaults the day the Nazis marched in, although the report is the Danes saved part of it by hiding the metal in small boats and smuggling it across "The Sound" to Sweden. Holland's cunning international financiers shipped out more than $500,000,000 of her $617,000,000 reserves before the invasion, but about $100,000,000 was still in the country when the Germans took over. And there's a story that one destroyer, packed with Dutch gold, was in Rotterdam's harbor when Nazi planes swooped down and sank it. If so, the Nazis surely raised that vessel.

The immense increases in the gold hoards of such neutrals as Sweden, Switzerland, Turkey and Spain tell where a good part of this loot went. The Germans bought huge amounts of essential war goods in those countries. The neutrals demanded gold as payment. So Germany paid with the treasure of her victims.

On and on these cops-and-robbers tales go, for never before in the history of the world has gold been so eagerly sought, never before has so much blood been spilled in its name. And as each tale unfolds, it proves again that despite the experiments of the ages, gold is still the great, the unsurpassed money of the universe.

To us, as individuals, gold means something beautiful to be melted down into rings or twisted into bracelets or stamped into watch cases. But to governments, gold means wealth and power—the best possible metal to "back" a currency so that people will have faith in its value, and the best possible medium in which to pay for goods bought and take payment for goods sold. Surely nations can exist and can trade without gold. But as ex-Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., once said, "That does not mean that they prefer to do so any more than people reading by candlelight do so because they prefer candles to electricity."

THE END

UNCLE NED'S Home Repair HINTS

RUTLAND PATCHING PLASTER

CRACKED WALLS

You don't have to be an expert to mend cracked walls with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix Rutland with water ...wet the old plaster... and apply with knife or trowel. Rutland is the *original* ready-to-use patching plaster. Sets without shrinking or cracking. Extra fine and white. Makes a patch as smooth and lasting as the wall itself.

25 lbs. RUTLAND CONCRETE PATCHER

BROKEN CONCRETE

Get a 25-pound bag of Rutland Concrete Patcher and make broken cement floors, walks, etc., good as new. Rutland is correctly mixed, ready to use. Just add water and apply with trowel.

RUTLAND BLACK ASBESTOS FURNACE CEMENT RUTLAND FIRE CLAY CO RUTLAND, VT. CHICAGO, ILL.

LEAKING FURNACES

Save fuel and avoid gas leaks by repairing and resetting furnaces with Rutland Furnace Cement. Comes in easy-to-use putty form. Adheres firmly.

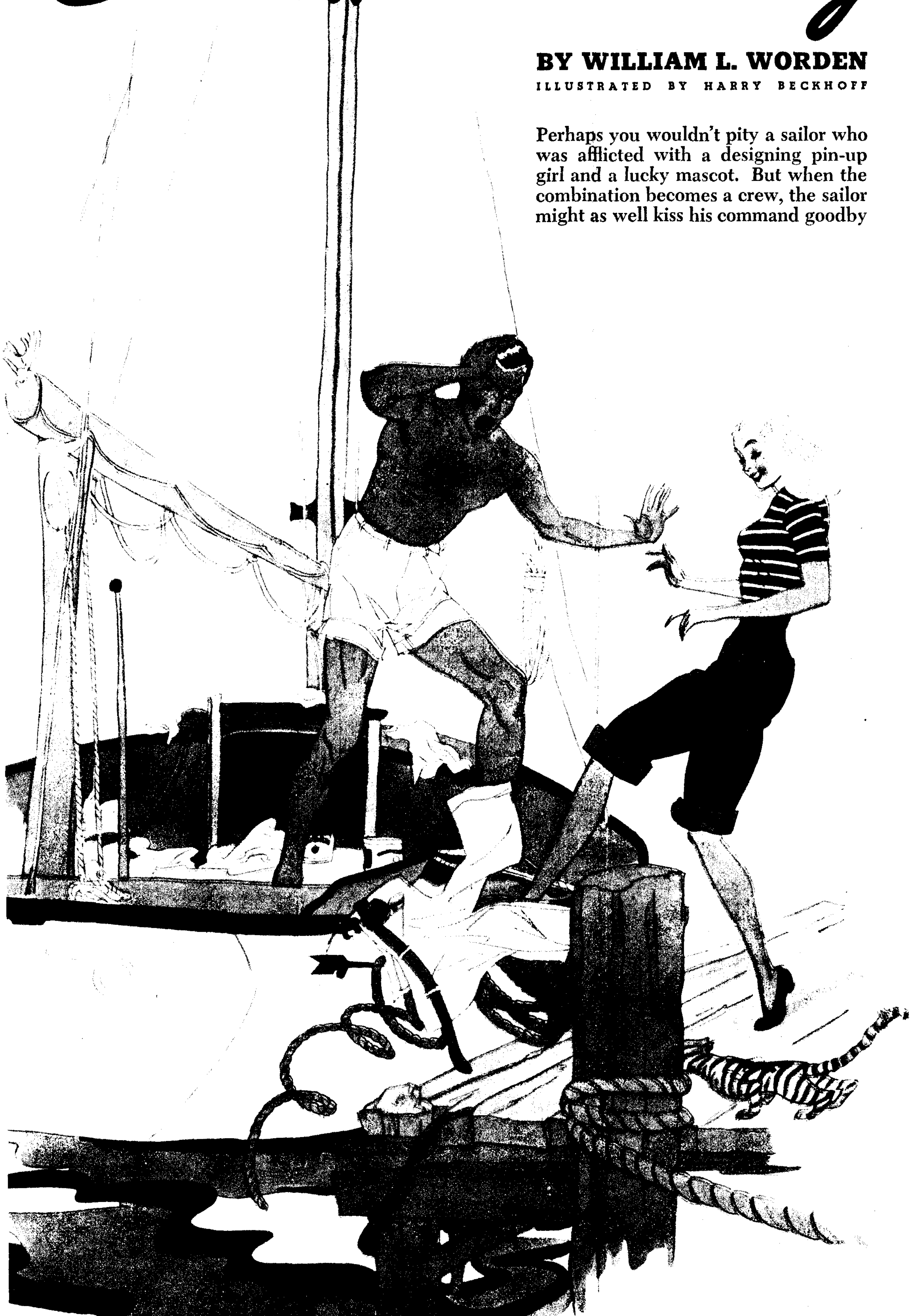
RUTLAND
REPAIR PRODUCTS
Rutland Fire Clay Company, Rutland, Vt.

Sailor, Take Warning

BY WILLIAM L. WORDEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Perhaps you wouldn't pity a sailor who was afflicted with a designing pin-up girl and a lucky mascot. But when the combination becomes a crew, the sailor might as well kiss his command goodby



"You're not very tough to get licked by a cat," said Kathleen as she slipped her toe under the pile of rope and my Sunday pants and dropped them into the water

WHY should anybody name a sailboat Thomas McDougall O'Shea? Now, that's a long story. It all began when my cousin, Hector Hanson, got a telephone wire fouled in the propeller of my auxiliary sloop.

I had loaned the boat to Hector on Friday. I should have known better. I don't know how in the name of a name he ever managed to run over a telephone wire in the middle of Lake Washington. But he did, and it did. That is to say, it fouled the propeller. I don't even know exactly how Hector got back to the dock, but all he did about the wire was to leave a note saying it was down there somewhere, tight around the propeller.

Any telephone wire around any propeller is bad enough; but the Thomas McDougall O'Shea—she wasn't named that until later—is a sailboat with a deep fin keel. The motor is just an auxiliary which used to run a midget automobile, but the propeller is away down there under a lot of green water.

So on Saturday, I spent the afternoon diving instead of sailing. Half the fun of owning a sailboat, they say, is getting her ready to sail. They don't know what they're talking about. If there is any fun in diving down around a fin keel and cutting your hands to ribbons on the propeller while you fight an underwater demolition battle with a piece of wire, I've lost my sense of humor. And the wind always dies down about four o'clock.

At three-thirty, I still did not have the wire unwound entirely, but I was out of breath. I came up for air—and there was this cat, sitting on the stern and giving me the eye.

Personally, I've never had any very definite opinions about cats. I just let cats alone, and they always have repaid me in kind. But to say the least, this was a special cat. He was a bright-orange devil with a lousy disposition. You could tell it at the first look. Most cats keep themselves clean, but not this one. The orange was dusty and there was a big spot of tar on his back, as if—and I don't doubt it a bit—he had been climbing up and down tarred pilings after those oversized rats who live under the dock. He was a definitely lewd cat. Some other lewd cat had chewed off half his right ear, and the remainder hung in tatters. The right eye was gone, or nearly so; and the left one had a leer. The forehead was low, receding and unintelligent, and a white scar ran half across it. On another cat, that scar might have looked like a Heidelberg dueling mark. On this one, it looked like the result of a fight behind some saloon—and probably was.

HE LOOKED—and as you'll see, he was—a cat without any morals whatever. If he had a virtue, it did not show. And he was sitting on the stern of my boat, digging his front claws into my canvas deck cover and making a nice long scratch with each dig. If you've ever tried to keep a canvas deck cover looking right, you'll know how fine that makes you feel—just about as pleasant as you feel the day little Annie, your niece with the perpetually damp nose, comes down to see her uncle on board, and you find out too late that little Annie had iron scuffers on the bottoms of her shoes.

So I splashed him. The cat, I mean. I reared up and let him have a good solid sheet of green water with as much force as I could manage. I put a lot into it. I was thinking about Annie, Cousin Hector and the income tax. None of them made me feel very pleasant.

A good dose of lake water will take care of most cats and a lot of unpleasant people. They'll scram when they get it, and no arguments. But this was a very special cat. I ducked down for buoyancy and came up on the stern, vaulting on my hands and ending with my face two feet above the deck while I scrambled for a hold with my toes. I never got it.

That damned cat was still there. He was wet, but he was not incapacitated. He was just sitting back waiting for me, and he let me have it.

Now I've been bitten by big dogs with grouches and I've had my arguments with taxi drivers back in the days when they were tough laddies, good with their wrenches. But this son of a gun had them all topped. No

Daniel Webster and the highlands

Daniel Webster said there were highlands. Lord Ashburton said they didn't exist.

This was in the year 1840, and the United States was claiming that the highlands marked the boundary between Canada and the State of Maine. So it was pretty important that Daniel Webster prove his statement.

He got a certain professor to conduct a survey of the disputed area. And the professor hired a young fellow named Edward Anthony to take the pictures which proved that Daniel Webster was right again!

The daguerreotypes made by Edward Anthony were the *first* pictures ever used by a government for any purpose.

And 2 years later—that would be 1842—Anthony hung up another *first* when he opened the first photographic supply house in the world. Anthony's company later became Anthony & Scovil, a name that was finally contracted to ANSCO.

In the past 103 years, Ansco has brought many photographic firsts to the United States. These include the world's *first* photographic contest, sponsored by Anthony, who awarded a "handsome silver pitcher" for a group of four daguerreotypes.

Henry Anthony, Edward's brother, took the *first* "instantaneous views" by the wet-plate process, thus fathering the modern snapshot. The *first* flexible roll film was patented by a man who was helped in his experiments by the Anthonys.

Today, Ansco is still pioneering . . . still developing "firsts," although most of our recent accomplishments are military secrets. You've had a glimpse of them, however, in the new Ansco Color Film, that can be developed in just 90 minutes.

You can depend on Ansco leadership to bring you many more Ansco "firsts" after our war tasks are finished. Ansco, Binghamton, New York. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation.

Ansco
Films & Cameras

OLD FORESTER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY
This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market
DISTILLED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO. INC.
AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY
100 PROOF
BROWN FORMAN
There is nothing better in the market

1945—Diamond Anniversary . . . One Family—One Tradition For 75 Years

© 1945—B. F. DIST. CO., INC

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY snooty sports writer could complain about his footwork; and his one-two was a honey. He slugged me on the left cheek and gave me the thumb—or what felt like it—on the return trip. He also slugged me on the right side and left four of the prettiest bloody scratches you ever saw, from ear to lip. Then he came in to finish the job.

But I didn't wait. I dropped off the stern of that sloop a lot faster than I had pulled myself up on it. Maybe you think that's silly, but someday you try arguing with an indignant tomcat when you're down at his level and have both hands busy. Go ahead and try. I'll just dive off and leave him in command any day.

Naturally, I did not intend to leave him there permanently. It was my sloop, not his—well, anyway, I thought so. So I swam around to an old ladder and went up on the dock. I thought he would leave town when he saw me get out of the water; but he just sat there on the stern, licking the paw which had taken all the hide off my cheek. I jumped over onto the bow of the boat and started aft, getting between him and the dock with the first couple of steps. I said, "Okay, you tough kitty, now you can go for a swim."

I kicked at him, which was my mistake. That devil rode with the punch just far enough, came back fast, made a gangway out of my bare shin and jumped—I'll swear it was eight feet—to a stringer under the dock. Then he turned around and glared at me some more with his one good eye. I couldn't go in under there after him, and he was just waiting for a good chance to come out on another commando raid. I could tell.

"You," said a voice up on the dock, "are a bully. Picking on a poor little kitten."

Well, I should have expected it. Kathleen had been away for six months—maybe it was a little longer, maybe a year—but I suppose it was too good to last. Maybe you think it would be nice to be tagged by a girl all the time. That shows how little you know about it. I know a lot.

IT STARTED happening to me when I was twelve and her family moved in across the street. While she was nine, she couldn't keep up running, but at ten she learned how. At eleven I didn't have a chance; and at thirteen, she was there to laugh at me getting sick on my first cigarette. In high school, my mother thought it would be nice if I took Kathleen to the parties—Kathleen with the stringy hair, the skinny shins and practically no worth-while nose. Kathleen thought it was nice, too. I was the only one who didn't.

"Just a beef-necked bully," said the voice. "I always thought so, and now I know."

She was sitting on a stanchion with her feet pulled up in front of her. There had been some changes between nineteen and twenty, I had to admit. Blue slacks seemed to fit where they should, the hair was yellower, the face more pert. Under other circumstances, I might have been impressed. As it was, the face looked smart-alecky; and I was sorry I didn't have more splashing water in reach. I said, "Your face is dirty."

That always used to get her. This time, it failed. There had been a lot of changes, for only a few months.

She said, "You got just what you deserved."

I said, "Get your feet off my new rope."

She said, "Tut, tut, Captain. And you a big sailor! You know it's a line, not a rope."

Now if there's one thing I can't abide, it's women who chatter a lot of nautical terms when they can't tie a square knot or steer within five miles of where they start out to go.

I said, "Get your feet off, while you're still able."

She said, "You're not very tough, to get licked by a cat; and you don't look very fast on your feet; in addition to which, you're a boor, as anybody can see."

She slipped her toe under the pile of rope I had just bought, lifted it over the edge of the dock and dropped it into the water. My Sunday pants had been on top of the rope; and they went in, too.

Well. . . .

My kid brother squawked the next morning when he saw me take his bean shooter, and Ma said liver was too hard to get to waste any of it on shark bait. But I gave the kid a quarter and promised Ma I'd trim the lawn when I got home, so they both quieted down.

My guess was right. When I first boarded the sloop, I couldn't see where he had been; but when I unlocked the trunk cabin, I found a good kapok floating pillow ripped, and some orange hair in the uncovered kapok—a nice little nest. That miserable cat had found the ventilation hole and moved in on me. But he was nowhere around, so I finished clearing the propeller and decided to get under way. Naturally, that's always when you find something else wrong about a boat. What I found out was that Hector had left the gas tank empty. I like sailing, but on Lake Washington it's just foolish to go out without a motor ready to operate. The wind can be howling like an Aleutian williwaw, and fifteen minutes later there will be a flat calm, and the tame ducks from Seward Park will come out to quack at you while you're rowing home.

SO I got some money out of my pants—I had changed to swimming trunks to free the propeller—and carried a gasoline can a couple of blocks over to a filling station which was open Sundays. I was puffing back with it, hot and mad at Hector again, when I heard a yell down by the dock. I dropped the can and got to my mooring spot just in time to see a scrawny kid backing out of the sloop's cabin on his hands and knees, slapping at his head—it was covered with something orange—and yelling bloody murder.

He was a pinch-faced youngster, one of those pint-sized bad men who get their postgraduate training down at the county jail. I guess he had not even seen the tomcat in the cabin until that feline cyclone hit him—for all I know, thinking the kid was I.

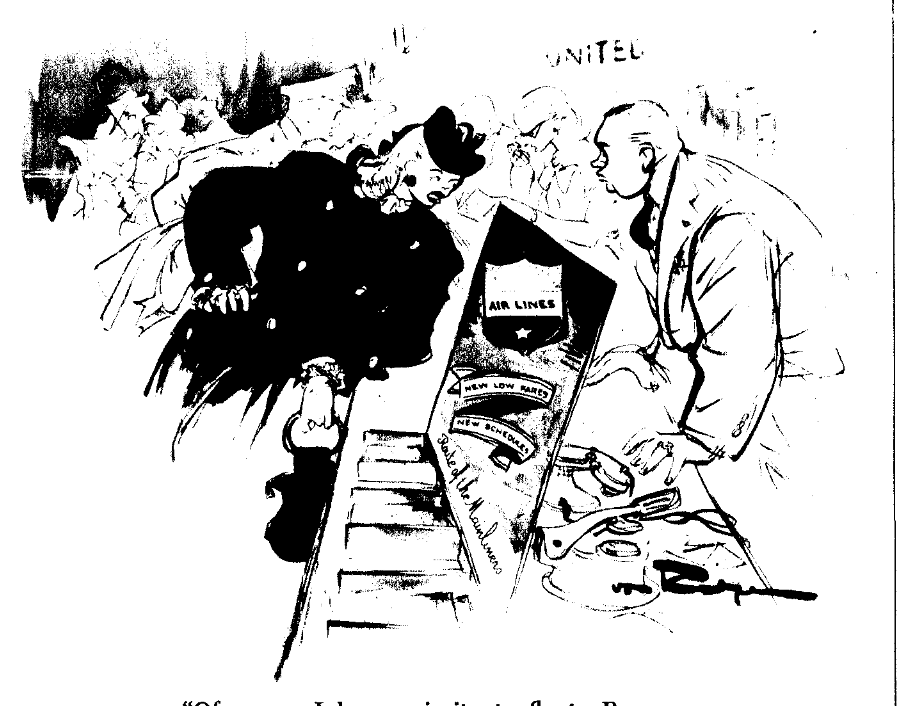
The kid wasn't hard to handle. My glasses fooled him at first, and he started to put up a fight, but I got my trousers away from him, and after I'd pushed him around a little, I turned up my compass in one of his pockets and my billfold in another. Then I gave him a little swim and shied rocks at him when he crawled out on the shore. He wasted no time waiting for a bus, and I had an idea he wouldn't be back.

When he had gone, I looked around for the cat, half expecting more trouble. But that devil was just sitting up on the bow, washing his face—or what passed for a face.

I said, "Well, Battling Benny, I'm going sailing. Either get off or you go sailing with me. Not that I don't appreciate your help."

The cat didn't say a word.

He ducked once when the jib flapped over his head while I was hoisting it, but the rest of the time he acted as if he were boss of the boat and I just running it for him. He made me wonder a little myself.



"Of course I have priority to fly to Reno—
I'm being divorced from a major general!"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Over near Mercer Island, I came alongside a fat man in a flattie who said he thought the Thomas O'Shea—that wasn't her name yet—had slow lines. He said he thought he could sail circles around me all the way down to the asphalt dock. He said he thought so for a couple of bucks.

For a while it was close, but it was a shame to take the money after we came out around the end of the island and got the west breeze that had just sprung up. But the fat man was game and he paid up off the pier. Then the wind died, so I cranked up the auxiliary and towed the flattie back to the fat man's beach place.

He said, "One thing I don't understand: I've seen lots of queer things on boats, but I never saw a cat go sailing before."

I said, "You didn't look closely enough. That's a warlock—you know, a witch, second cousin to a banshee—not a cat."

The fat man scratched his head and examined the tom carefully from long range. He even stretched out a hand toward the beast but jerked it back when he saw the expression in the red-rimmed eye. He said, "Well, I'll be damned!"

I said, "Mister, I think I already am."

The cat and I put-putted back across the lake in a dead calm. Halfway back, he came aft, watching me all the time, and slipped down inside the cabin. I heard something rip but did not think about the hip pocket of my yachting pants until suddenly I remembered leaving the package of liver there. By that time, it was too late.

Little Miss Fixit was on the dock again, sitting on the same stanchion with her feet pulled up. I slipped in alongside with the gentlest touch against the pier, but it wasn't good enough for her.

She looked down that snub nose and said, "No sailor worth his salt ever"—the word was emphasized—"would be lubber enough to come in on power."

I guess you can't stop people from reading books, but sometimes it seems like a good idea. The cat came out of the cabin, so it was safe for me to crawl down. I lay flat on my stomach and opened the tiny forward porthole as quietly as I could; by straining, I could just get a sight.

Those blue slacks really fit; and the way she was sitting, all curled up on top of that post, helped. That brother of mine is an ornery little kid, but he understands ballistics. His bean shooter had a muzzle velocity like a Bofors gun.

After the one yip and a jump—it looked to be ten feet straight into the air but may have been a little less—she kept her distance but gave the boat a suspicious eying. She said, "I don't see you, Jimmy; but it won't do you any good. I'm sailing with you anyhow."

I gave her the other barrel—the second wad of tinfoil, if you want to be exact—and got another bull's-eye, this one six inches above the knee. She left.

The cat just sat on deck all the time; and the last I saw of him, after I'd made the sloop shipshape and secure, was his scrofulous tail, disappearing down the ventilator toward that mangled kapok pillow. Well, I suppose he'd earned a spot to sack out if that's what he wanted.

BENNY the cat had definitely moved in, anyhow. He was around every time I went down to the dock, and we had a couple of sails together the next week end. I suspected him of doing some rat-dissecting on the foredeck a few times—there were some awfully suspicious spots on the canvas—but the rest of the time he behaved. But it was an armed truce rather than a buddy act.

Once in a while I'd take down some bones or raw meat and he'd accept them. Once, on a hunch, I soaked some stale bread in a little whisky and he gobbled it, so I figured I was not too far wrong about that saloon background of his. But he permitted no familiarity.

On trips, he stayed in the bow and I on the stern. When the going got wet, he'd take cover in the cabin hatch; but the rest of the time he was topside, sniffing at the wind like a pointer dog or going through the motions of washing himself.

Sometimes, I'll admit, that cat made me wonder just who owned the sloop. I never had taken many people sailing, but I always thought it was my business who went. I still thought so after the day when I invited a draftsman out from the plant. Benny just looked at him and took his usual place up on the bow for the afternoon and behaved himself. He even accepted a little perch the draftsman caught once when we were becalmed—accepted it and ate it alive, up there on the foredeck.

But a few evenings later, it was different. I made the mistake of admitting at a party that I owned a boat; and the first thing I knew, a plump girl with a giggle was all set to go sailing in the moonlight. I'd never known how to cope with women very well, and that one stopped me. We went down to the dock.

But Benny was not stopped. Luckily I heard a hiss and a spitting sound just in time. The plump giggle had one foot on the stern of the boat, but I jerked her back to the dock. Benny hit where her foot had been a tenth of a second before; and his claws went through the canvas deck so far he could hardly get them out.

The giggle said, "My, what was that?"

I said, "I'm afraid that was my pet warlock. He hates that One Hour With You perfume you're wearing. Gets savage every time he smells it."

The giggle said, "My, I had no idea it was so powerful! I'd better not wear it any more. No telling what might happen."

I said there was no telling.

The giggle said she'd better be getting back. She'd just remembered an early appointment at the hairdresser's.

The last I saw of Benny that night, he was out on the foredeck in the romantic moonlight. I think he was torturing a rat to death.

BUT out on the lake was where Benny was the most valuable. Now, I'm just telling you what happened. I don't say anything about what caused it. But the fact is, the Thomas McDougall O'Shea—I hadn't named the sloop yet, but I'll call her that just for clarity—had never been very fast before; but she beat everything in sight that spring. We took on flatties at a dollar each because they were so easy. Every time, Benny would be out in front, looking sleepy and dumb until we'd maneuvered the flattie owner into a race. Then when the deal was sealed, he'd open his split lips into a cat-laugh that was enough to freeze your blood. Once, we even raced a cabin star boat around a three-cornered course and beat him, which we never should have been able to do.

When we came back, Kathleen was on the pier and had the nerve to say I'd swung too wide around a buoy; but nevertheless I won five bucks.

She said, "You need a flying jib."

I said, "You need a kitchen sink to keep

In the service of its country,

THE FISHER BODY

ORGANIZATION BUILDS TANKS.

IT KNOWS STURDINESS.

FISHER BODY

BUILDS AIRCRAFT INSTRUMENTS.

IT KNOWS PRECISION.

FISHER BODY

BUILDS MAJOR AIRCRAFT ASSEMBLIES.

IT KNOWS NEW METHODS AND METALS.

All this knowledge, coupled with more than 30 years' experience in fine coachcraft, is your assurance that in peace Body by Fisher will be the mark of a Better Automobile.

BODY BY Fisher

ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · BUICK · CADILLA your nose out of other people's business, Small Fry."

"The name," she said, "is Kathleen. I live over there, and is that a proposal?"

I looked at the cottage across the street, but I said I didn't care if she lived under a rock, which, as a matter of fact, was what I suspected. I said it was not a proposal, not by a damsite.

She said I didn't have to be vulgar. "You haven't nerve enough for a sailor," she said. "You stay a good five points too far off when you're beating against the wind."

I said I wished she'd stop reading books and would go back under her rock, but she chose the cottage instead. It was a very nice walk she had acquired—I mean, it might have been, under other circumstances.

THE whole spring was good sailing, with a single exception. That was a Sunday when a loud-mouth in a Tacoma ketch dared me to race him off the park. The ketch was designed like a washtub, and I played hard-to-get for a while in order to build up the bet. But right in the middle of things, Benny got up from his crouch on the bow, stretched each leg separately and went below. He gave me a long, cold look out of his one good eye as he went by.

I didn't think anything about it until that night after the race. That ketch must have had a whale hooked on for a keel. He beat me five lengths and I lost ten dollars.

I never tried another race unless Benny approved.

Everything would have stayed fine, I think, if it had not been for the talk. Maybe you know how people who own boats are. They always have to talk about them—and I'm no different. At the plant one day, I heard an argument in the next department about boats; and presently I was in there talking about mine. One of the machinists—name of Johnson, I remember—also had a sailboat. It was a sloop, he said, and twenty-four feet long, like mine. He said it was a very good boat, fastest on the lake.

So one thing led to another; and the boys who had nothing else to talk about, talked about Johnson's boat and mine, until finally we agreed to find out on Sunday which was the faster. Half the fool plant seemed to be planning to be out in rowboats—well fortified with beer, naturally—and the other half stirred up one of those awful plant picnics for the park where the race would end. It got to be a major event.

So on Sunday morning I went to the dock.

It has always seemed strange to me that the real tragedies usually come without any warning at all. I wasn't even thinking about Benny until I saw him. When I did see him, I did not believe it. Kathleen was down on the dock, and not wearing any more than the law required. She had a silly smirk on her face, and so did Benny.

THERE was my tough cat, a cat with scars of war on his hide and an honest dislike for humanity in his soul, if any—there was Benny, who liked whisky bread, still-quivering rats, fish both raw and alive—there was Benny lapping cream out of a saucer; drinking it like any tame tabby, wearing an expression like a playful kitten on his sagging jowls—my cat, who hadn't played with anything except a disemboweled and dying enemy for years. And his one eye was blinking with the most stupid look of content you ever saw on a cat face.

And so help me, the fool was trying to purr! It was a noise like a rusty winch, a horrible inhaling and exhaling that reminded me of a file on a chilled steel bar—but that damned idiot thought it was a purr.

Kathleen looked up out of the corners of those blue eyes. Her voice had more cream in it than Benny had on his chin, which was a lot. She said, "Oh, hello, Jimmy. We've been waiting for you."

I opened the cabin and freed the sail lines, started the motor and tested the mainsail track. Benny was still slopping up the cream.

I said, "Hey, stupid, come on. We're ready to go."

Kathleen said, "Well, you might be more polite about it. I don't like being called stupid."

I said she hadn't been called at all. She said it was about time I got over sulking by myself and called somebody before my beard started to grow like a hermit's.

I went over to Benny and shoved him with my foot gently. He rolled his one good eye at me wickedly but went on trying to purr. Kathleen put her hand on his repulsive orange fur and smoothed it. He rippled his hide in a paroxysm of disgusting pleasure. I shoved him with my toe again and he turned on me. My own cat turned on me. He gave me the fast one-two I remembered so well, and I knew my shin would not be the same for a month.

"Stop picking on a poor little kitten," Kathleen said.

I said, "Keep out of this, you menace."

She said, "You really want me to keep out of it? You want me to go away?"

I should have recognized something in her tone, but I was too mad. You can't just have your best luck charm quit without warning, and feel good. Not on the morning of a race. I told her for heaven's sake, yes, to go far away. Not to come back.

She got up. That bathing suit was really—well, I mean, under other circumstances it would have been something to whistle about. She folded her blanket and picked up the empty saucer. Too late, I thought she was being much too docile.

SHE started across the pier toward the street and I found out the answer. Benny got up as soon as Kathleen did. While I watched, my cat, my luck charm, started following that bathing suit toward the street as if he'd been a woolly lamb all his life instead of the scourge of fourteen generations of wharf rats.

There was nothing else to do. I said, "Hey, wait a minute."

She said, "Apologize?"

I said, "For what?"

"For being mean and nasty."

I said I wasn't.

She said I was.

I apologized.

She said, "What's the big difference if the cat doesn't go with you?"

I had to tell her about the race, and she clucked her tongue a couple of times. She said, "Well, I guess you can still race."

I asked her how.

"Simple," she said. "You can take me along. Then he will go, too."

I asked her if she knew anything about sailing, and she grinned. She said, "No, but I've been studying up on all the words. The rest should be easy for you to teach me."

Well, I just had to have Benny on the bow. Once we were under way, I'll have to admit Kathleen wasn't bad. She sat back and watched, doing only what I told her.

She said, "You were being so foolish, Jimmy. You wouldn't let anybody be friends."

I said my name was Jim, not Jimmy.

She said, "What's the cat's name, Jimmy?"

I told her the cat was a warlock who didn't need a name, but I called him Benny.

"Benny is no good at all," she said. "The cat is obviously Irish, but no warlock."

I asked why not.

She said, "You don't know your witchcraft. Warlocks are always feminine. I'm a warlock myself; and Thomas McDougall O'Shea is just my assistant."

"Who's he?" I asked.

The cat turned his one good eye, red-rimmed and venomous, around in my direction. He looked stupid and sleepy; and very slowly, he winked the eye.

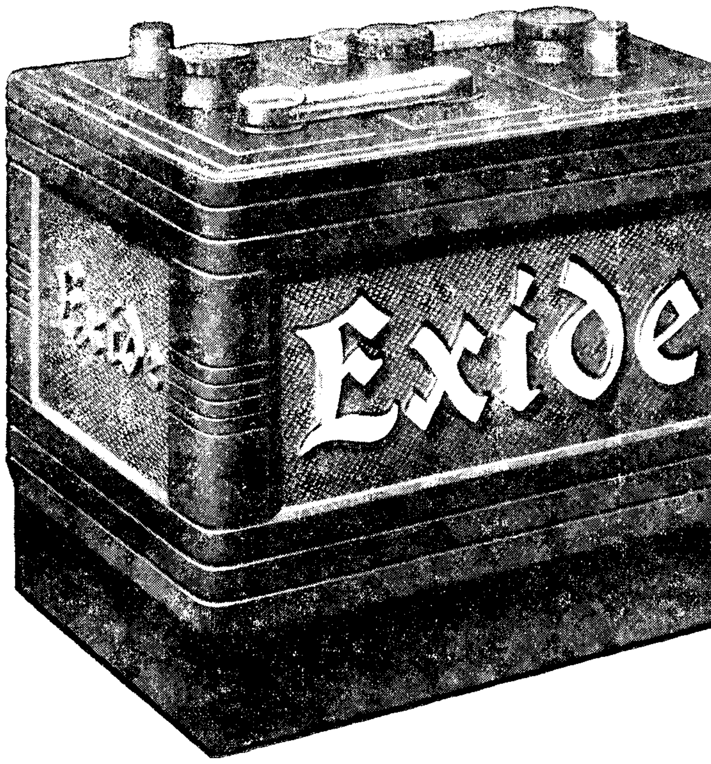
"That up there on the bow," said Kathleen, "is Thomas." Her voice had a dreamy sound. "If you knew anything except how to be nasty," she said, "you would also know that an assistant is no good at all without a warlock to tell him what to do."

She said, "You ought to name your sloop after him, Jimmy. Then people will have something to call our boat and we'll win the race."

I did. They do. We did.

But I still don't know who was responsible. It could have been a certain cyclops of a cat. It could have been Mrs. Jimmy Hanson, although she had not acquired that name at the time.

THE END



WHEN IT'S AN EXIDE ...YOU START

You can usually depend upon the dealer who sells brands of KNOWN high quality. The selection of products on his shelves is a good indication of the kind of service he will give you.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
Philadelphia 32
Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

ARMY E NAVY

BUY TO LAS

pend on the Exide dealer f
ood products, good service

You can
take it with you!
HEUBLEIN'S
THE CLUB
DRY MARTINI
COCKTAILS

NO MATTER WHERE you go, these fine cocktails can go with you – and be the life of the party.

Made of the best liquors, in the correct proportions and the right strength to allow for proper dilution by the ice you use to chill them.

Ask your local liquor store for *Heublein's Club Cocktails.* G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S
Club
COCKTAILS

THE FIVE KINDS:
Manhattan, *65 proof*
Dry Martini, *71 proof*
Old Fashioned, *80 proof*
Side Car, *60 proof*
Daiquiri, *70 proof*

Always ready–
Always right

Coal or Chaos in Europe

Continued from page 14

or determined in trying to keep from freezing, or starving to death, than the French were in trying to regain their liberty during the occupation of France?

This is not to suggest that there would be danger of a successful German uprising against the American Army of Occupation. It is to say, however, that the riots which will surely ensue if Germany is not supplied with enough coal may endanger the lives of some members of the Army of Occupation. Not many perhaps, but to me it seems senseless to sacrifice the life of even one American soldier when it could be prevented by making sure that Germans have just enough coal to keep from freezing to death.

Further, in other areas of Europe, such as Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland, the lack of coal and the resulting hardship could mean the overthrow of many established governments. It could mean a chaos that might endanger the very foundations of the peace that we are trying to build.

In the light of these facts, I have come to the conclusion that beginning at once we should permit the shipment for civilian use in the devastated countries of approximately six million tons of American coal between now and January 1, 1946. I have reached this decision only after the most careful consideration. I have been largely influenced by urgent and unanimous recommendations of the other government agencies which have political, policing and supply responsibilities in Europe.

I want the American people to know that this decision involves the risk that we may have to suffer a shortage of coal in this country next winter which will be more acute than heretofore predicted and substantially greater than last winter's. We may have to curtail industrial supplies to the point that it will mean the partial shutdown of some plants. We may even have to reduce the 80 per cent quota which we have fixed for domestic consumption.

I knew of only one sure way to avoid both disaster in Europe and further distress at home. That was to increase production, and to increase production we had to have more coal miners. There was only one source of additional miners: the Army.

That is why, as Solid Fuels Administrator, I appealed to the Army to release enough miners to increase our coal output sufficiently to provide the minimum needs here at home. It was estimated that there were 130,000 miners in the armed forces and, necessarily, they were the youngest, strongest and most proficient that we had. Accordingly, we asked the Army to release at least 30,000 of these men.

Because I was confident that the Army would accede to this request, I decided that we should begin to ship coal to Europe at once. Should the Army fail to give us the miners we need, it would be necessary to stop immediately the shipment of coal to Europe. The situation there would not be saved if we were to wait for the production of coal by the miners to be released by the Army. At best, we cannot ship more than the six million tons which have already been released, and this amount is not enough to make up the deficit which faces Europe this winter. And while we're on the subject of shipping coal, I want to scotch once and for all the many rumors which are speeding about the country as fast as jet-propelled airplanes.

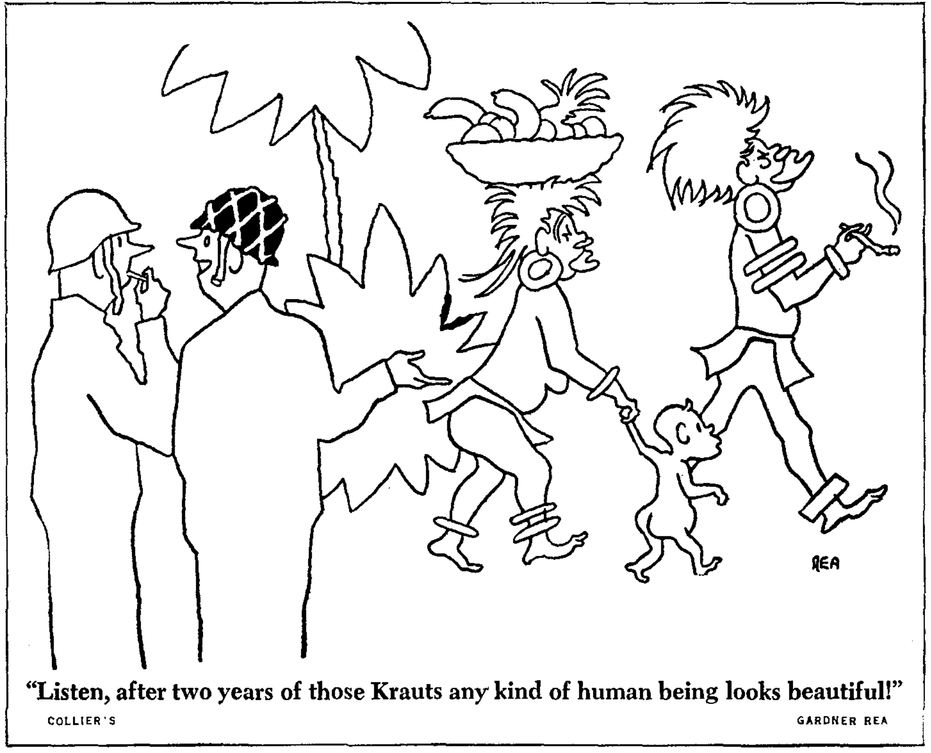
The number of rumors about coal customarily increases as the mercury begins to seek the bulb of the thermometer. But even now there are fantastic stories abroad to account for the scarcity of coal in the United States. As the weather becomes colder these may be expected to increase in number and violence.

The Rumor-Mongers Keep Busy

In all the states which border upon Canada the air is thick with the word that John Bull has made a sucker out of Uncle Sam again, and the coal that ordinarily heats the homes in these border states is now going to Canada. In some of the seaports, if you listen hard enough, you will hear wondrous tales about American coal being shipped to India, Africa, Argentina, Cuba, Brazil, Iceland, England, and even Iran. Some of these rumors would have you believe that 100 million tons of American coal are being shipped abroad every year, practically on a giveaway basis.

Not all of these rumors are false. We are exporting coal. We will send abroad nearly 30 million tons of it in 1945. We are shipping coal to Canada. We are supplying coal to many of the distant places of the earth. But the fact is that our exports of coal to Canada, while they amount to some 20 million tons, are less than they were before the war, despite our having furnished fuel for Canada's war industries.

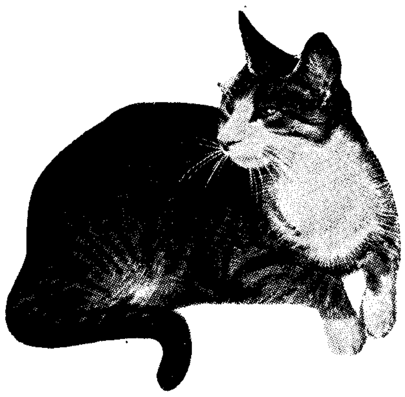
Thus the amount of coal shipped to the far corners of the earth is comparatively insignificant, and has been the minimum needed for the successful prosecution of the war. A great many ships which leave our ports carry bunker coal which is often unloaded at tropical ports. These shipments undoubtedly give rise to reports that the bureaucrats in Washington are so dumb that they are shipping coal to the equator where the ther-



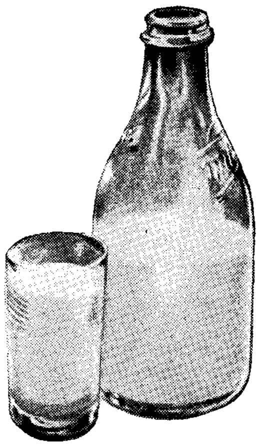
"Listen, after two years of those Krauts any kind of human being looks beautiful!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

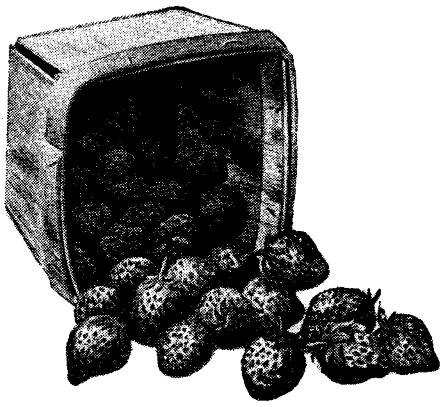
RAGWEED



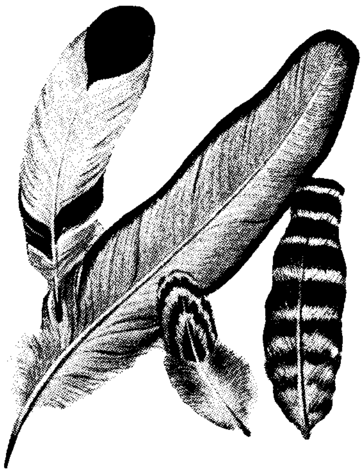
CAT



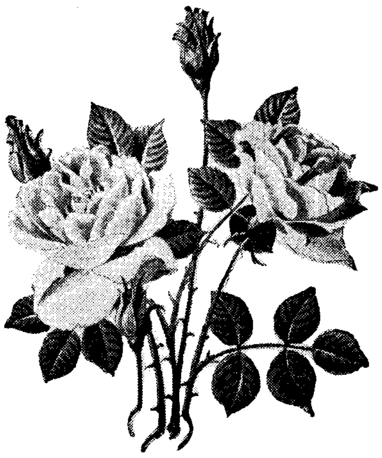
MILK



STRAWBERRIES



FEATHERS



ROSES

What have *these* in common?

They can all produce an allergy!

It's no joke to be allergic—as any hay-fever victim will gladly testify.

But hay fever itself is only one form of allergy—"allergic coryza" is its proper name—and its most potent cause is the ragweed pictured above.

There are many other kinds of allergy. Some people are allergic to certain foods—even one apparently as innocent as milk. Others break out with a skin rash on contact with furs or feathers. A few react violently when given ordinary antitoxin injections.

Medical science has made great progress in relieving not only hay-fever sufferers, but victims of other allergies as well. Today there are ways of identifying the nature of the allergy and, in many cases, of "desensitizing" the victim against the substance which causes it.

The allergic person's blood stream contains a factor which, when in contact with certain foreign substances, makes all the trouble. Sometimes contact with the substance can be reduced or eliminated. It has also been found that gradual doses, or injections, of the essence of the allergy producer bring results which are reported as excellent, or good, in 80% of the cases treated.

By desensitizing the person suffering from an allergy, he is often spared much—if not all—of the misery caused by the substance which may have affected his mucous membranes, his skin, intestinal tract, or lungs.

Hay-fever victims need to start their treatment long in advance of the time they are usually affected. Such treatment, in some cases, may prevent the development of asthma.

If you're bothered by distressing allergic reactions, see your physician about it. He may save you much unpleasantness.

COPYRIGHT 1945—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln, PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

Here's what makes such a BIG difference
Pat. No. 2,166,537

Smoke passes through tube slotted at the bottom. Moisture is absorbed by pipe cleaner underneath.

No other pipe offers the outstanding feature that has made Smokemaster a favorite with thousands of men . . . An ordinary pipe cleaner, folded and inserted in the stem, absorbs all moisture while you smoke. This pipe cleaner extends practically the full length of the stem and right up to the shank of the bowl, *thus covering practically* the entire distance through which the smoke travels. Smoke always has a clean, dry passage—does not pass through rank moisture. Result, a fresh, dry smoke all the time.

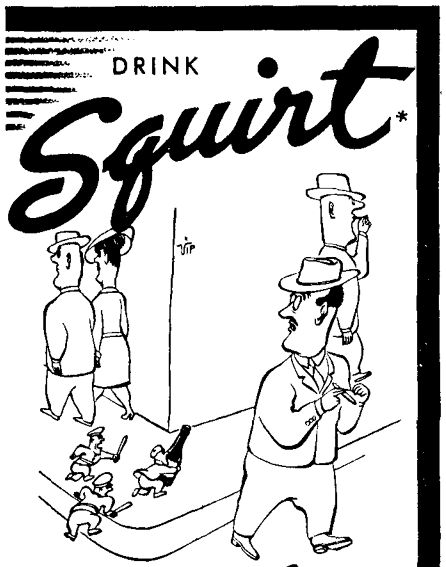
Smokemaster, Custom-made $1.50
Smokemaster, Standard $1

In many attractive shapes. At leading dealers.

Briarcraft, Inc., 347 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Briarcraft
Smokemaster
THE PIPE-CLEANER PIPE

DRINK Squirt*



IT'S "IN THE PUBLIC EYE"*

Little things perfected...grapefruit flavor...sparkling goodness have made Squirt "The Biggest Selling Grapefruit Drink In The World." Insist on Squirt.

FOR EXTRA GO!

America's "Natural" Mixer

*Trade-Mark of The Squirt Company • Copyright 1945, The Squirt Company Beverly Hills, California

mometer always registers 100° in the shade. Actually this coal is used to fuel power plants or, more probably, to refuel coal-burning ships.

Further, when we have shipped coal overseas we generally have received vital war supplies in return. Thus the 25,000 tons of coal shipped to Portugal each month came back in the form of cork, which was an imperative for the insulation of our submarines and for dozens of other war uses.

Thus, it should be apparent that we have not been outsmarted by John Bull, and that we do not propose to build a roaring fire on the hearth of every home in the Balkans.

So far as Canada is concerned, this country has always been its principal supplier of coal. It would be as unthinkable for us to stop our shipments of coal to Canada now as it would for a city which had for years been furnishing a neighboring city with water to shut off that water.

We have no similar obligation to supply Europe with coal because, before the war, the coal mines of the Ruhr and Saar, plus those in France, Belgium, Holland and England, and in German and Polish Silesia were adequate to supply Europe's needs. The trouble is that production from the mines in Europe is now almost at a standstill. The crux of the problem lies in Germany. In the Saar and Ruhr basins and in German and Polish Silesia are the only extensive coal resources which can be called upon to meet the needs of Europe. Where Germany used to produce a million tons of coal a day, her total coal production now is about sixty thousand tons a day—only six per cent of normal. Most of this is used in or near the collieries. Although the situation is not quite as bad in Belgium and Holland, nevertheless, production is down to less than half of what it used to be.

The causes of this failure to produce coal are numerous, and we do have an obligation to do all that we can to remove them. Chief among the causes are the destruction caused by the war, worn-out machinery, lack of miners and, perhaps above all, lack of food.

The basic food ration for all German civilians is 1,100 calories a day. It is not much higher in the lands of our allies. This is roughly equivalent to three sandwiches and a couple of bowls of soup. The heavy manual labor involved in digging coal cannot be supported on three sandwiches and a couple of bowls of soup a day. Even when the Nazis, in the heyday of their arrogance, held sway over most of Europe, they had sense enough to be aware of this fact and saw to it that the slave laborers who worked in the mines received at least 3,000 calories a day. That is why a report recommending an increase in food rations for the miners was presented to the recent Big Three meeting at Potsdam.

More Meat—More Coal

As a matter of fact, food is important in having our own coal production maintained at top speed. Much of the production that has been lost in the last year has been due to the miners' dissatisfaction with the amount of food that they were getting, particularly the amount of meat. The miners agreed that they were not being discriminated against and that they get just as much of the available meat as any other civilian group, but they believe that they ought to have been discriminated for, so that they would get more meat than other groups. They based their demands on the incontrovertible fact that mining is hard work which demands tremendous energy and, hence, large amounts of energy-building food. In Illinois and Indiana, thousands of miners quit the pits because their demands for more meat had not been met.

To meet these demands the OPA increased the number of red points allotted to miners on August 1st. If this does not meet the needs of the miners, it is probable that we shall have more strikes of this kind and less and less production of coal.

In addition to the food question, there is a crying need for an integrated organization to manage the German coal industry and to tie together the dispersed units both in and out of uniform which are now operating under various Allied flags. This, too, was urged in the report presented at Potsdam.

Even before the invasion of Normandy, efforts had been made to alleviate as much as possible the coal shortage that we knew would threaten Europe this year. For the United Nations knew that, if the invasion was successful, the coal deficit would be enormous.

This knowledge came from countless reports—checked, weighed and revised as they were channeled through government offices in Washington, London, Cairo, Ottawa, Adelaide, Bombay, Cape Town, including the offices of the governments in exile, and checked, weighed and revised again as they were funneled into the Combined Coal Committee of the Combined Production and Resources Board, which operates in co-operation with the Combined General Staffs.

To illustrate: When the Combined General Staffs decided to try to capture an area, their decision was based upon a number of factors, one of which was whether that area could be held after being overrun. The ability to hold depended, in part, upon the transportation available and the transportation, when the area was of any size, frequently depended upon coal.

Questions Before the Committee

This raised the question for the Combined Coal Committee to decide: Is there enough coal available to fuel this operation and can it be delivered? If the answer was no, the Combined Chiefs of Staff had either to seek some other means of transportation within the area, or run a grave risk of failure.

As I write, the armies of the United States and its Allies are operating in England, Germany, France, Belgium, Holland, Luxemburg, North Africa, Italy, India, China and New Guinea, to say nothing of Guam and other parts of the Far East, as well as Australia, New Zealand, Panama and Brazil. All of these operations, and more, were taken into consideration when the global coal budget for 1944-45 was set up. The figures that went into that budget were in preparation for a long time. Army officers, dressed in shorts, had sweated over figures in India. Railroad men of the Army transportation service in North Africa had estimated and re-estimated their needs for the year. The amount of coal that the great Newfoundland air bases would need had been put down. The coal that was necessary to keep the utilities going in Cuba and a dozen Latin-American countries was figured.

The Bureau of Mines in the Department of the Interior had supplied figures for production and consumption in the United States. The British Ministry of Fuel and Power had gone over the production and consumption figures in England. The governments then in exile—Polish, French, Belgian and Dutch—had drawn upon their knowledge of their homelands to estimate the amounts of coal that would be needed when the occupied areas were freed of German occupation. They even went so far as to search the rosters of those who had escaped from occupied Europe in an effort to find men who were qualified to operate the mines which the Germans had left undamaged, or to reopen those mines which the Germans had attempted to destroy.

Rather than gamble on the chance that the mines of any of the occupied countries would be able to produce coal, the Board took the view that another source of coal for the invasion of France had to be found. There were only two major sources—England and the United States. Since a long water haul was involved if coal were imported from the United States, the English mines seemed the logical source. But before this source could be tapped for greater supplies, tremendous obstacles had to be overcome.

At that time the English mines, producing at capacity, were able only to furnish enough coal for England's needs and for her commitments overseas. It was apparent that if England was to stockpile coal for the invasion one of two things would have to be done—either the productive capacity of the English mines would have to be increased or England would have to cease exporting coal. It was also apparent that if England stopped exporting coal to Canada, for instance, Ca-

A•1 SAUCE
For Kitchen Sorcery!

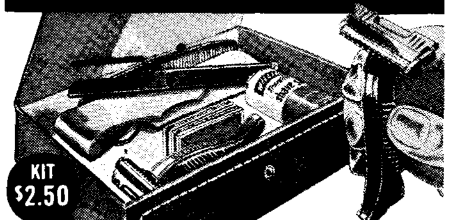
Just add a few drops of A•1 Sauce to such wartime familiars as *hash, stew, fish cakes, chicken croquettes, baked beans, gravy,* and watch your man start sniffing, the moment he enters the door.

NOT RATIONED

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford 1, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

GET THIS ENDERS KIT AND
GET EASIER SHAVES



Here's streamlined shaving...smooth, fast, simpler than you ever dreamed shaving could be. Cushioned blade action, new type one-piece razor head, scientific balance—these assure you effortless, feather-touch shaves. Blade clicks into razor instantly like magic. Nothing to take apart. Quick, easy shaves from start to finish! Kit includes razor, 10 blades, soap, comb and STROP for "new-blade" smoothness every shave. Switch to easier shaving.

Mail $2.50 direct, if not available at dealers. Money back guarantee. Strop alone $1.00.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept C MYSTIC, CONN.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

DERMOIL
PSORIASIS
EXTERNAL USE ONLY
SHAKE WELL

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent **FREE.** Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement** to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. **Send 10c** (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. **Write today** for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES Box 547, Northwestern Station. Dept. 2923, Detroit 4, Mich.**

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1935 LAKE LAB.

Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

nadian industry would suffer and many Canadian homes would be heatless.

In the end, the Combined Production and Resources Board recommended that efforts be made to increase England's coal production, that exports to Canada be cut to a minimum, and that Canada's coal needs be supplied by the United States in order to save shipping space and time.

These things were done in the United Kingdom: Coal consumption was re-examined and tighter rationing was considered inadvisable on account of the already rock-bottom level of civilian consumption. Railroad schedules were curtailed again, and train heat lowered. Mine quotas were set, with bonuses for increased production (few areas have been able to profit therefrom on account of labor shortage). Equipment needs were surveyed to discover the irreducible requirements of machinery installation and repair in order to obtain the increased output.

Strip mining, called "opencast" mining in England and generally not much used there, was decided upon as the quickest and easiest way of boosting Britain's coal output. This decision meant that England must have the huge earth-moving machinery without which strip mining is not worth-while, in a productive sense. This machinery is largely manufactured in the United States, and the Army and the Navy had corralled almost all of it, since earth-moving machinery is fundamental in the building of airfields and fortifications. Some secondhand machinery was picked up, some was borrowed from the military authorities when the gravity of the situation was explained, and the War Production Board gave an AA-1 preference rating to parts for strip-mining equipment for Britain. Foreign construction projects of the United Nations were shaken down for earth-moving equipment. The Panama Canal contributed its bit, and the program was well under way by May, 1944.

The Ministry of Labor was persuaded to draft 30,000 men of 18 to 25 not already in the services of top-priority (aircraft) industry into the mines, but even this did not help much.

The problems involved in supplying the coal needs of the United Nations are well illustrated by our difficulties in India in 1943 and 1944. The nearness of the Japanese in Burma and their bombing of Calcutta closed the Bay of Bengal to shipping. This required that coal be sent across India by rail rather than by ship—its normal transport. This burden nearly swamped the railroads. Passenger traffic had to be cut down. In many places, because the gauge of the railways is not standard in India, the coal had to be reloaded. Additional handling obviously meant that more locomotives and more freight cars were needed. But they were not available because military authorities had taken over two of the largest railroad shops to produce military supplies. Meanwhile, England was unable to supply the necessary locomotives because her locomotive shops had been slowed down by bombing. The United States was asked to supply rolling stock to carry this coal.

South Africa, which exported hardly 100,000 tons of coal a month before the war, is now providing nearly 500,000 tons a month for export, a tremendous increase, and a real assistance to the United Nations. This coal bunkers the English coal-burning ships, fuels the United States Army transport service in Italy and North Africa and helps to power the locomotives carrying supplies to our troops in India.

The increased demands on South Africa for coal resulted in a whole series of other problems. To carry that coal, a thousand coal cars—"bogie wagons," as they are called in South Africa—were needed. Extra locomotives were required. Loading facilities at the ports which handled the coal doubled, and then tripled, but only as a result of new machinery shipped from the United States. The amount of labor involved staggers the imagination.

But these efforts have not been enough. We must immediately find ways to produce more coal in Europe. The six million tons that we contemplate shipping will not nearly fill Europe's needs. In fact, some will be needed by our own military forces and some will go toward replacing the fuel that our armies have already requisitioned out of Europe's meager supply.

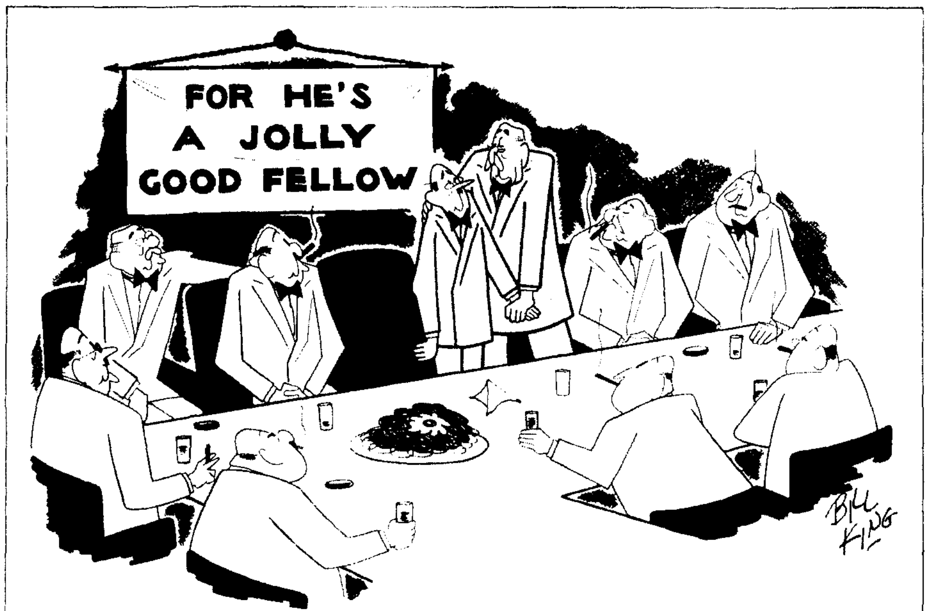
Necessary Steps to Solution

What we must do first is to make sure that the coal miners in Europe have enough food to enable them to do a day's work. Second, we must prevent German coal from being used for any but the most necessary manufacture. Beyond heating and public utility requirements in Germany, all coal produced should be exported to meet the needs of the countries which she has ravished. Immediate steps should be taken to secure, if it can be done, exports of coal from Russian-occupied Germany and Poland, particularly the Silesian coal mines.

Only by those most drastic measures can we prevent cold and hunger and unrest from spreading over Europe this winter. Since we cannot ourselves make up for all of this deficiency in coal, we ought to engage in the utmost possible exertions to prove to the people in the countries from which we helped to drive out the Germans that we are doing all that we can.

We do not want it ever to be said that Americans loved their comforts so much that they did not lift a finger to help the brave men and women of the devastated countries of our allies who face another marrow-chilling ordeal this winter. We cannot expect a friendly handshake from hands swollen with chilblains. We don't want these people to wonder whether they were not better off under German domination.

THE END



"Loomis, words can't express our appreciation for your twenty-five years of loyal, indispensable service, and we hate to have to let you go"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

New Ink
LICKS BIGGEST
PEN PROBLEMS!

CONTAINS PEN-PROTECTING SOLV-X

The office rocked, McFlit was gloomed—
His pen was clogged, he thought it doomed!

Till Suzie Smart suggested Quink...
He tried this pen-protecting ink!

It's solv-x keeps his pen so clean
Now all is peaceful and serene!

Every drop of Quink contains solv-x—protects pens 4 vital ways:

1. Ends gumming and clogging. Gives quick starting—even flow.
2. Actually cleans your pen as it writes... keeps it out of the repair shop.
3. Dissolves, flushes away sediment left by ordinary inks.
4. Prevents metal corrosion and rubber rot caused by high-acid inks.

Parker Quink solves most pen problems caused by ordinary high-acid inks. For only Quink contains *solv-x*, yet Quink costs no more than other inks. Ideal for any pen. 7 permanent, 2 washable colors. Regular size 25¢. School size 15¢. Also in pints and quarts. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada.

MAKE YOUR DOLLARS FIGHT—BUY WAR BONDS!

Copr. 1945 by The Parker Pen Company

PARKER Quink
THE ONLY INK CONTAINING SOLV-X

What is your Eye Q?

Money by the trainload couldn't buy your eyes from you. You know they're priceless. But what else do you know about them? You'll be far above average if you can answer the questions below. For despite the preciousness of our eyes, most people know alarmingly little about them or their care. Let's see how *you* do on the questions:

***1* Do your eyes help you walk?**

Just close them, and see how few steps you dare take! Eyes control 80% of all our motions, influence 83% of all our learning.

***2* How many people have normal vision . . . 80%, 60%, 30%?**

The lowest figure—30%—is correct. Seventy people out of a hundred are handicapped by faulty vision.

***3* What is an Ophthalmologist?—An Optometrist?—An Ophthalmic Dispenser?**

An Ophthalmologist is a medically-trained professional specialist who diagnoses and prescribes for eye and visual troubles, and performs surgery if necessary.

An Optometrist is an ophthalmically trained professional specialist who diagnoses and prescribes for visual troubles and who renders a complete service when glasses are necessary.

An Ophthalmic Dispenser (Optician) is a professional specialist trained to interpret prescriptions and to fashion, fit, and adjust glasses.

***4* How fast do your eyes change?**

Age, use and abuse change seeing power constantly. At age twenty, 23% of all eyes are faulty; at thirty, 39%; at forty, 48%; at fifty, 71%; and at sixty, 82%.

That's why it's wise to look to your eyes regularly. For your only pair of eyes must last your lifetime, and their need for care increases every day you live. See that they benefit from the best scientific services, skills, and training of competent experts.

***5* When were YOUR eyes last examined?**

BETTER VISION INSTITUTE, INC.
630 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 20, N. Y.

BETTER VISION BVI *FOR BETTER LIVING*

POINTLESS—BUT GOOD

BY RUTH CARSON

"DON'T get me wrong," says Mr. J. D. Trop, forking into a large green salad. "I'm no vegetarian. I was raised a meat eater, and I still like to eat meat. But there's plenty of other good food in the world. We are not food-poor in this country. The trouble is we don't eat enough of the foods that are plentiful."

Mr. Trop runs a small, highly successful food shop on the fringe of New York's theatrical district, where he serves frothy vegetable juices, salads and vitamin-packed sandwiches over the counter to the sundry people, from secretary to celebrity, who drop in. He calls the place Vitamaster, which promptly labels it a health-food joint, but he keeps it looking as much as possible like a regulation lunch counter, in order not to frighten you off.

"It's not hard to sell the idea to people in show business," he says. "They appreciate the value of staying young."

Mr. Trop is no restaurateur by profession. He's a movie producer, making Westerns for Paramount. He first took to fruits and vegetables for his health, but has since made a paying business of what became a hobby. New York is only his first location. He's got his eye on other towns, from Chicago to Miami.

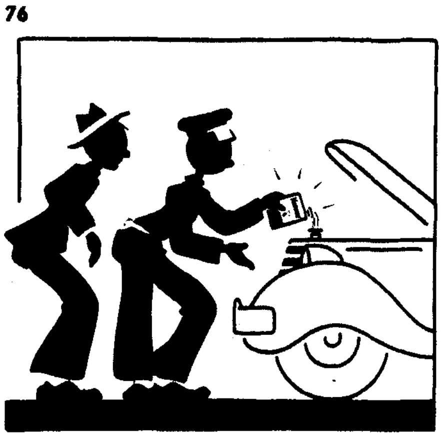
Ninety per cent of the people who eat in Mr. Trop's place are not health faddists. But they come back and bring their friends. For you don't have to be a health bug to relish a meal there and to make a wonderful discovery. Heaped with crisp, fresh vegetables and fruits, and literally flowing with milk and honey, it gives you the cue to more cool, unrationed good eating than you might dream possible in these days of shortages.

If you think you don't like vegetables, Mr. Trop knows the reason. It's because you've eaten nothing but soggy, overcooked vegetables with none of their original zesty flavor left in them. But try shredding your raw beets, carrots, cauliflower, green beans and parsnips, and see how fast you change your mind. Mix any two you've shredded with lettuce, escarole, chicory, romaine, celery and watercress. Toss with a dressing made of three parts lemon juice to one of oil, sweetened with a spot of honey. Spike if you like with herbs.

The trouble about salads, says Mr. Trop, is that too many people never look on them as a square meal. He doesn't blame them. Aren't most salads made out of a dab of lettuce and tomato? As for fruit salads, whoever heard of living on fruit? Well, our friend gleefully points out, the primates in the zoo do pretty well on it. All you need is a really good fruit salad.

The trick to fruit salads is to work the right combination. No citrus fruits with apple. Two fruits with one kind of berry give plenty of variety. Take slices of two fruits in season—say fresh pear and fresh pineapple—and put them on a bed of mixed greens. Add a few blueberries, a strawberry or two for flavor and color, and a little cottage cheese. Douse generously with sour cream, dribble honey around the edge, sprinkle wheat *(Continued on page 88)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LEON DEVOS



Time NOW to clean YOUR RADIATOR

When the anti-freeze rush is on, your service man may be too busy to condition your cooling system for winter. Now is the time to have him clean out rust and scale with NOR'WAY* CLEANER and seal minor leaks with NOR'WAY* STOP LEAK. This service is available at garages and service stations everywhere.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

CSC

NOR'WAY
Radiator Protection
COMMERCIAL SOLVENTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK 17 N. Y.

No more flea parties

Boss, I'm sick and tired of being a flea lunch . . . and playing host to a band of capering critters. Let's give 'em the old ONE-TWO right now!

ONE—In my bath, use Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Soap; it makes a clean sweep of fleas, and soothes my skin.

TWO—Sergeant's SKIP-FLEA Powder kills fleas and flea eggs, nips new arrivals. Dust it into my coat and my undersides every week.

You can get SKIP-FLEA at the drug or pet store, Boss, and be sure to ask for a copy of the FREE new Sergeant's Dog Book—at stores, or with this coupon.

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES
Dept. 2-J, Richmond 20, Virginia. Send the FREE 40-page Illustrated Dog Book to:

Print
Name__________
Address__________
City _____ State _____

I've got that flea-free feeling—May

Arch of Triumph

Continued from page 13

dried his hands and lit a cigarette; the nurse opened the window in silent disapproval.

"Bravo, Eugenie," Veber praised her. "Always follow the rules."

"I don't want to be blown up," the nurse declared. "I do have duties."

"That's nice, Eugenie. And reassuring."

"Some have none. And some don't want to have any."

Veber grinned. "That's meant for you, Ravic. We'd better take to our heels. Eugenie is always aggressive in the morning."

Ravic turned around. He looked at the dutiful nurse. She returned his look fearlessly. The steel-rimmed glasses made her somehow invulnerable. She was a human being like himself, but to him she appeared more alien than a tree. "Pardon me," he said, "you are right, Nurse."

Under the white light on the table lay what a few hours ago had been hope, breath, pain and quivering life. Now it was only an insensible cadaver, and the human automaton called Nurse Eugenie, with duties and respect for herself, proud of never having taken a false step, covered it up and wheeled it away.

"So long, Nurse," Veber said. "Finish up and take a good sleep today."

"Goodby, Doctor Veber. Thank you, Doctor."

"Goodby, Nurse," Ravic said. "Excuse my swearing."

"Good morning," Eugenie replied icily.

OUTSIDE a gray rainy day was dawning. Garbage trucks rattled through the streets. Veber turned up his collar. "Nasty weather! Can I give you a lift, Ravic?"

"No, thanks. I'd rather walk."

"In this weather? I can drop you. It's not out of my way."

Ravic shook his head. "Thank you, Veber."

Veber gave him an appraising look. "Strange that you still get excited when someone dies under the knife. You, one of the best surgeons Berlin ever had. Haven't you been at it for the last fifteen years? You should be used to it by now."

"Yes, I am. And I'm not excited."

Veber stood before Ravic, broad and heavy. His big round face shone like a Norman apple. His black, trimmed mustache, wet with rain, glittered. The car waiting for him at the curb also glittered. Snug and indifferent, Veber would soon drive home in it—to a rose-colored doll's house in the suburbs with a neat glittering woman in it and two neat glittering children and a neat glittering life. He was a fairly good physician, a solid citizen, a contented man who took things as they were.

How can one explain to him, Ravic wondered, something of that breathless tension when the knife begins the first cut and the narrow red trace follows the light pressure, when the body opens up like a manifold curtain, when organs which never saw the light are laid bare, when one follows a track like a hunter in a jungle and suddenly faces the huge wild beast, death, in destroyed tissues, in lumps, in tumors, in scissures; then, when the fight begins, the silent mad fight during which one can use no other weapon but a thin blade and a needle and a steady hand. . . . And how can one explain what it means when all at once a dark shadow rushes through the blinding white of stark concentration, with a majestic derision that seems to render the knife dull, the needle brittle and the hand heavy; and, when the life then ebbs away, the raging, senseless, rebellious helplessness. How can one explain it—and what is there to explain? One feels it, or one gives in, satisfied, that's all! One is a cross between a master mechanic and a better-class butcher, or a hunter, incessantly chasing. . . .

Ravic lit another cigarette. "Twenty-two years old," he said. "Maybe that's what makes one sick. If they were only old human ruins, it wouldn't matter quite so much."

Veber shook his head. "Sometimes I don't understand you. After all you have gone through, you should be damned tough by now."

Ravic looked at him. "One is tough only when one is completely innocent or absolutely unsuspecting, Veber. But one can get used to a lot of things."

"That's what I mean."

"Yes, and to some things never."

Veber stepped into his car. He trod on the starter and leaned out of the window. "Couldn't I drop you? You must be dead tired."

Like a seal, Ravic thought absent-mindedly. He is like a healthy seal.

"I'm not tired any longer," he said. "The coffee woke me up. Sleep well, Veber."

Veber was laughing. His teeth glistened beneath his black mustache. "I won't go to bed now. I'll work in my garden. I'll plant tulips and daffodils."

Tulips and daffodils, Ravic thought. In neatly separate beds with neat graveled paths between. Tulips and daffodils—the peach-colored, golden storm of spring.

"So long, Veber," he said. "You will take care of the rest of the arrangements for the girl, won't you?"

"Naturally; I'll call you up this evening. Sorry, the fee will be low. The girl was poor and, as it seems, had no relatives. She gave a hundred francs to Eugenie. Apparently that was all she had. That will be twenty-five francs for you."

"Never mind that," Ravic said impatiently. "So long, Veber."

"So long. See you tonight."

RAVIC strolled along the Rue Lauriston. Had it been summertime, he would have sat down on a bench in the Bois in the morning sun and, with vacant mind, let his eyes rest on the water and the green of the young woods, until the tension left him. Then he would have driven to the hotel and gone to bed.

Now he entered a bistro at the corner of the Rue Boissière. A few workers and truck drivers stood at the bar. They drank hot, black coffee, dipping brioches into it. Ravic watched them for a time. This was ordinary, uncomplicated life, a life to be held simply in one's two hands—with tiredness in the evening, eating, a woman and a heavy dreamless sleep.

He had a few drinks, and his thoughts drifted back to the dying girl. She had worn a cheap narrow chain of imitation gold around her right foot—one of those little follies that are only possible when one is young, sentimental and without taste. A chain with a little plate and an inscription, *Toujours Charles*, riveted around her ankle so that one could not take it off. . . .

The radio began to blare. A tango accompanying a nasal voice singing idiotic words. Ravic ordered another kirsch. Now he caught himself performing the whole operation once more. He checked every move. Maybe, two hours earlier there might have been a chance. Veber had had him called. He had not been in the hotel. So the girl had to die because he had been loafing on the Pont de l'Alma; Veber could not do it himself. . . . "Come into my boat, the moon is shining," the crooner squeaked in falsetto.

Ravic paid and left. Outside the first newsboys were passing. He bought an Intransigeant and looked over the headlines. *"Eleventh of November—Armistice Day!" "Parade to the Arc de Triomphe." "Speech of the President." "Wreath Placed on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier."* He looked at the date. November 11, 1938. That's right, it was today. The twentieth memorial of the Armistice. He bit his lips. In 1918 the war had ended; and today? Today everyone was waiting for the new war.

He threw the newspaper aside and looked at his watch. Past seven. He stopped a taxi. "Drive to the Hôtel International."

THE woman started up from the sofa. She did not cry out, she just started up with a low, suppressed sound, propped herself on her elbows and stiffened.

"Easy, easy," Ravic said, "it's me. The man who brought you here a few hours ago."

The woman breathed again. Ravic saw her only indistinctly; the glow of the electric bulbs blended with the morning creeping through the windows in a yellowish, pale, sickly light. "I think we can turn these off now," he said and pressed the switch.

Suddenly he felt soft hammers of drunkenness beating behind his forehead, and he would have liked to get rid of the woman now. He had drunk enough, the props of his consciousness had shifted, and memories and dreams stood around him, strong and fearless. He wanted to be alone.

"Do you want some coffee?" he asked. "It's the only thing that's any good here."

The woman shook her head. Ravic looked more closely at her. "What's the matter? Was anybody here?"

"No."

"But something must be the matter. You stare at me like a ghost."

The woman moved her lips. "The—smell—suddenly—" she said.

"Smell?" Ravic repeated uncomprehendingly. "Calvados hardly smells, neither does kirsch. And cigarettes you smoke yourself. What's there about that to be scared of?"

The woman shivered as if she were cold. "I don't mean that—"

"What is it then, for God's sake?" Ravic asked impatiently.

"It is the same—the same smell—"

"Heavens, it must be ether." It suddenly occurred to him. "Is it ether?"

She nodded.

"Have you ever been operated on?"

"No—it is—"

Ravic did not listen further. He opened the window. "It will be gone in a minute. Here, smoke a cigarette meanwhile."

He went into the bathroom and turned on the faucets. The water shot into the basin. Ravic looked into the mirror. A few hours ago he had stood here in the same way. In the interim a human being had died. It did not matter. Thousands of people die every instant; there are statistics about it. It did not matter. For the one individual, however, it meant everything and was more important than the still revolving world.

He undressed and turned on the shower. The cool water streamed over his skin. He drew a deep breath and dried himself. The comfort of small things, he thought: water, breath, evening rain. Only he who lives

ANSWERS
ADOPTED WORD RELATIVES—I

Page 52

Australian	kangaroo	boomerang
Eskimo	igloo	kayak
French	ballet	trousseau
German	blitzkrieg	waltz
Hawaiian	taró	ukulele
Hungarian	coach	hussar
Irish	slogan	colleen
Italian	balloon	influenza
Portuguese	veranda	flamingo
Russian	czar	mammoth
Scandinavian	keg	saga
Scotch	crag	preen
African Dutch	dune	caboose
Spanish	rodeo	siesta
Turkish	tulip	vampire

And Our "Live-in" Room Will Say-

"HAPPY PEOPLE LIVE HERE!"

ADD HAPPINESS TO YOUR HOME WITH NEW KROEHLER *Comfort Construction* FURNITURE!

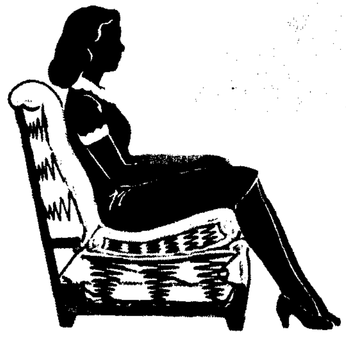
Here's a real "Live-In" Room! No standoffish atmosphere here. This room radiates hospitality, encourages companionship, nurtures happiness. You, your youngsters, and friends will cherish every hour spent here.

Plan yours today with Kroehler furniture. Its new, 5-Star Comfort Construction takes an almost personal interest in your comfort . . . helps you relax by shaping instantly to *you*.

Still, it's one of the most rewarding of all investments. Ask grandmother what a *value* Kroehler now offers, compared to furniture of *her* newlywed days. Let your Authorized Kroehler Dealer help you plan your "Live-In" Room *now!*

Only Kroehler Has 5-Star Comfort Construction

New sit-down comfort! Get-up ease! Stretch-out relaxation! This scientifically engineered construction is more comfortable and better built than ever before.



1. **Sturdy Hardwood Frames** —*that will not break down*
2. **Permanent Steel-Web Seat Construction** —*that will not sag*
3. **Buoyant Shape-Retaining Spring Cushions** —*that never become lumpy*
4. **Sensitive Posture-Forming Back Springs** —*that will not lose their shape*
5. **Precision Craftsmanship and Clean New Materials** —*inside and out*

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

KROEHLER

(*Say KRAY-LER*)

Furniture

KROEHLER

WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE MANUFACTURER

Look for the Kroehler Label—Your Assurance of Famous Kroehler 5-Star Comfort Construction.

No twist— No trouble—
No tick-tock with a
G-E Alarm Clock

G-E "Corporal" $4.50, plus tax

Just set your General Electric Alarm Clock . . . plug it in . . . and the self-starting G-E motor does the rest.

No Twist: No keys to wind—or to forget to wind. Electricity keeps it going with split second accuracy, eliminates the nuisance of winding.

No Trouble: There's no spring to break, no delicate balance wheel to get out of kilter. And the sealed-in-oil mechanism of a G-E Clock will give attention-free service for years and years.

No Tick-Tock: You'll appreciate this alarm clock because it's *so quiet.* No annoying ticking, only the turning of the big sweep second hand tells you it's on the job. But the pleasant alarm is a sure "waker-upper."

If your dealer is out of stock, be patient, try him again soon. And remember, it won't be long before he'll have a full line of General Electric Clocks for all your needs. General Electric Co., Bridgeport, Conn.

FOR GOOD LISTENING: Don't miss Art Linkletter, in "The G-E House Party," every afternoon, Monday through Friday, 4 p. m., E.W.T., CBS. "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra," Sunday, 10 p. m., E.W.T., NBC. "The World Today," News, Monday through Friday, 6:45 p. m., E.W.T., CBS.

FOR FINAL VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD MORE WAR BONDS

General Electric Clocks
GENERAL ELECTRIC

alone knows them. Grateful skin. More freely circling blood in the dark channels. To lie down in a meadow. Birches. Hot summer clouds. The sky of youth. Where have the adventures of the heart gone? Killed by the dark adventures of existence.

He returned to the room. The woman was crouching in the corner of the sofa, the blanket high up to her chin.

"Are you cold?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Scared?"

She nodded.

"Of me?"

"No."

"Of the outside?"

"Yes."

Ravic closed the window. "Thank you," she said.

He looked at the nape of the neck in front of him, at the shoulders. Something that breathes, he thought. A little piece of strange life—but life. Warmth. No stiffening, dying body. What can one give another but some warmth? And what is greater than that?

The woman moved. She looked at Ravic. He felt the wave breaking. Deep coolness without heaviness embraced him. The tension was over. Infinite space opened before him. It was as though he had returned after a night on another planet. Suddenly everything was simple—the morning, the woman—there was nothing to think about.

"Come," he said.

RAVIC woke up with the feeling that he was being watched. The woman was sitting on the sofa; she was not looking at him; she was looking out of the window. Ravic closed his eyes again. He had expected to find her gone. He was annoyed that she was still there; he could not stand people around him in the morning.

He tried to fall asleep again; but it was disturbing to him that the woman might be watching him. He made up his mind to get rid of her at once. If she was waiting for money, it was simple. It would be easy in any case. He opened his eyes and sat up.

The woman was startled and looked at him. "I couldn't sleep any longer. I am sorry."

"Look out of the window for a minute until I get some clothes on."

She stood up. "I wanted to leave," she said. "I don't know what kept me sitting here."

"Wait, I'll soon be ready. You'll have breakfast. The famous coffee of this hotel. We'll both have enough time for that."

He rose and telephoned. Then he went into the bathroom. He saw that she had used it; but everything was neatly arranged and in place; even the used bathtowels. While shaving he heard the chambermaid come in with the breakfast. He hurried.

"Were you embarrassed?" he asked when he came out of the bathroom.

"What for?"

"Because the girl saw you. I didn't think of that."

"No. Nor was she surprised," the woman told him.

"Of course not. This is Paris. Here, drink this. Have you a headache?"

"No."

"Well, I have," Ravic said. "But it will be gone in a couple of hours. Have some brioches."

The woman took a brioche. Then she put it back again. "I can't eat."

"Then have a cigarette. That's a soldier's breakfast."

"Yes."

Ravic ate. "Aren't you hungry yet?" he asked after a while.

"No."

The woman put out her cigarette. "I think—" she said and stopped.

"What do you think?" Ravic asked without interest.

"I should be going now."

"Where do you live?"

"Hôtel Verdun."

"It's a few minutes from here. I can direct you outside. Anyway, I'll have to take you past the porter."

"Yes—but it's not that—"

The woman was silent again. Money, Ravic thought. "I can easily help you out, if you are hard up." He took his wallet out of his pocket.

"Don't," the woman said sharply. "What's that for?"

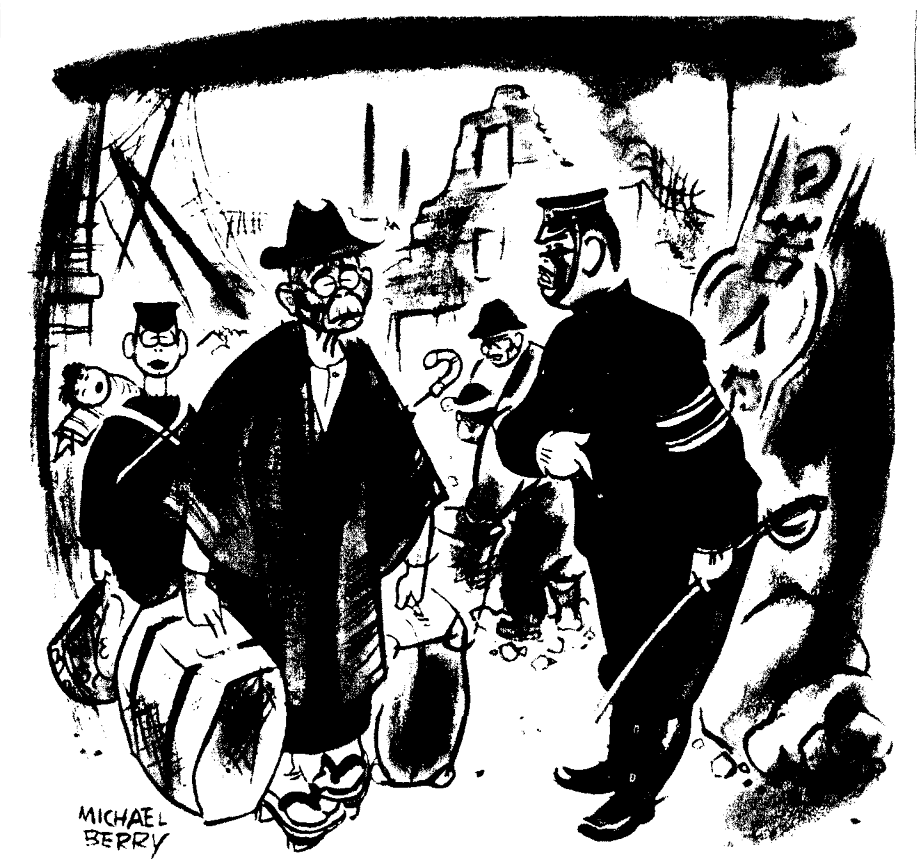
"Nothing."

"Excuse me—" She rose. "I didn't intend to do that. You were—I wanted to thank you—it would have been, the night alone—I wouldn't have known—"

Ravic thought it would have been ridiculous if the woman had made any claim on

TOKYO TALKING

by MICHAEL BERRY



"Please proceed to where Nippon Bank used to be, turn left to where Post Office used to be, and you will find yourself right in front of where Railroad Station used to be"

COLLIER'S

him, but he had not expected her to thank him.

"I really would not have known—" the woman said.

"And now you know?" Ravic said just to say something.

"No." She looked at him openly. "I do not know yet. I only know that I must do something. I know that I cannot escape."

"That's a lot." Ravic took his coat. "I'll take you down now."

"It's not necessary. Only tell me—" She hesitated, searching for words. "Perhaps you know—what must be done—if—"

"If?" Ravic said after a while.

"If someone dies," the woman blurted and suddenly collapsed. She wept. She did not sob, she wept, almost soundlessly.

Ravic waited until she was calmer. "Has someone died?"

She nodded.

"Last night?"

She nodded again.

"Did you kill him?"

The woman stared at him. "What? What did you say?"

"Did you do it? When you ask me what to do you must tell me."

"He died!" the woman cried. "He died! Suddenly he was—"

She covered her face.

"Was he sick?" Ravic asked.

"Yes—and suddenly—"

"Did you have a doctor?"

"Yes. Two days ago. But he had—he ranted against the doctor and refused to see him again."

"Didn't you call another doctor?"

"We didn't know of any. We have been here only three weeks. This one—the waiter got us this one—and he did not want him any more—he said he thought he would be better off without him."

"What was the matter with him?"

"I don't know. The doctor said pneumonia—but he didn't believe him—he said all doctors are crooks—and he was really feeling better yesterday, and then suddenly—"

"Why didn't you take him to the hospital?"

"He did not want to go. He said—he—I would betray him when he was away. He—you don't know him—there was nothing to be done."

"Is he still at the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Did you tell the owner of the hotel what had happened?"

"I don't know; no, I didn't. Suddenly I couldn't bear it and I ran away—"

Ravic thought about the night; but he pushed the idea aside at once. It had happened and it was of no consequence to him, nor to the woman; particularly to the woman. Last night nothing had really mattered to her and only one thing was important: that she should get through it.

"I'll go with you," he said.

THE owner of the Hôtel Verdun was fat. He hadn't a single hair on his head. To make up for it he had a dyed black mustache and bushy black eyebrows. He was standing in the lobby; behind him there were a waiter in shiny tails, a chambermaid and a cashier with a flat bosom.

It was evident that he already knew everything. He burst into abuse as soon as he saw the woman enter. His face paled, he waved his fat little hands in the air and he sputtered with rage, indignation and, as Ravic saw, relief. When he came to "police, aliens, suspicion and prison," Ravic interrupted him.

"Do you come from Provence?" he asked.

The hotelkeeper stopped short. "What do you mean?" he asked in surprise.

"Nothing," Ravic replied. "I only wanted to interrupt you. An utterly senseless question is the best way. You would have gone on talking for another hour."

"Mister, who are you? What do you want?"

"This is the first intelligent sentence you've said up to now."

The hotelkeeper calmed down. "Who are you?" he asked more quietly, careful not to insult an influential man, under any circumstances.

"I'm the doctor," Ravic replied.

The hotelkeeper saw that there was no danger here. "There is no need of a doctor now," he burst out anew. "This is a case for the police!"

He stared at Ravic and the woman. He expected fear, protest and entreaties.

"That's a good idea," Ravic said. "Why aren't they already here? You've known for several hours that the man is dead!"

The hotelkeeper did not answer.

"I'll tell you why," Ravic declared. "You yourself don't want the police here. You don't want a scandal because of your guests. Many people would move out if they heard about such things. But the police must come, that's the law. It's up to you to hush it up. But that wasn't what bothered you. You were afraid the mess would be left in your lap. You needn't have been. Besides you were afraid because of your bill. It will be paid. And now I want to see the corpse. Then I'll take care of everything else."

He walked past the hotelkeeper. "What is the room number?" he asked the woman.

"Fourteen."

"You don't have to come with me. I can handle it alone."

"No. I don't want to stay here."

"It would be better for you not to see any more."

"No, I will not stay here."

"All right. Just as you like."

IT WAS a front room with a low ceiling. A few chambermaids, porters and waiters crowded around the door. Ravic pushed them aside. There were two beds in the room; in the one near the wall, the body of the man was lying. He lay there yellow and stiff like a wax figure, with curled black hair, in red silk pajamas. His folded hands were clutching a cheap carved wooden Madonna.

Ravic bent over the corpse. He took stock of the bottles on the table near the bed and examined the body. No trace of violence. He drew himself up. "Do you know the name of the doctor who was here?" he asked the woman.

"No."

He looked at her. "First of all you sit down over there. On that chair in the corner. And stay there. Is the waiter who called the doctor for you here?"

His eyes skimmed over the faces at the door. There was the same expression on each of them: horror and greed.

"François was on this floor," said the charwoman who was holding a broom like a spear in her hand.

"Where is François?"

A waiter pushed himself through the crowd.

"What was the name of the doctor who was here?" Ravic asked.

"Bonnet. Charles Bonnet."

"Do you know his telephone number?"

The waiter fumbled for it in his pockets. "Passy 2743."

"All right." Ravic saw the face of the hotelkeeper emerging from the crowd. "Let's close the door first. Or do you want the people from the street to come in, too?"

"No! Get out! Get out! Why do you stand around here stealing my time for which you get paid?" He chased the employees out of the room and closed the door.

Ravic took the receiver from the hook. He called Veber and talked to him for a short while. Then he called the Passy number. Bonnet was in his consultation room. He confirmed what the woman had said.

"The man has died," Ravic said. "Could you come over and make out the death certificate?"

"That man threw me out in the most insulting manner. He didn't pay my fee. Instead he called me an avaricious quack."

"Would you come so that your bill can be paid?"

"I could send someone."

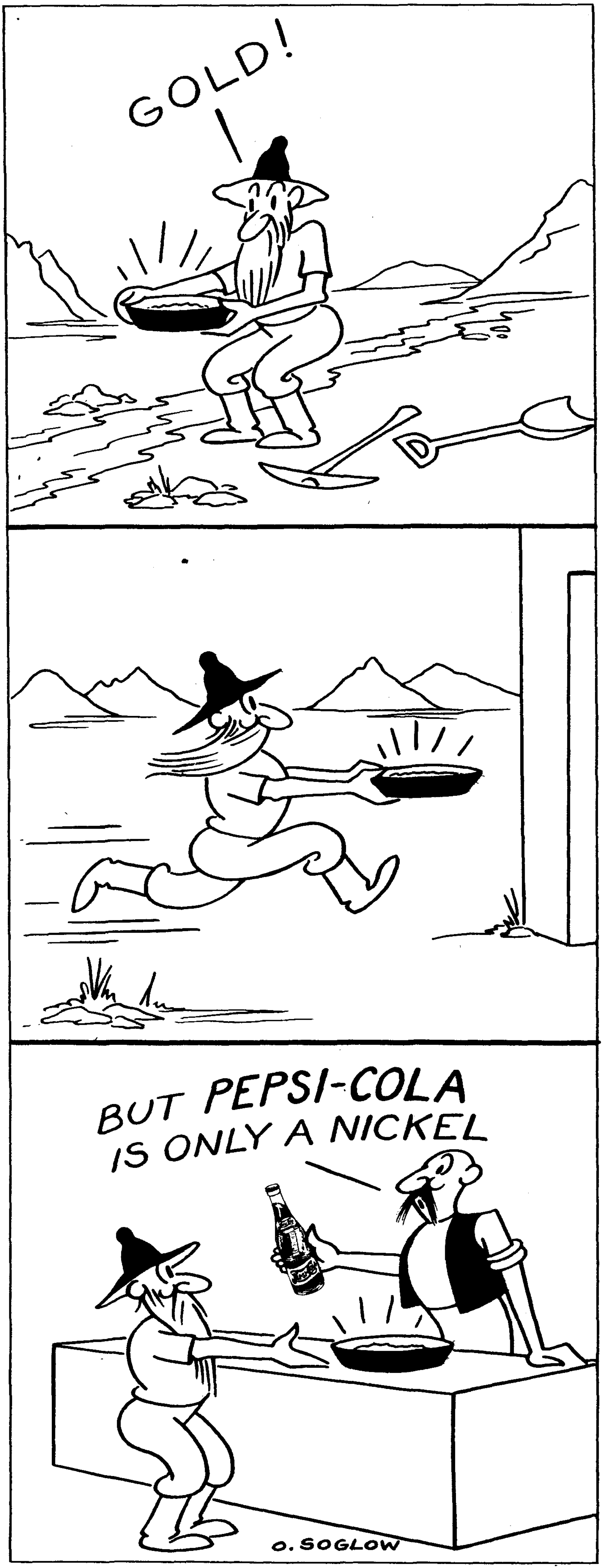
"You had better come yourself. Otherwise you will never get your money."

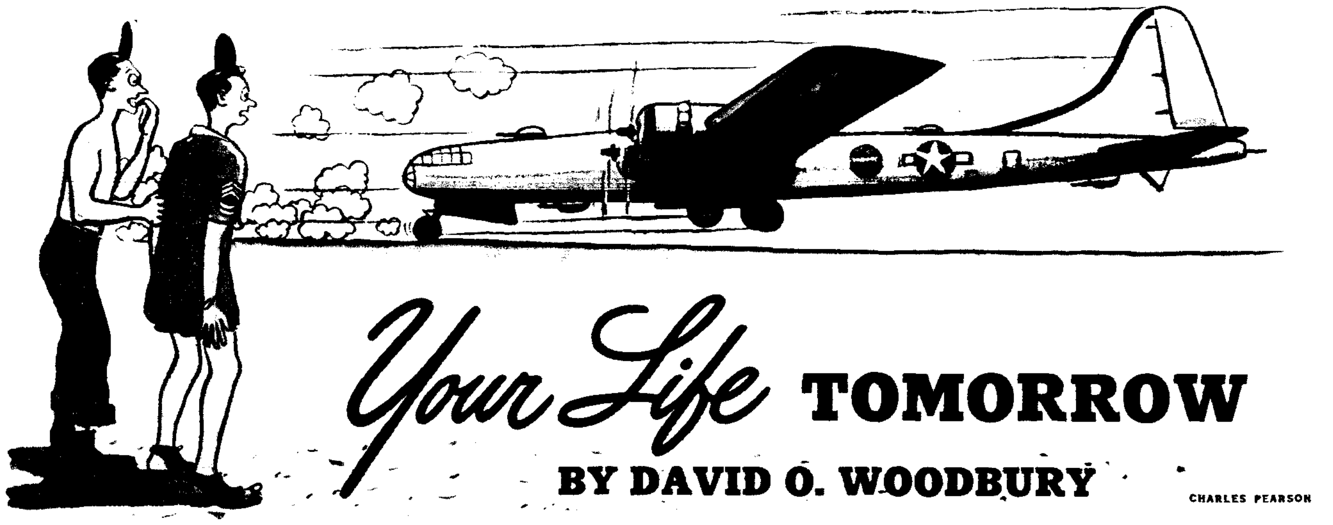
"I'll come," Bonnet said after some hesitation. "But I won't sign anything before I'm paid. It amounts to three hundred francs."

"All right. Three hundred. You'll get it."

Ravic hung up. "I'm sorry you had to listen to this," he said to the woman. "But there was no alternative. We need the man."

(Continued on page 80)


GOLD!
BUT PEPSI-COLA IS ONLY A NICKEL
O. SOGLOW



Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

CHARLES PEARSON

Back Up, Airplane!

A B-29 bomber landed at a big municipal airport the other day and rolled to a stop at the end of the field. The pilot's voice came over the radio to the control tower: "Requesting permission to back up to discharge passengers." There was a pause while the puzzled traffic director consulted his assistants. Finally he radioed back:

"Any aircraft on this field that can back up has this tower's permission to do it."

Whereupon the control people watched bug-eyed while the huge plane moved tail-first down the field to the unloading platform.

It was not magic; just a new kind of reversing-blade propeller that will help your airliner of tomorrow slow down much quicker when coming in for a landing.

"Reverse-thrust" propellers will be used for brakes on all kinds of large planes. They will be operated by controls which will add very little weight to the aircraft. But they will save as much as fifty per cent of the weight of conventional mechanical brakes which all planes must use when they touch the ground.

In Army tests, heavy bombers have been brought to a stop in approximately half the runway distance they usually require.

Most important feature of the new system to the commercial airline will be the very large savings in the huge and expensive rubber tires on landing gear. At present these tires must stand the full strain of slowing down and stopping the plane's weight of many tons, which wears them out rapidly. Reverse-thrust propellers will make the air do most of the work. Air costs nothing and never wears out.

More and Better Penicillin

The penicillin of tomorrow will be more powerful and far easier to grow. Even a year ago it was so difficult and tedious to make that only the armed forces could be sure of a supply. Today the magic drug is made by giant production-line methods that produce a reasonable supply for all who really need its help. But the scientists are not satisfied with that. With methods of growing the mold about as good as they can be, something brand-new is needed, and that something is a new "strain" of mold—a family descendant of the standard one that will grow like witch grass and produce a penicillin that will kill more kinds of germs.

One way to get a new strain is to wait patiently for nature to grow it, purely by chance. But this is too slow. Instead, researchers are trying to make the change by violence, using the famous cyclotron to batter the molecules of the mold till entirely new forms are created—something that nature cannot do alone.

Already more than a hundred new strains have been made by this strong-arm method, and many more are coming up. Some grow much faster than the original mold, some grow slower but promise to have more germicidal power. The important thing is that somewhere among the billions of possible variations which can be made by using the cyclotron, there will be the ideal strain, perhaps with properties that will make it as great a discovery as penicillin itself. To find this ideal is only a question of time and infinite pains. Both of which the scientists of tomorrow will have.

It Sticks!

It will stick the pictures to the wall. It will mend broken glass; it will stick patches on inner tubes and mend holes in raincoats. It will fasten metal to metal, wood to wood—it will anchor any known solid to any other—for good. Waterproof, corrosionproof, shockproof, flexible; stronger at the joint than the material itself, you will have a new glue for a thousand different uses in home, office and factory.

Adhesives made from plastics accomplished great things in the war. In a little while now they will be on the shelves of every hardware store in bottles, tubes and cans, by the pound, gallon or barrel. They will not be expensive or scarce once peacetime production gets under way.

The new adhesives can be used "wet" or "dry." In the wet method you simply smear both surfaces with the gluey mixture, wait a few minutes, then press them together and leave them for a day. This gives the best results for wood, cloth and paper, or any substance that is porous. In the dry method the coated surfaces of the joint are dried thoroughly, then pressed together and clamped, then heated for a few minutes at baking oven temperature. This is best for metal, glass or porcelain.

No special tools are needed; there is no delay or troublesome mixing in exact proportions. In the future gluing anything to anything will be easy for any amateur who can follow plain directions. All the makers ask now is that the public be patient. None of these magic adhesives has yet been released by the military forces. ★★★

Arch of Triumph

Continued from page 79

The woman already had some money in her hand. "It doesn't matter," she replied, "such things are not new to me."

WHEN the door closed behind Bonnet it became suddenly quiet. After the tumultuous past hours the presence of the dead man was now felt for the first time. His powerful silence filled the cheap small room and it was of no consequence that he wore bright red silk pajamas; he reigned even as a dead clown might reign—because he did not move any more.

"You were not married to him, were you?" Ravic asked.

"No. Why?"

"The law. His estate. The police will want to make a list of what belonged to you, and to him. You must keep what belongs to you. What is his, will be retained for his relatives. Had he any?"

"Not in France."

"You had been living with him, hadn't you?"

The woman did not answer.

"For a long time?"

"For two years."

Ravic looked around. "Haven't you any suitcases?"

"I have. They were—over there against the wall—last night."

"I see, the hotelkeeper." Ravic opened the door quickly. The charwoman with the broom started back. "Mother," he said, "for your age you are much too inquisitive. Get me the hotelkeeper."

The old woman mumbled something and disappeared pushing the broom before her.

"I'm sorry," Ravic said, "but it can't be helped. It may seem vulgar, yet we'd better do it right now. It's simpler, even if you may not understand it at the moment."

"I do," the woman replied.

Ravic looked at her. "You understand?"

"Yes. I've learned to."

The hotelkeeper entered, a paper in his hand. He did not knock at the door.

"Where are the suitcases?" Ravic asked.

"First the bill. Here. You've got to pay the bill first."

"First the suitcases. No one has as yet refused to pay your bill. The room is still rented. And next time knock at the door before you enter. Let me have the bill and get us the suitcases."

The man gave him a furious look.

"You'll get your money all right," Ravic said.

The hotelkeeper left. He slammed the door.

"Have you any money in the suitcases?" Ravic asked the woman.

"I— No, I don't think so."

"Do you know where there might be any money? In his suit? Or wasn't there any?"

"He had money in his wallet." The woman hesitated. "He kept it under his pillow most of the time."

Ravic got up. He carefully lifted the pillow on which the head of the dead man rested and drew forth a black wallet. He gave it to the woman. "Take out the money and everything that is important to you. Quickly. There is no time left for sentimentality. You've got to live. What other purpose could it serve? To get moldy at police headquarters?"

He looked out the window for a minute. A truck driver was having a row with the driver of a grocer's wagon drawn by two horses. He was berating him with the full superiority conferred by a heavy motor. Ravic turned around again.

"Ready?"

"Yes."

"Give the wallet back to me."

He pushed it under the pillow. He noticed that it was thinner than it had been. "Put the things into your bag," he said.

She did it obediently. Ravic picked up the bill and perused it. "Have you already paid a bill here?"

"I don't know. I think so."

"This is a bill for two weeks. Were the bills always paid promptly?"

"Yes, always. He often said that in our situation it is important always to pay promptly."

"That scoundrel of a hotelkeeper! Have you any idea where the last bill might be?"

"No. I only know that he kept all his papers in the small suitcase."

There was a knock at the door. Ravic could not help smiling. The porter brought in the suitcases. The hotelkeeper came in after him.

"Are these all?" Ravic asked the woman.

"Yes."

"Naturally these are all," the hotelkeeper growled. "What did you expect?"

RAVIC picked up the smaller suitcase. "Have you got a key to this?" he asked the woman. "No? Where is it?"

"In his suit. In the wardrobe."

Ravic opened the wardrobe. It was empty. "Well?" he asked the hotelkeeper.

The hotelkeeper turned to the porter. "Well?" he spat.

"The suit is outside," stammered the porter. "Being brushed and cleaned."

"He does not need that any more," Ravic said.

"Bring it in at once, you damned thief," the hotelkeeper yelled.

The porter gave him a funny look, winked and left. He returned immediately with the suit.

Ravic shook the jacket; then the trousers. There was a clinking sound.

Ravic took the keys out of the pocket and opened the suitcase. On top lay a canvas folder. "Is this it?" he asked the woman.

She nodded.

He found the bill at once. The bill was receipted. He showed it to the hotelkeeper. "You have overcharged for a whole week."

"So what?" he shouted. "And the trouble! The mess! The excitement! All that is nothing? And the bed? The room must be fumigated! The bedclothes are ruined."

"The bedclothes are on the bill. Also a dinner for twenty-five francs that he was supposed to have eaten last night. Did you eat anything last night?" Ravic asked the woman.

"No. But couldn't I just pay for it? It is—I'd like to get it over with quickly."

To get it over with quickly, Ravic thought. Better so—even if it is ugly. He picked up a pencil from the table and began to figure. Then he handed the bill to the hotelkeeper. "Do you agree?"

The latter glanced at the final figure. "Do you think I am crazy? Who are you anyway? Why are you meddling?"

"I am a brother," Ravic said. "Do you agree?"

"Plus ten per cent for service and taxes. Otherwise not."

"All right." Ravic added on the figures. "You'll have to pay two hundred and ninety-two francs," he said to the woman.

She took the three hundred-franc notes out of her bag and gave them to the hotelkeeper who grabbed them and turned to go. "The room must be vacated by six o'clock. Otherwise it will count as another day."

"We get eight francs change," Ravic said.

Sullenly the hotelkeeper counted out eight francs on the table.

"Damned foreigners," he muttered and left the room.

"Now we still have the police to deal with and then he can be taken away," Ravic said, looking toward the woman. She was sitting quietly in the corner among the suitcases, in the slowly gathering dusk. "When one is dead, one becomes very important—when one is alive, nobody cares."

He looked at the woman again. "Would you like to go downstairs? There must be a writing room there."

She shook her head.

"I'll go with you."

"No. I'd like to stay here."

"There is nothing to do. Why do you want to stay here?"

"I don't know. He—won't be here much longer. I often—he wasn't happy with me. I often went out. Now I won't go out."

She spoke calmly, monotonously, and with-

"Wish I were home tonight"

HOW many times in your life have you finished a business mission in a distant city and wished mightily for a magic carpet to whisk you home to your own fireside?

Things have changed a lot since the days of "layovers" and enforced idleness connected with business travel. The airplane has so altered the nature of travel that it has in many respects changed the nature of business along with it. Not only does it save *time* but it enables a man to make more strategic *use* of it, giving him the capacity to execute many jobs in place of one.

Our airliners are busy helping wind up a war today... and doing a capital job of it. Tomorrow they will be at your service again... bigger ones, better ones—and *many* more of them!

When you travel by Air *make reservations early; please cancel early if plans change.* When you use Air Express, *speed delivery by dispatching shipments as soon as they're ready.* Air Transport Assn., 1515 Massachusetts Ave., N.W., Washington 5, D. C.

* * *

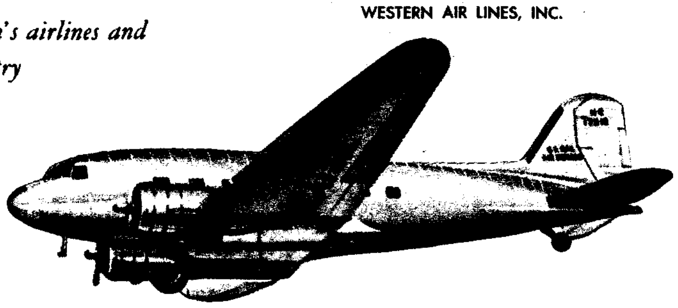
This advertisement is sponsored by the nation's airlines and leading manufacturers in the aviation industry

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES

* * *

ALASKA AIRLINES, INC.
ALL AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.
AMERICAN EXPORT AIRLINES, INC.
BRANIFF AIRWAYS, INC.
CHICAGO AND SOUTHERN AIR LINES, INC.
COLONIAL AIRLINES, INC.
CONTINENTAL AIR LINES, INC.
DELTA AIR LINES
EASTERN AIR LINES, INC.
INLAND AIR LINES, INC.
MID-CONTINENT AIRLINES, INC.
NATIONAL AIRLINES, INC.
NORTHEAST AIRLINES, INC.
NORTHWEST AIRLINES, INC.
PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS
PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAYS, INC.
PENNSYLVANIA-CENTRAL AIRLINES CORP.
TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIR, INC.
UNITED AIR LINES, INC.
WESTERN AIR LINES, INC.

THE AIRLINES OF THE UNITED STATES
LEADING THE WORLD IN AIR TRANSPORT



BOTTLED AT THE WORLD'S LARGEST VINEYARD
I.V.C
Bottled at the Winery
I•V•C
California
PORT
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY I.V.C. Wineries, GUASTI, CALIFORNIA
DISTRIBUTED BY CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

For the respectful attention of Port Lovers—

"DRY" grapes from non-irrigated vineyards give I.V.C. wines that extra delicious flavor.

Naturally, these non-irrigated "DRY" grapes of ours grow smaller, but the precious juices are more luscious . . . just naturally richer for wine.

Once you've tasted I.V.C. Port, you'll want to start a wine cellar for yourself with our Sherry...Sauterne...Rhine... Grignolino and sparkling Champagne.

Since 1883, these rare California wines have been bottled...here at the world's largest vineyard located in the Cucamonga Valley. Today, I.V.C. bottles eighteen different fine wines for your pleasure under the famous Gold Medal label.

I•V•C
WINES
BOTTLED AT THE WINERY

Distributed by
CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.
New York, N. Y.

out sentimentality. "He won't know that now," Ravic said.

"It isn't that—"

"All right. I'll have a drink sent up. You need it." Ravic did not wait for an answer. He rang the bell. Surprisingly the waiter appeared promptly. "Bring us two cognacs."

"In here?"

"Yes. Where else?"

The waiter brought two glasses and a bottle of cognac. He started toward the corner where the bed glimmered whitely in the dusk. "Shall I turn on the light?" he asked.

"No. But you can leave the bottle here."

The waiter put the tray on the table and departed as quickly as he could.

Ravic took the bottle and filled the glasses. "Drink this, it will do you good."

He thought the woman would refuse and he would have to persuade her. But she emptied the glass without hesitation.

"Is there anything else of value in these suitcases that aren't yours?"

"No."

"Not even the small suitcase?"

"Maybe. I don't know what he kept in it."

Ravic picked up the suitcase and put it on the small table near the window. A few bottles; some underwear; two notebooks; a box of water colors; brushes; a book; in a compartment of the canvas folder two bank notes wrapped in tissue paper.

He held them up to the light. "Here is a hundred dollars," he said. "Take it. You could live on this for a while. We'll put the suitcase with your belongings. It could have been yours just as well."

"Thank you," the woman said.

"Possibly you find all this disgusting. But it has to be done. It is important to you. It will give you a breathing spell."

"I don't find it disgusting. Only I couldn't have done it myself."

Ravic filled the glasses again. "Why don't you have another drink?"

She emptied the glass slowly.

"Do you feel better now?" Ravic asked.

She looked at him. "Neither better nor worse. Nothing." The dusk enveloped her. Sometimes the red reflection of the neon lights flickered across her face and hands. "I can't think at all," she said, "as long as he is here."

THE two ambulance men turned back the blanket and put the stretcher down near the bed. Then they lifted the body. They did it quickly and in a businesslike manner. Ravic stood close to the woman to be at hand in case she fainted.

Before the men covered the body, he bent down and took the small wooden Madonna out of the dead hands. "I think this belongs to you," he said. "Don't you want to keep it?"

"No."

"When they wash him, they will throw it away. You had better keep it."

He held it out to her. She did not take it. He opened the smaller suitcase and put it in.

The ambulance men covered the corpse with a cloth. Then they lifted the stretcher. The door was too narrow and the corridor outside was not wide enough. They tried to get it through; but it was impossible. The stretcher banged against the wall.

"We must take him off," said the older one. "We can't turn the corner this way." He looked at Ravic.

"Come," said Ravic to the woman; "we'll wait downstairs."

She shook her head.

"All right," he said to the man. "Do what you think necessary."

BOTH men lifted the body holding it by the feet and shoulders and put it on the floor. Ravic wanted to say something. He watched the woman. She did not move. He kept silent.

The men carried the stretcher into the hall. Then they came back into the dusk and carried the body out into the dimly lit corridor. Ravic followed them. They had to lift the stretcher very high in order to go down the stairs. Their faces swelled and became red and wet with perspiration under this weight, and the dead body teetered heavily above them. Ravic's eyes followed them until they reached the foot of the stairs. Then he went back.

The woman was standing near the window looking out. The ambulance was parked on the street. The men pushed the stretcher into it like bakers pushing bread into the oven. Then they climbed up on their seats, the motor groaned and the car shot around the corner in a sharp curve.

The woman turned around.

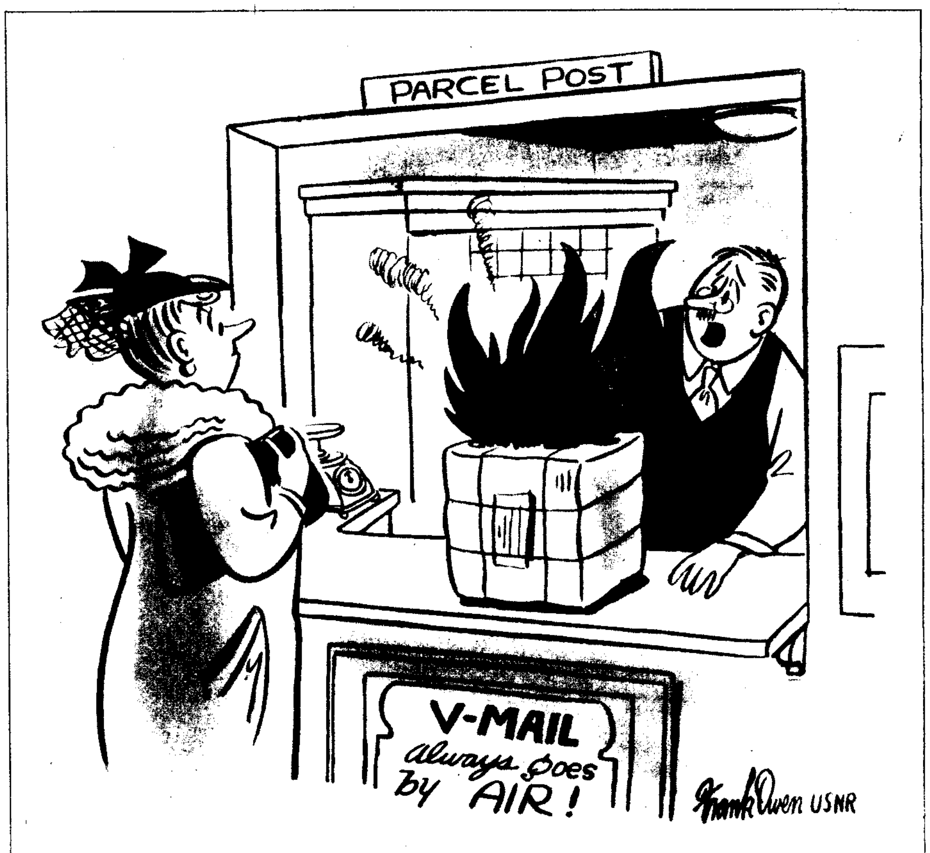
"You should have left before," Ravic said. "Why did you have to see the finish of it?"

"I could not. I could not leave before him. Don't you understand that?"

"Yes."

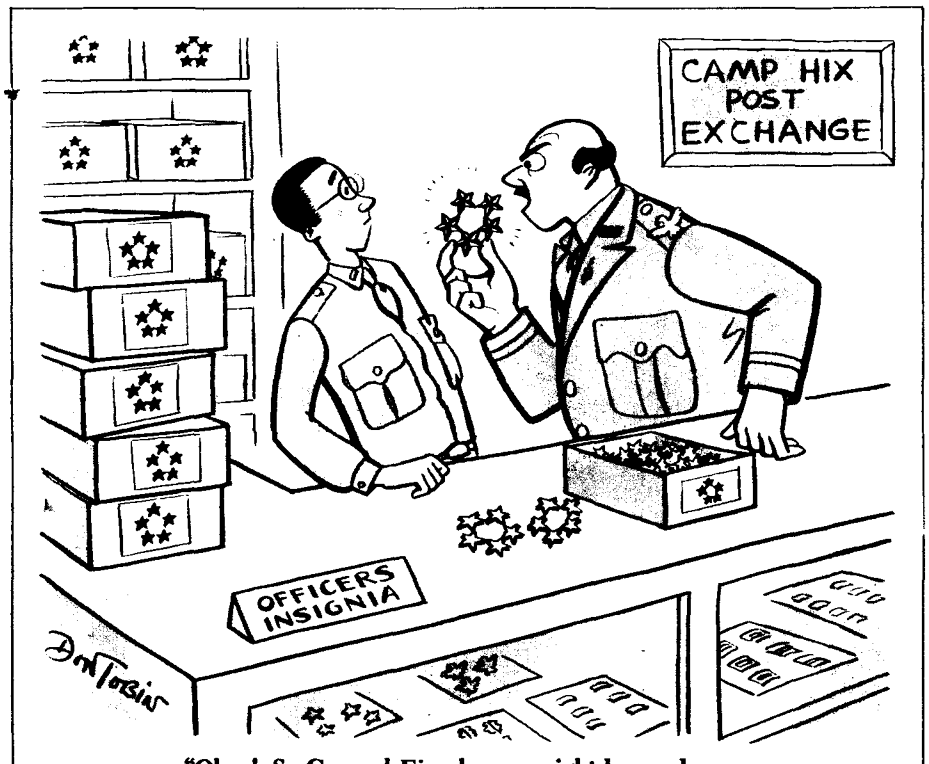
Ravic had turned on the light when the ambulance and the police came. The room seemed bigger now that the body was gone. Bigger and strangely dead; as though the body had been carried away and death alone was left.

"Do you want to stay here in the hotel? I imagine not."



"Any intoxicants, perishables or inflammables in there?"

COLLIER'S FRANK OWEN, USNR



"Okay! So General Eisenhower might buy a dozen of them. What do we do with the other 125 gross?"

COLLIER'S DON TOBIN

"No."

"Do you know a hotel where you'd like to live?"

"No."

"There is a small one in the neighborhood, similar to this. Clean and decent. Hôtel de Milan. We might find something for you there."

"Couldn't I go to the hotel where—to your hotel?"

"The International is not the right hotel for women," Ravic said.

THAT would be the finishing touch, he thought; in the same hotel. I am not a nurse. And besides, maybe she thinks I already have some sort of responsibility. That could be.

"I can't advise you to go there," he said in a harsher voice than he intended. "It is overcrowded with refugees. Stay at the Hôtel de Milan. If you don't like it there, you may move whenever you like."

The woman looked at him. He felt she knew what he was thinking and felt embarrassed. But it was better to be embarrassed for an instant and to be left alone later.

"All right," the woman said.

Ravic ordered the suitcases carried down to a taxi. The Hôtel de Milan was only a few minutes ride. He rented a room and went upstairs with the woman. It was a room on the second floor, with wallpaper of rose garlands, a bed, a wardrobe, a chaise longue and a table with two chairs. "Is this all right?" he asked. "At least it seems to be clean."

"Yes."

The suitcases were brought upstairs. Ravic eyed them with distaste. There were too many suitcases in the world. "Now you have everything here," he said.

"Yes, thanks. Many thanks."

She sat on the bed. Her face was pale and expressionless. "You should go to bed," Ravic said. "Do you think you will be able to sleep?"

"Yes, I think so. Maybe."

He took an aluminum tube out of his pocket and shook a few tablets out of it. "Here is something to make you sleep. With water. Do you want to take it now?"

"No, later."

"All right. I'll go now. I'll look you up one of these days. Try to sleep as soon as possible. Here is the address of the funeral parlor in case something comes up. But don't go there. Think of yourself. I'll come around." Ravic hesitated a moment. He knew he would not come. "What's your name?" he asked her. "I didn't get your name when the police questioned you."

"Madou. Joan Madou."

"Joan Madou. All right. I'll remember it." He knew he would not remember it and he would not look her up. But because he knew it he wished to keep up appearances.

"I'd better write it down," he said and took a prescription pad out of his vest pocket. "Here—write it yourself. That's simpler."

She took the pad and wrote down her name. He looked at it, tore the sheet off and stuck it in a side pocket of his coat. "Go to bed right away," he said. "Tomorrow everything will seem different. It sounds stupid and trite, but it is true: all you need now is a little time. Nothing but a certain amount of time that you have to get through. Do you know that?"

"Yes, I know."

"Take the tablets and sleep well."

"Yes, thank you. Thanks for everything. I don't know what I would have done without you. I honestly don't know."

She offered her hand. It was cool to the touch and she had a firm clasp. Good, he thought. There is determination in her already.

"Leave the light on, if you like," he said at the door.

"No," she replied. "Not any more." . . .

Ravic stepped into the street. Automobiles, people, bistros, the smell of tobacco, apéritifs and gasoline—how wonderful it was still to be able to breathe!

He looked up at the front of the Hôtel de Milan. A few lighted windows. Behind one of them the woman was sitting now and staring into the void.

He took the sheet with her name out of his pocket, tore it into bits and threw it away.

He went to the Place d'Etoile. A great crowd filled the square. In celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the 1918 Armistice searchlights had been placed behind the Arc de Triomphe. They illuminated the tomb of the Unknown Soldier and the huge blue-white-red flag which waved in the wind in front of it. The sky was overcast and the beam of the searchlight threw the reflection of the flag against the floating clouds, dull and blurred and torn. It looked like a ragged ghost flag which gradually melted into the slowly darkening sky.

Somewhere a military band played. It sounded weak and thin. There was no singing. The crowd stood silent. "Armistice," an old woman said at Ravic's side. "I lost my husband in the last war, Now it's my son's turn. Armistice. Who knows what next year will bring. . . ."

RAVIC and Veber stood at the bedside of a patient in Veber's hospital. "What do you say to that?" Veber asked.

Ravic shrugged his shoulders. "The man was as good as dead. According to all rules of medicine he had to die a few hours after

WINTHROP'S
OS-KOW* KLOMP

Here's another Winthrop scoop that's making front page fashion news . . . the Klomp in a rough grain leather—Os-Kow*. New as tomorrow's headlines, the Os-Kow Klomp is smart enough for city streets, rugged enough for country lanes.

*Ostrich Grain Print on Cowhide

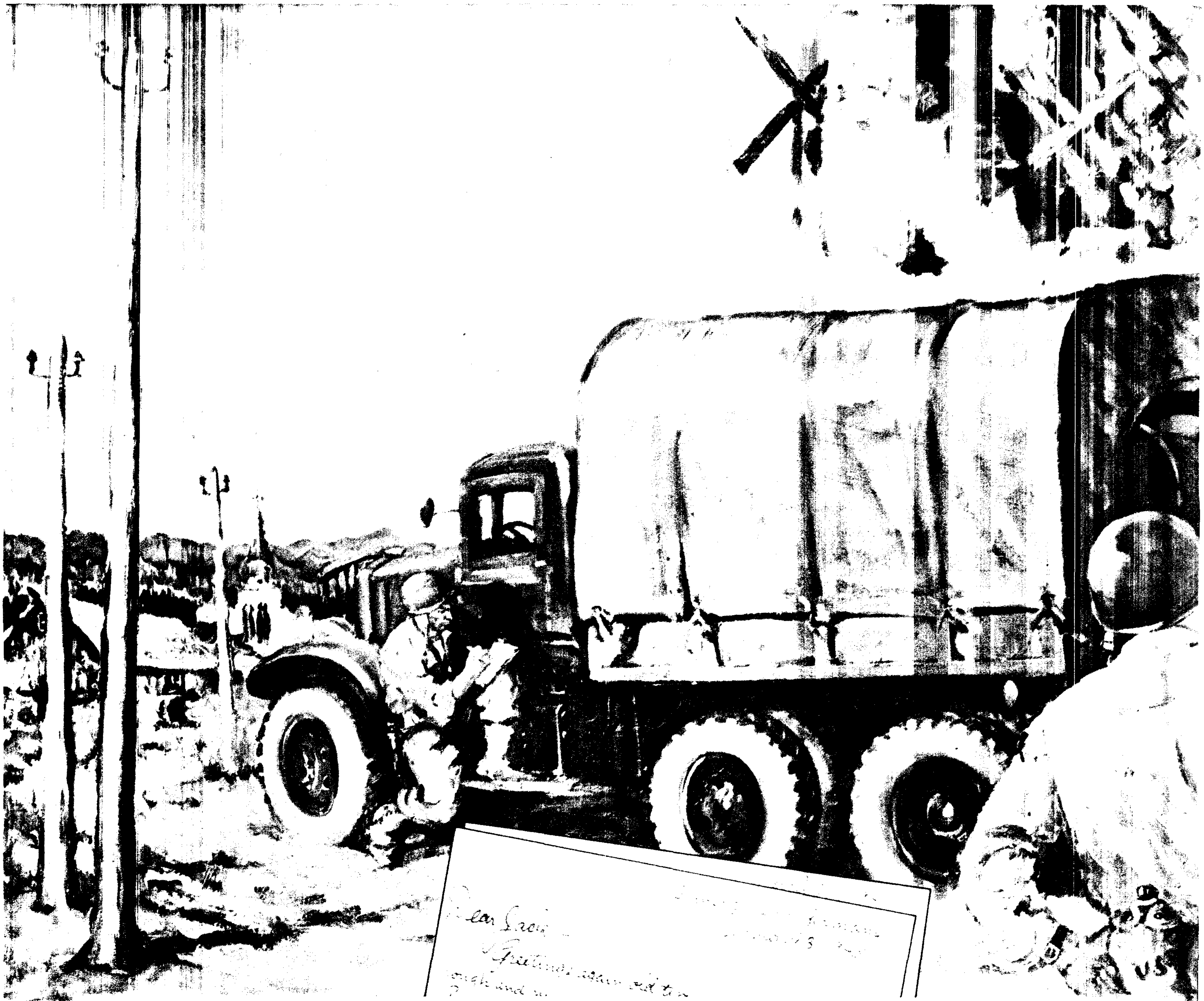
$5.50 to $9.50
(SOME HIGHER)
WINTHROP JRS. for boys
$4.50 to $5.50

WINTHROP SHOES

The Style Endures

WRITE FOR FREE STYLE BOOKLET

Winthrop Shoe Co. • Div: International Shoe Company • Saint Louis



They [illegible]

Bob Holmes, Pfc., writing from his knee "over there" to his home town friend Jack Hering, Veedersburg, Ind., a LEE tire dealer says . . .

". . . LEE tires are the kind of product people like to advertise. So, to keep you posted, I'm glad to say that I've had all my tires off several times except my LEEs.

"The flats are caused by nails, bruises, shrapnel and sharp stones and debris. I've had to take one of my LEEs off once and that was for valve trouble only, and the tube is not a LEE tube. So, my fine-whiskered friend, I'm sure proud of my LEE tires and wish they were all LEEs.

"I showed that printed letter to some of the other drivers and told them I had not had a flat with my LEE tires in the three months I've had them and they would hardly believe it.*

"I put my LEEs on the inside front duals, where we have the most flats and where they will get the most pull and hard knocks. Boy! That's where I want them. Send us more LEEs, Jack. They are really doing their part here."

***Hering published Bob's previous letter in a Veedersburg paper.** Ed.

During these difficult war years this trustworthy LEE of CONSHOHOCKEN and REPUBLIC RUBBER quality is proving extra helpful in keeping things going. We'll be able to serve more customers because of enlarged plants when war demands cease. We hope you will be one of them. Our products make friends.

LEE RUBBER & TIRE CORPORATION

GENERAL OFFICE • CONSHOHOCKEN, PENNSYLVANIA

REPUBLIC RUBBER • YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

HOSE • BELTING • PACKINGS • MOLDED & EXTRUDED PRODUCTS

LEE TIRE & RUBBER CO. OF N. Y., INC., CONSHOHOCKEN

TIRES • TUBES • SUNDRIES & RUBBER ACCESSORIES

glad to see him
Sincerely, Bob

the operation. Now—if he lasts one more day he has a chance."

"Do you think he will last one more day?"

Ravic examined the heart and pulse with careful hands. The man slept. He was still under the anesthetic. Tiny drops of perspiration covered his forehead.

"Yes."

"In that case, I congratulate you."

"What for?"

"For that."

"That's nothing to be congratulated for. There was something in that body we didn't know about. Energy of some kind from one of his grandfathers. That's what helped the poor devil out."

Ravic covered the man again. "I called on you earlier tonight," Veber said. "I drove past your hotel to give you a report about this, but you weren't in, as usual."

"Correct. I wasn't in. When one lives in a hotel one usually isn't in at night, Veber."

"Maybe so. But then why do you live in a hotel permanently?"

"It's the most impersonal way of living. One is alone and one isn't alone."

"Is that what you want?"

"Yes. Have you got the blood type for this man?"

Veber nodded. "AB. I telephoned the Vincent Hospital. They'll send us someone with that type. Should be here any minute."

"All right. I'll wait till then. Have you still some coffee left?"

"Sure. In my den. Come on."

They went down to Veber's private room. It was on the ground floor and crowded with furniture of the late Empire. A comfortable broad chaise longue stood against the wall. Veber slept on it when he stayed overnight.

RAVIC sat down in a white and gilt painted wooden chair by the desk. A few framed photographs of Veber's house hung on the wall near him. One of them was of the terrace and the garden filled with phlox and roses.

Veber was busy with the coffee machine. He noticed that Ravic was looking at the photographs. "Why don't you rent a small apartment in one of the new buildings in the neighborhood of the Bois, Ravic, instead of living in that depressing hole in the International? It certainly wouldn't cost much more. Less, in fact. You can buy some nice furniture anywhere for a few francs. Then at least you know what's your own."

"Yes. Then I would know what was my own."

"See! Why don't you do it?"

Ravic looked into the healthy face with the bristling black mustache. "You always forget that I escaped from Germany and that I'm living in France illegally, Veber."

"That I know. But what's that got to do with it?"

"Everything. I have no papers. If I take an apartment, the landlord would have to register me with the police. Then I'd be asked to produce papers and a visa."

"That's right. I hadn't thought of that." Veber put the coffee on the desk. "But if you've got to live in a hotel, why don't you live in one that's a little nicer than your dingy hole? There are plenty of pleasant small places that are no more expensive."

"There are," Ravic replied patiently, as though he were speaking to a child. "But even in those hotels one has to be registered with the police. That would be all right for a short while, but there's always the risk that the police will come one day and ask for papers. That would mean a few weeks prison because of illegal residence and then deportation across one of the borders." He drank the strong, bitter coffee. "Then one re-enters illegally again. Under another name, of course. Otherwise, if one is caught using the same name a second time, the prison term would be longer. Up to six months. . . . The coffee is first rate."

Veber stared at Ravic. "Has that ever happened to you?"

"Naturally. Twice. This is my third name. I've had it for the last two years. By now I've almost forgotten the real one."

"And the International? That's a hotel, too, isn't it?"

"The International is one of the few hotels where refugees may live without registering with the police. The owners take that chance. In most cases the police of the district know about it, naturally. They close their eyes to it or they are bribed. I've lived in the International for the last two years now. During that time we've had three raids. The owner knew about it on each occasion a day in advance. We simply disappeared and came back the very next day. Our suitcases and belongings were meanwhile put into the basement. Now do you understand why I live there?"

"Yes. And it makes me sick."

"Not at all. One can get used to even worse things if one has to."

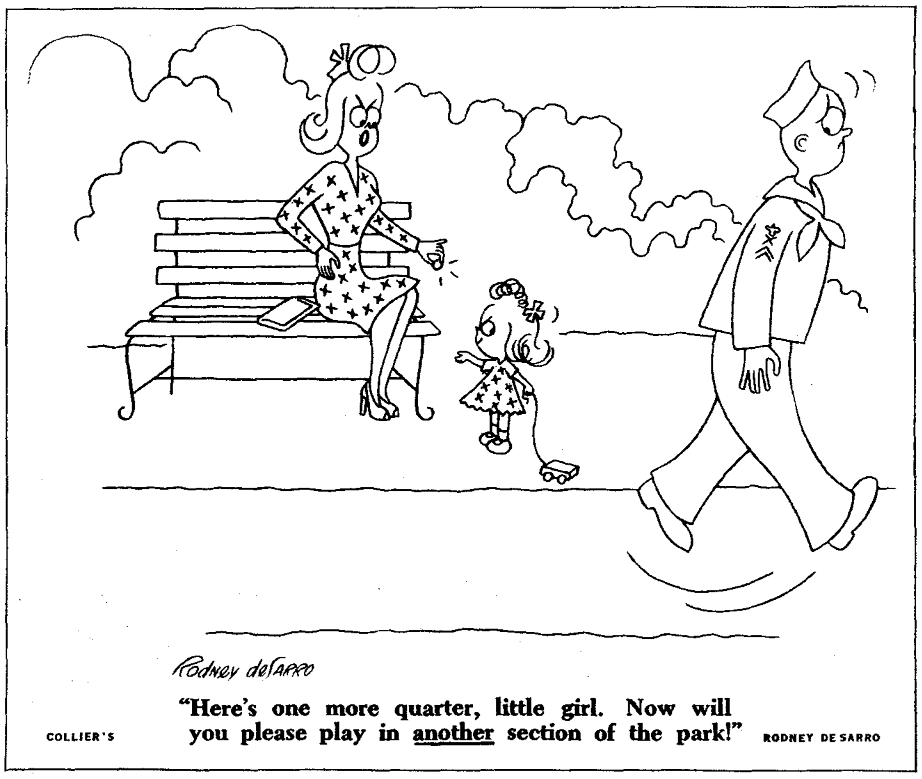
"It makes me sick." Veber took a black cigar out of a lacquered humidor and carefully cut off the end with a little knife. "I didn't know that, Ravic," he said. "I only knew that you weren't permitted to work here. That's ridiculous enough. A man of your capacities to be an undercover surgeon. Durant, that incompetent fool, makes a name for himself—and you perform his operations."

"That's better than if he did them himself."

Veber laughed. "I'm a fine one to talk! You do most of mine, too."

Ravic took his cigarettes out of his pocket. "Is there any coffee left?"

"Yes, plenty." Veber fetched the china pot and put it on the desk. There was a knock at the door. The nurse put her head in. "The blood donor from the Vincent Hospital is here."



COLLIER'S "Here's one more quarter, little girl. Now will you please play in another section of the park!" RODNEY DE SARRO

"All right, Eugenie. Right away. Get everything ready."

Ravic rose. Veber put his cigar down. He looked at Ravic. "Abominable," he said. "This incessant insecurity because of the police."

Ravic took a last gulp of coffee. "It's paradise," he replied calmly, "compared with a concentration camp."

"THANK you, gentlemen!" The blood donor took the money and put it into his wallet. He was a man of about forty, clean-shaven and dignified. He put the five-franc notes into the first compartment, the ten-franc notes into the one behind it. "If you ever have an urgent case, I have a telephone at home. Here is my address. Besides—" Out of a third compartment of his wallet he took a card and handed it to Veber. "For hospitals we have a special rate." He bowed slightly. "Good evening, gentlemen!"

"What kind of business is he in?" Ravic said. "He looks like a traveling salesman of bathtubs."

"Funerals. Arrangements for all classes." Veber put the card into the file and grinned. "A contradictory fellow. Those whom he saves by his blood he loses for his funeral business."

"But he makes money either way." Ravic put on his coat. "I'll be back in an hour to take another look."

"All right." Veber looked at him. "Why don't you come out to my house for dinner sometime?"

"Yes, with pleasure." Ravic knew he wouldn't do it.

"But seriously!"

"Certainly. Sometime soon."

RAVIC went into a bistro in the Rue Boissière and sat at a window so he could look out upon the street. He loved that—to sit there without thinking and watch the people walking by.

The waiter wiped the table and waited. "A pernod," Ravic said. "No—wait a minute—"

There was something he had to wash away. A bitter taste. For that the sweet anise wasn't sharp enough. "Bring me a *Fine*."

"Very well, sir."

It was Veber's invitation that was bothering him. That tinge of pity in it; granting someone an evening with a family. It was well meant but one couldn't bear it. One could defend oneself against insults; not against pity.

He took a gulp of the brandy. Why did he have to explain to Veber his reasons for living in the International? It wasn't necessary. Veber knew all he need know. He knew that Ravic could not operate even if he had a visa and papers. German examinations were not valid in France. All he would be allowed to do was to work as an assistant to another physician, and even that was theoretically prohibited. Without papers—Ravic drew down the corners of his mouth—without papers he was nothing but a ghost surgeon about whose operations no one must know. Only the physicians and the nurses knew, and they kept quiet.

Whenever Durant had an operation to perform he stayed with the patients until they went under the anesthetic. Then Ravic came and performed the operation. When the patient awoke later on, there was Durant, the proud surgeon, at his bedside. Ravic saw only the covered patient, he knew only the narrow iodine-stained area of the body bared for the operation. He rarely knew on whom he operated.

Durant was a poor surgeon but he had a pleasant manner and was well liked by society folk. He paid Ravic about one-tenth of what he received for an operation. Ravic didn't mind that. It was better than not operating at all. With Veber he worked on a more friendly, but similar basis. Veber paid him a quarter of the proceeds.

And what else did he have? There wasn't much. But he lived, that was enough. At a time when everything was tottering and drifting toward war he had no wish to build up something that was bound shortly to fall into ruins. Trying to establish a bourgeois life time and again, antlike, in a century that was falling to pieces—it was that which he had seen destroy many. An avalanche cannot be stopped once it has started to move; whoever tries, falls beneath it. Better to wait, conserve one's energy, and later to dig out the victims. On long marches one has to have a light load. Also when one flees . . .

Ravic looked through the window. Suddenly he was startled out of his brooding as though by an electric shock. Everything within him trembled. He pushed the table aside, the chair fell over behind him; he didn't notice it; abruptly and ruthlessly he thrust himself toward the door through a group of arriving guests.

Someone caught him by the arm and held onto him. He turned around. "What?" he asked uncomprehendingly.

It was the waiter. "You did not pay, sir."

"What?—Oh, yes—I'll be back—" He pulled his arm free.

The waiter flushed. "We don't allow that. You have to—"

"Here."

Ravic pulled a bill out of his pocket and flung it at the waiter. He thrust the door open, pushed past two women in raincoats and raced around the corner to the right.

It was raining. A movie was letting out; the crowd hurried along the pavement. "Hey, you idiot!" yelled someone he had bumped into.

He looked back uncomprehendingly. Then he pushed ahead as quickly as he could. Everything within him was in an uproar. He had seen a face that was indelibly impressed on his memory.

IT IS impossible, he thought, it is absolutely impossible. I must be mad; it must be a resemblance, some kind of damned devilish resemblance. Haake cannot be in Paris, he is in Germany, he is in Berlin. I must have been mistaken, certainly—

He pushed himself through the crowd and walked on hastily, searching every face that he passed, peering beneath hats, meeting irritated and astonished looks, but he didn't find the face he was looking for.

He stopped at the intersection of the Avenue Kleber. Suddenly he remembered: a woman, a woman with a poodle had passed and immediately after he had seen that face.

He had long since passed the woman with the poodle. Quickly he walked back. Seeing the dog from a distance, he stopped at the curb. He clenched his fists in his pockets, and he painstakingly watched every passer-by. The poodle stopped at a lamppost; then he circumstantially scratched the pavement and ran on.

Ravic felt his neck wet with perspiration. He waited another few minutes—the face did not appear. He looked into the parked cars. No one was in them. He turned back to the subway at the Avenue Kleber. He ran down into the entrance, bought a ticket and walked along the platform. There were a good many people there. Before he got through searching, a train had thundered in, stopped and disappeared in the tunnel. The platform was empty.

Slowly he walked back to the bistro. He sat down at the table at which he had been sitting. The glass half full of brandy was still there. Strange, that it was still there; an eternity had passed by in the meantime.

The waiter shuffled toward Ravic. "Excuse me, sir, I didn't know—"

"Never mind!" Ravic said. "Bring me another drink."

"Another?" The waiter looked at the half full glass on the table. "Don't you want to drink that first?"

"No. Bring me another."

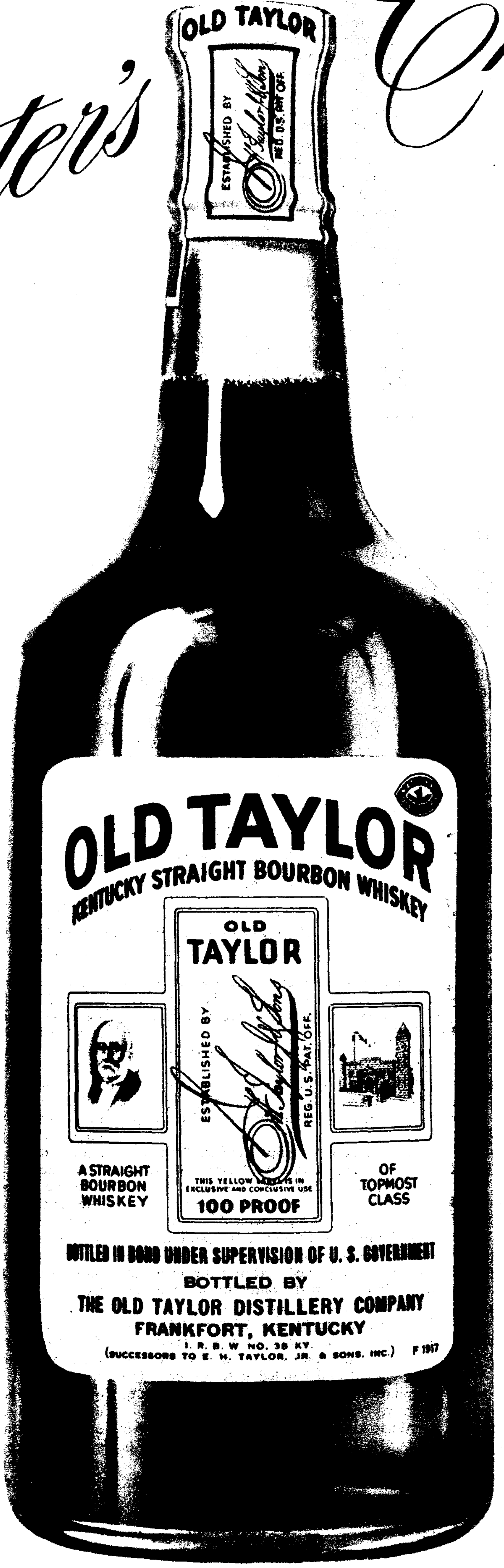
"Very well, sir."

I was mistaken, Ravic thought. This windswept window, partly blurred by the warm cigarette smoke—how can anything be positively recognized?

He stared through the window, with concentration. It mirrored his pale face indistinctly, and now suddenly a moving picture sped shadowlike across it, shreds of memory which he had thought long since buried. . . .

They had arrested him in August, 1934. He had kept two friends of his who were wanted by the Gestapo hidden at his place for two weeks and he had then helped them to es-

The Master's Choice


OLD TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD
TAYLOR
ESTABLISHED BY
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OF TOPMOST CLASS
THIS YELLOW LABEL IS IN EXCLUSIVE AND CONCLUSIVE USE
100 PROOF
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
I. R. B. W. NO. 38 KY.
(SUCCESSORS TO E. H. TAYLOR, JR. & SONS, INC.)
F 1917

No one ever loved the good things of life more than did the late Col. E. H. Taylor, Jr. Nor has anyone more ably achieved them—witness his creating of **OLD TAYLOR,** one of the mellowest, most flavorful bourbons it has ever been man's pleasure to enjoy. Today, this sparkling handiwork of an expert distiller is still with us as **OLD TAYLOR**—the master's choice to all who value fine bourbon for the delightful hours and good companionship it provides.

Signed, sealed and delicious

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York cape. One of them had saved his life in 1917 at Bixschoote in Flanders; the other was a Jewish writer whom he had known for many years.

He had been brought up for examination; they wanted to find out in which direction the two had escaped, what papers they had on them and who would be of help to them on the road.

Haake had examined him. After he had fainted the first time he had tried to shoot or to kill Haake with his own revolver. It had been a useless attempt against four strong-armed men.

For three days Haake's cool smiling face had emerged, periodically, out of the fog of unconsciousness, out of the frantic pain, the slow awakening. For three days the same questions; for three days the same body, bruised all over, almost incapable of suffering any longer.

And then on the afternoon of the third day Sybil had been brought in. He and Sybil had been together the last year. She did not know about anything. He was shown to her to force a confession from her. She was a luxury-loving beautiful creature who had lived a carefree superficial life.

He had expected her to scream and break down. She did not break down. She had turned on the torturers. She had used deadly words, deadly for her and she knew it.

Haake had ceased smiling. He had interrupted the examination. Next day he had explained to Ravic what would happen to Sybil when she was placed in the concentration camp for women.

Ravic had not answered. Haake had also explained to him what would happen to her before she was sent there.

Ravic had not confessed to anything because there was nothing to confess. He had tried to convince Haake that Sybil could not know anything. He had told him that he had never talked politics with her, that he could never have confided anything to her. All this had been true. Haake had only smiled.

Three days later Sybil was dead. She had hanged herself in the concentration camp for women.

A day later one of the fugitives was brought back. It was the Jewish writer. When Ravic saw him he could no longer recognize him, not even by his voice. It took another week before he was finally dead under Haake's examination.

Then Ravic himself was put into the concentration camp. The hospital. The escape from the hospital. . . .

THE waiter appeared and put the glass on the table. "This is another brand, sir. Older."

"All right, all right. Thanks."

Ravic emptied the glass. He got a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. His hands were not yet steady. He told himself again that he had been mistaken; it was impossible that Haake was in Paris. He had to shake it off. He had to forget it. It was senseless to ruin oneself about it as long as one couldn't do anything. But he could not help watching with close attention every face passing by outside.

The dining room of the Hôtel International was in the basement. The lodgers called it the Catacombs. During the day a dim light came through several large thick opalescent glass windows which faced on the courtyard. In the winter it had to have the lights on all day long.

The room was at once a writing room, a smoking room, an auditorium, an assembly room and a refuge for those emigrants who had no papers—when there was a police inspection they could escape through the yard into a garage and from there to the street opposite.

Ravic was sitting here with the doorman of the Scheherazade night club, Boris Morosow. The doorman was a giant of a man, with a picturesque beard. He was Ravic's only close friend and confidant in Paris.

"Do you think the man you saw was really Haake?" Morosow asked.

"No. Just some sort of resemblance," Ravic answered.

"Makes one damn' jumpy, doesn't it?"

"No."

They sat for a while. "Ghosts, ghosts," Ravic said. "I thought I'd be over that by now."

"One never is. I'm still waiting for three of them in Russia. There were seven. Two of them have died meanwhile; two were shot by their own party. I've been waiting now for more than twenty years. Since nineteen seventeen. One of the three who is still alive must be seventy by now. The other two would be about forty or fifty. They're the ones I hope still I'll get. They are for my father."

Ravic looked at Boris. He was almost sixty. "You will get at them," he said.

"Yes." Morosow opened and closed his big hands. "That's what I'm waiting for. That's why I don't drink so often now. It may take some time yet. And I've got to be strong then. I don't want to shoot them down or knife them."

"Neither do I."

Morosow got up. "Senseless to talk much about it; only makes one mad. Shall we play a game of chess?"

"Yes."

He fetched a board and they placed the chessmen. "There's Charles." Morosow nodded in the direction of the entrance. "He seems to want you for something."

Ravic looked up. The boy from the concierge box was coming toward them with a package in his hand. "This was left for you," he said.

"For me?"

RAVIC examined the package. It was small and wrapped in white tissue paper, tied with a string. There was no address on it. "I'm not expecting any packages. It must be a mistake. Who brought it?"

"A woman—a lady," the boy stammered.

"A woman or a lady?" Morosow asked.

"Just—just in between."

Morosow grinned. "Pretty sharp."

"There's no name on it. Did she say it was for me?"

"Not just like that," the boy said. "Not your name. She said it was for the doctor who lives here."

"Do open the package, Ravic," Morosow said. "Even if it isn't for you. We've done worse in our deplorable lives."

Ravic opened it. He unwrapped a small object. It was the wooden Madonna he had seen in the room of the woman—he tried to remember—what was her name?—Madeleine—Mad—he had forgotten it.

He examined the tissue paper; there was no slip in it. "All right," he said to the boy. "It's for me."

He placed the Madonna on the table. It looked oddly foreign among the chessmen. "What on earth shall I do with it, Boris?"

"Put it anywhere. Many things can be put just anywhere. There's plenty of room for everything in this world. Except human beings."

"They will have buried the man today," Ravic said.

"Is this from the woman you told me about?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever bother to see her again?" Morosow asked.

"No."

Morosow looked at Ravic. "Strange," he said, "we always think we've helped and yet we stop just when it's most difficult for the other."

"I'm no charitable institution. Why should it be more difficult for her now?"

"Because now she's alone. Up to now the man was there even though he was dead. He was above the earth. Now he's below it—gone, not here any more. This"—Morosow pointed at the Madonna—"is not thanks. It is a cry for help."

"Even so, I prefer to forget her."

Morosow leaned forward. His large bald head mirrored the light. "I want to tell you something, Ravic: we ought to be nice to people if we can and as long as we possibly can. We all feed on one another. Such occasional little sparks of kindliness—that's something we shouldn't allow to be taken from us. It strengthens one for a difficult life."

"I suppose you're right. Well, I'll go to see her tomorrow."

(To be continued next week)

QUICK JOYFUL RELIEF FROM SORE ACHING MUSCLES

Help nature get rid of "Fatigue Acids"

Don't fret with muscular aches and pains! Absorbine Jr. can help give wonderful relief—QUICK! Too much exercise causes waste products called "fatigue acids" to settle in the muscles. The muscles swell and hurt. Just rub those aching muscles with quick-acting Absorbine Jr. It stimulates local circulation so fresh blood flows through them and helps carry "fatigue acids" away! As swelling reduces, pain subsides—you feel like shouting for joy! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy at all times! $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

RUB IN ABSORBINE Jr.

...Owes its great popularity to its consistent high quality and fine flavor.

PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT BRAND
CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM

Beech-Nut Gum

Until final Victory, you may not always find this delicious gum. It is still being shared with our fighting men.

Airline center of world commerce through its strategic location on the Pacific Rim, Seattle is America's closest city to one-half the world's population. Gateway to Alaska and the Orient, it is the metropolis of a region rich in natural resources, with one-sixth of the nation's power and vast and varied scenic and recreational attractions—a peacetime playground for tourists and vacationers.

Seattle is the home of the cool-smoking KIRSTEN pipe, now distributed by the armed forces to *overseas* PX and Ship Service Stores.

KIRSTEN PIPE COMPANY
Dept. 159
Seattle 1, Wash.

Buy War Bonds

THE Kirsten PATS. AND PATS. PEND "RADIATOR" PIPE

COOL CLEAN SWEET SMOKING

OTIS
MODERN UNDERWEAR
for men and boys

OTIS—known for generations for longer wear and extra comfort.

BUY WAR BONDS

TRADE O MARK

OTIS UNDERWEAR
57 Worth St., New York 13, N.Y.
also OTIS HOSIERY

CORNS

SORE TOES
TENDER SPOTS
FROM TIGHT SHOES

Away Goes Pain Out Come Corns

Instant Relief

Instantly—that fast—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads stop tormenting friction, lift painful pressure of new or tight shoes on corns, sore toes, and tender spots. So soothing, cushioning, these thin, soft, protective pads put you right back on your feet.

Included in every box of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are separate wonder-working little *Medications* for quickly, gently and painlessly removing corns while you go your busy way. No other method does all these things for you. Get this quick, scientific relief of Dr. Scholl's today at your Drug, Shoe, Department Store or Toiletry Counter. Costs but a trifle. Don't accept a substitute.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

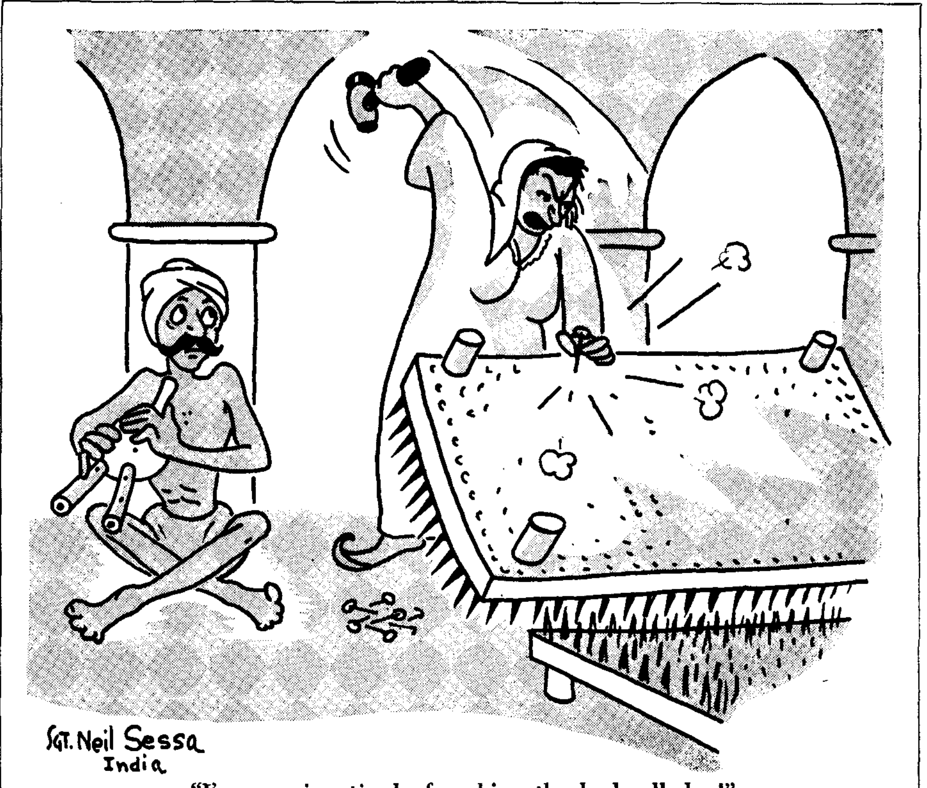
Early in the war, when threat of Japanese bombing loomed, the Army took precautionary steps which soon must be charged against all airplanes now being turned out on the West Coast. Over all aircraft plants huge camouflage nets were erected, pieced together of woven wire and covered with chicken feathers and even imitation trees and houses and streets. From the air the plants looked like a part of the surrounding countryside. Worn threadbare with age, these nets have now served their purpose. They were costly to erect, and are costly to take down. Estimates range into more than $1,000,000 for this job alone; as much as $250,000 in one plant. Whatever it costs, it is a figure any accountant will need to compute the price of a warplane.

Costs of wars are always figured in fine round sums with plenty of ciphers on the end—a few ciphers one way or the other usually not mattering, since any figure over 1,146 usually gives most people a headache anyway. Since there is demonstrably no way of figuring the cost of a war, there can be no way of figuring the cost of any war item. Two years after the last shot, everybody figures the whole thing was a waste of money.

I have on my desk a small aluminum rivet I picked up from the floor of a California airplane plant. Years from now this missing rivet will be driving the government accountants nuts. They'll never be able to account for it.

And until it's accounted for nobody will be able to tell how much an airplane cost. Or the whole war, for that matter....

JIM MARSHALL



COLLIER'S "I'm growing tired of making the beds all day!" SGT. NEIL SESSA

Pointless—But Good

Continued from page 75

germ over all, and add a few chips of sun-dried fruit like raisins or dates. There, for flavor, is as delicious a dish of stuff as you could wish to eat. It's a balanced meal, too, what with cheese and cream, honey, wheat and fruits.

When you get tired of chewing your vegetables, you can drink them. There's a prewar machine that can turn fresh vegetables into pure, foamy juice. A few citizens and many restaurants own such machines, and turn out juices in quantity to meet the demand of their public. It has become quite the thing in New York's swanky Savoy Plaza Hotel to have a tipple of cabbage juice, fresh from the mixer, with luncheon. Or a bit of essence of watercress. The hotel has made a specialty of such juices since the time four years ago when the manager of its dining rooms was ordered by his doctor to eat raw carrots and such. He got tired of chewing, and took to drinking his vegetables. He tried it out on the customers, and they liked the idea, too. Now there's even radish juice to be had on the menu.

Lacking a machine, you can always ream tomatoes fresh from your garden. You can make, with no trouble at all, the very elegant drink that Mr. Trop calls Yogurt borsch. It achieves some of the subtle flavor of that famous Russian soup, with none of the cooking involved. You simply blend a little canned carrot juice and a little beet juice into a tall glass of Yogurt, the popular milk full of health-giving bacillus, that originated in Bulgaria. The result looks like a strawberry milk shake, and is equally delicious and cooling. You can have it in a glass, or pour it into consommé cups and serve it as an ultra first course.

Of course, you'll keep right on cooking vegetables, too. Especially, urges Mr. Trop, that wonder of all vegetables, the eggplant. He throws in a couple of recipes to start you:

Bake eggplant in its jacket until half done. Slice it in half-inch slices, cover with a slice of tomato and a slice of American or any other meltable cheese; daub with butter or soya oil, and broil.

Make a salad by chopping broiled eggplant fine, beating it with olive oil, and serving with tomatoes, onions, fresh peppers and olives.

Try baking instead of boiling vegetables like carrots and parsnips, spreading a little honey over them.

Honey keeps cropping up in Mr. Trop's talk about food. He thinks you don't use more of it because it's hard to handle. But go to the five-and-ten, and get one of those dripless servers. Get three of them while you're at it. Put honey in one, maple sirup in another, molasses in the third. You're set for sweetening anything in the house, and never mind about the sugar shortage.

Never mind about any shortages. Just light into the fruit of the land around you, and have yourself a lot of good eating.

THE END

LOCAL
O. SOGLOW
"Oh Lemuel—get the LIGHTNINGPAK!"

Pained? Reach for Lightningpak. This modern pad quickly heats up, stays hot 8 hours whenever you add 2 tablespoons of water. Each pak gives 100 hours service. Handy at home, dandy for gifts. At drug, department, hardware stores, only **$1**. Refills 50c.

Lightningpak, Newton 58, Massachusetts.

HEAT PAD
HOT ON THE SPOT!

COPR. 1945 ROSE-DERRY CO.

RUB AND RELAX WITH MIFFLIN

Mother, when you bathe your son—
Be sure the job's completely done.
When you take him from his tub,
Finish—with a Mifflin Rub.

Mifflin means the highest standard of quality. In Lilac, Pine, Lavender, Wintergreen—or unscented.

MIFFLIN
ISOPROPYL ALCOHOL RUBBING COMPOUND
★ THE NATIONAL RUB-DOWN ★

"It's Maguire again! Why doesn't he use Marlin Blades?"

Marlin double edge blades 18 for 25c. Guaranteed by The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn.

Acid Indigestion* can cause Bad Breath!

Sweeten your Mouth and sweeten your Stomach—with quick-acting DOUBLE-PURPOSE

FOR EXCESS STOMACH ACID
JESTS
JEST
For Acid Indigestion*

10c A HANDY ROLL

*Due to excess stomach acid.

©1945, JESTS, INC.

Erich Maria Remarque

The Week's Work

ON THE day of Japan's offer to surrender, Author Erich Remarque was sitting in his New York apartment correcting proofs for his latest novel, Arch of Triumph, which begins on page 11 of this issue.

"It will be the same this time as last time," he said. "Men will be killed, again, after the peace is actually here. And those last few unnecessary deaths will seem more horrible than all the millions of deaths that have gone before.

"How long will it be, I wonder, before we decide that all death by war is unnecessary?"

Remarque, a native of Germany who established himself as a world-famous pacifist with his World War I story, All Quiet on the Western Front, is a pacifist still. "The word has come into bad repute, but I note from his speeches that General Eisenhower has pacifist views—as any sane man with fighting experience must have. Anybody who wants war should have been killed in the cradle."

Remarque's All Quiet, condemning war, caused a terrible furor among the Nazis who at that time, 1929 and '30, had not yet come to power. They staged a violent demonstration in front of a theater showing the All Quiet movie, loosed white mice and stink bombs and forced the theater to close. Next day the picture was banned by the German government.

"That was the democratic government, remember, not the Nazi government," Remarque said.

Remarque's book was burned, and he was burned in effigy. When Hitler came to power he left Germany, to live in Switzerland and France. The Nazis, eager to discredit him, tried to find Jewish blood in his ancestry. They failed. Then they tried to bribe him to endorse the Nazi creed, and failed again.

Remarque came to this country in 1939, and expects to have his final citizenship papers soon. His current novel is based on his experiences in Paris just before the war.

Remarque writes in longhand in German. This novel was translated by two men—Walter Sorell and Denver Lindley, former fiction editor of Collier's and translator of many Remarque books. Lindley, who is now editor of Appleton-Century, publishers, soon will bring out Arch of Triumph in book form.

Reading the accounts of the trials of war criminals, Remarque says it is too bad it is impossible to try those people guilty of the crime of *unterlassung*—of letting it happen.

"Those who saw what was happening and had the power to prevent it, and did nothing to prevent it—they are guilty, too," he says.

JERRY COOKE, the photographer who made the pictures of the eclipse expedition to God's Lake (p. 18), says the whole trip was "absolutely magnificent." Jerry is 23 years old and full of enthusiasm for any story he works on, but this expedition to the Canadian North Country, he insists, was the most thrilling assignment that ever came his way.

The weather, flying over the swampy lake country in northern Canada, was, he says, amazing. "Sunshine and thunderstorms alternated every five minutes. You could see the sun on one side of the plane and have the windows covered with sleet and snow on the other side."

The little gold-mining town of God's Lake was amazing, too. "A real ghost town. It looked as if the people had disappeared instantaneously, stopped in the midst of normal activities. The tennis net was still up, rotted and torn, the schoolhouse was full of books and papers and the children's writing was still on the blackboard. During that long twilight night while I worked with Wilson, I rested sometimes by swinging in the children's swing outside the schoolhouse."

Jerry met an Indian up there who had a strange philosophy about the weather. "I couldn't understand why he didn't get under shelter when one of the frequent rainfalls came on, and he said, 'When God wants it to rain, He wants me to get wet, so I get wet.' My cameras didn't agree with him, unfortunately, and I was forever having to take them to cover."

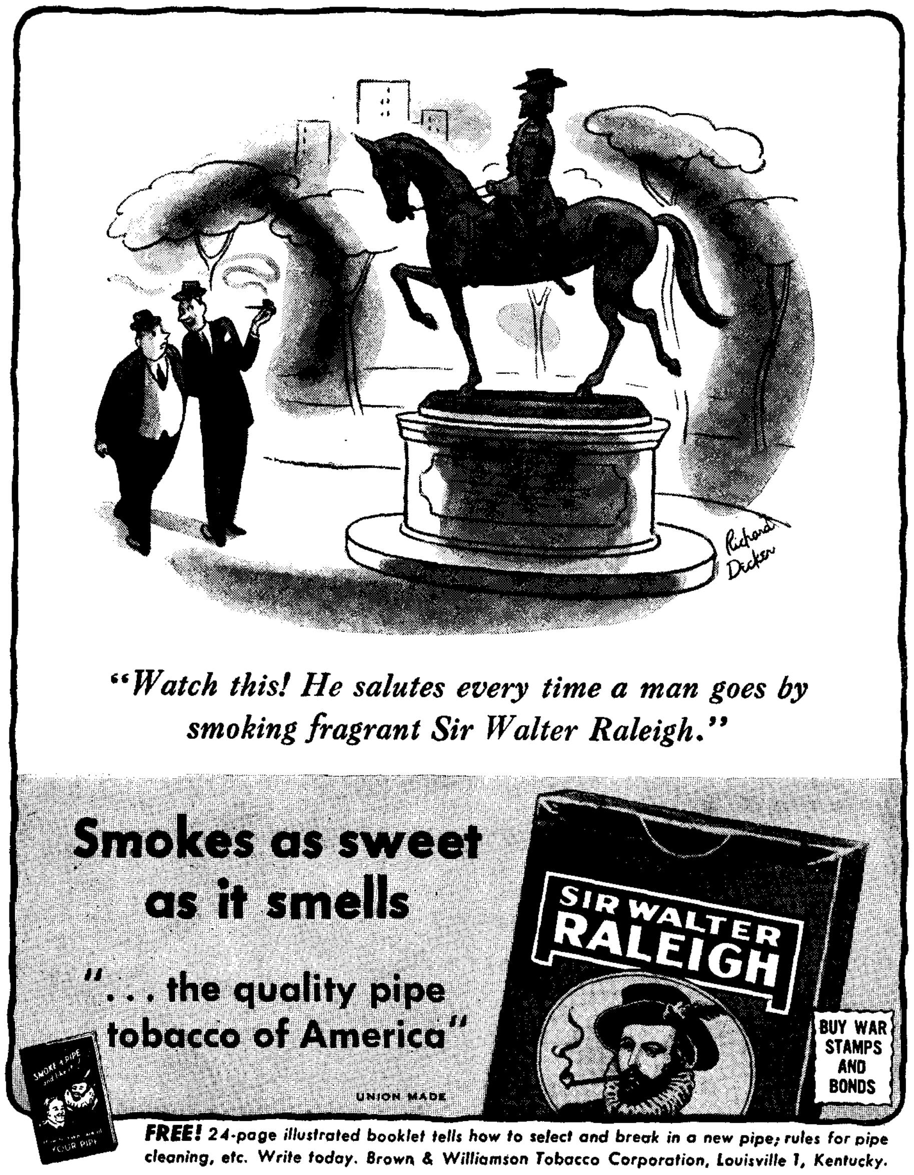
The morning of the eclipse was so cloudy that Jerry decided to go up in the plane to find clear weather. "We raced up, tried to get through the clouds, didn't make it, began to get ice on our wings and turned back. Then we saw a clear strip on the horizon and made for that, emerged out of a maze of clouds and rain just three minutes and ten seconds before the eclipse. I had all cameras ready and I raced up and down the plane, shooting as fast as I could. The pilot twisted and turned the plane to give me a better chance to shoot and was visibly exhausted from the excitement when the sun appeared again and we landed."

Jerry, who has been taking pictures professionally for five years, estimates that he has covered about 25,000 miles in the last nine months, by all possible means of transportation, from airplanes to mules. Once, assigned to cover a hunting story, he found out, too late, that he had to do it on horseback if at all. He had never been on a horse in his life, but he mounted one with three cameras dangling from his neck, and spent two miserable days trying to keep from falling off and to take an occasional picture. . . . A. P.

Hudson's Bay Company

JERRY COOKE—PIX

Jerry Cooke



"Watch this! He salutes every time a man goes by smoking fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh."

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"

UNION MADE

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

FREE! *24-page illustrated booklet tells how to select and break in a new pipe; rules for pipe cleaning, etc. Write today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville 1, Kentucky.*

HEADACHE? TAKE A TIP FROM ME
10¢ BC HEADACHE & NEURALGIA
B. C. REMEDY CO.

TRY "BC"

FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM HEADACHES NEURALGIC & MUSCULAR PAINS

10¢ AND 25¢

USE AS DIRECTED ON PACKAGE

GERTRUDE NIESEN

Glamorous Singing Star of Stage and Radio Says:

"Long ago I began using a deodorant daily. After I tried them all I found Arrid best because it prevents dress discoloration and prevents perspiration offense."

New Cream Deodorant

Safely helps

Stop Perspiration

1. Does not irritate skin. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts.
2. Prevents under-arm odor. Helps stop perspiration safely.
3. A pure, white, antiseptic, stainless vanishing cream.
4. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
5. Awarded Approval Seal of American Institute of Laundering — harmless to fabric. Use Arrid regularly.

39¢ Plus tax Also 59¢ size

ARRID

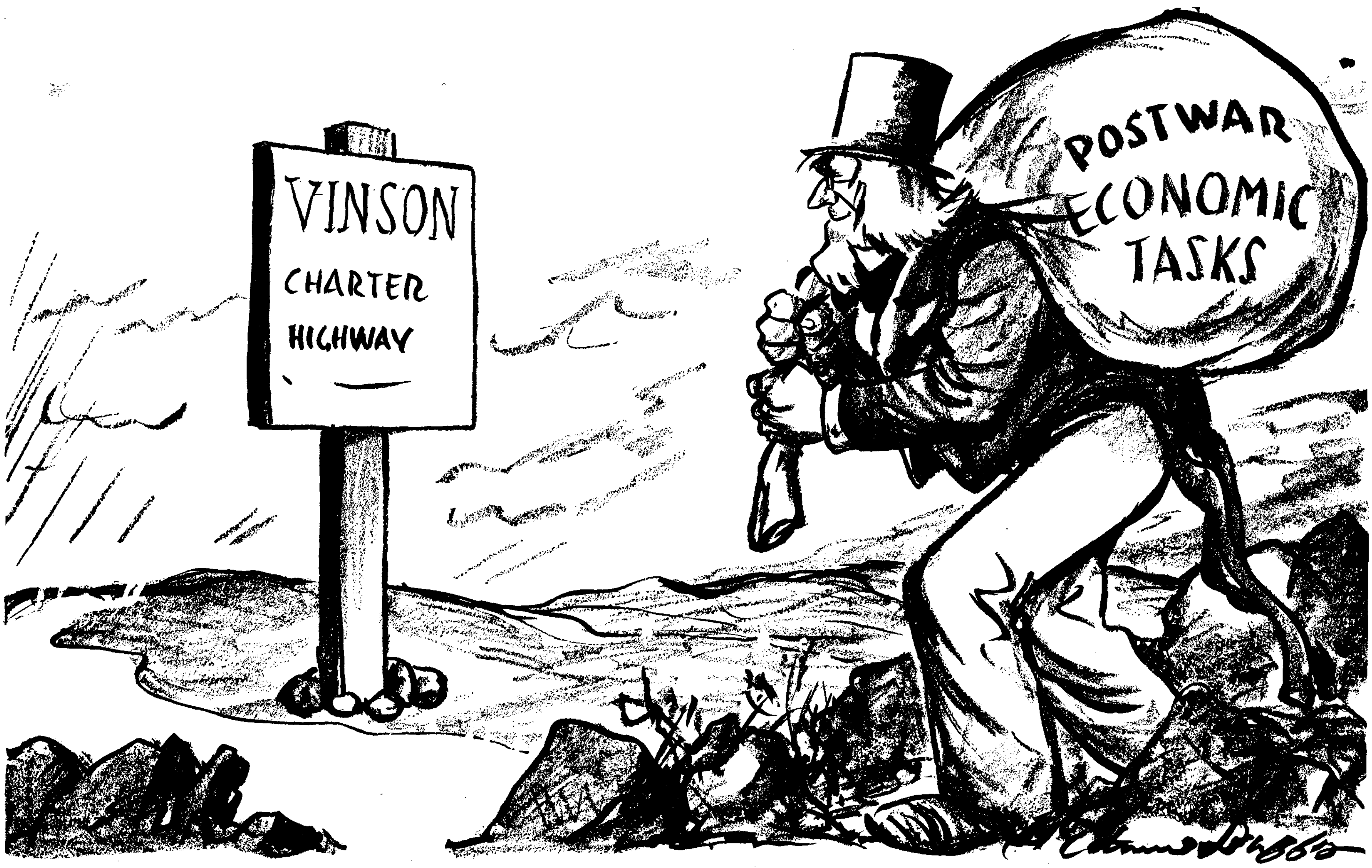
MORE MEN AND WOMEN USE ARRID THAN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY
Publisher

HENRY LA COSSITT
Editor

JOE ALEX MORRIS
Managing Editor



CHARTER FOR POSTWAR AMERICA

THE air has been pretty full recently of talk about the United Nations Charter. It so happens that Fred M. Vinson has sketched out another kind of charter—an economic charter for the postwar United States—and that this one merits some wide attention on its own account.

Mr. Vinson is now Secretary of the Treasury—a most fortunate appointment by President Truman, we think, and one which ought to pay dividends to the nation as long as Vinson holds the job.

He wrote his economic document while he was still the Director of War Mobilization and Reconversion. It is to be found beginning at page 59 of Vinson's July 1, 1945, report to the President and Congress on his activities in that position. Entitled "The Road to Tokyo and Beyond," the report can be obtained by writing the Division of Public Inquiries, Office of War Information, 1400 Pennsylvania Avenue N.W., Washington 25, D.C.—and it is well worth writing for.

Here is a summary of Vinson's thinking about where we are now and where we can go if we will:

1. *Taxes.* We need a modernized tax structure "as the foundation of our entire program to reach and maintain full employment after the war." Taxes should be designed to bring in adequate revenues (a $25,000,000,000 yearly peacetime budget will be normal, as contrasted with a prewar top of about $8,000,000,000); but taxes also should be so levied as to encourage industry and keep venture capital moving into new enterprises or expansion of older ones. We need this modernized tax system soon, so that business can know roughly what taxes to expect and can plan accordingly.

2. *Small Business.* Its chief handicaps, in a complex society, are scarcity of technical information, and frequent financing troubles; yet small business is indispensable to our economic system. Vinson calls attention to the Department of Agriculture's varied and valuable information services to farmers, and suggests that the government can furnish analogous services to business, especially small businesses. The Department of Commerce would be the logical agency for this work, we think—not some war agency or agencies, such as the Smaller War Plants Corporation, now trying to perpetuate themselves in peacetime. Financial help for small businesses would seem logically to be in the province of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

3. *Competition.* It's the essence of our democratic system. Hence, one duty of any administration is to foster competition and fight monopoly. The Surplus Property Board has made it its policy to sell off surplus war plants and materials in such a way as "to avoid greater concentration of economic power and to foster competition wherever possible." Other government agencies will follow suit. Vinson also hopes peace will bring more antitrust suits—real ones, we infer, aimed at real monopolies—not phony ones brought for reasons of politics.

4. *Labor, Management, Wages.* This economic charter stresses high wages as essential if a wide domestic market for American goods is to be maintained. Along with the higher wages, though, should go higher and higher production per worker. There should also be "a determined effort to substitute arbitration and other orderly procedures in the place of strikes and violence"—a proposal already echoed and amplified by the Ball-Burton-Hatch Bill to bring the Wagner Labor Relations Act abreast of present realities.

5. *Foreign Trade.* Things move pretty fast these days, and two of Vinson's recommendations under this head have already gone into effect: namely, renewal of the Trade Agreements Act, enabling the President to cut tariffs as much as 50 per cent in reciprocal trade agreement dickers with other nations, and ratification of the Bretton Woods international finance and currency stabilization agreements. Repeal of the Johnson Act, which prohibits flotation of loans in this country to governments in default on debts to the United States, is still in the future—the not too distant future, we hope.

6. *Social Security.* Vinson hopes our existing Social Security Act will be broadened, with more comprehensive unemployment insurance and old-age pensions, and with much more attention to public health measures. "Adequate protection against the major hazards of modern society," he says, "is a necessary factor in maintaining mass purchasing power, which in turn is the basis of full employment."

7. *Farmers.* As we understand the Vinson recommendations for agriculture, the main one is that we adopt a system of straight-out government payments to farmers rather than subsidies; these payments to be so manipulated as to stimulate production of commodities expected to be scarce and slow down production of crops that are being overdone.

8. *Public Works and Construction.* A tremendous demand for new housing and other construction, and for repairs, has been dammed up by the war. If this demand is to be filled to the extent of providing the whole population with adequate, healthful housing, we will build 1,250,000 nonfarm dwellings per year fo the first 10 years of peace. That would circulate something like $15,000,000,000 a year—a healthful thing fo our entire economy. The main emphasis should be pu on this private building activity. There should also however, be detailed programs for federal public works projects, to take up unemployment gaps as they occur And there should be plenty of crusading against unions and/or contractors that keep new and cheaper material and processes out of the public's reach.

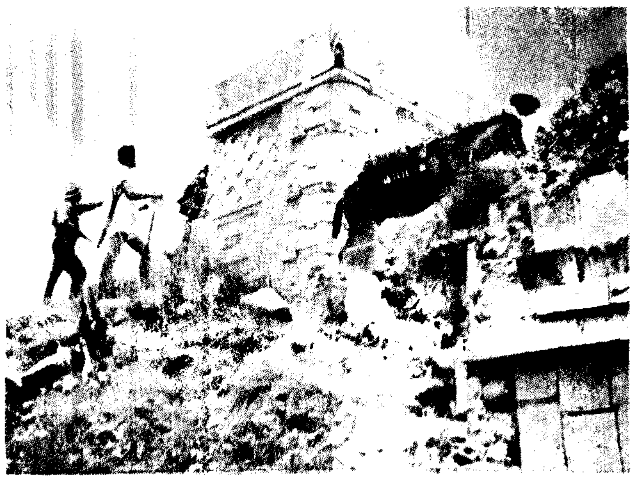
9. *Fiscal Policy.* Vinson hopes our postwar budget, of around twenty-five billions annually, will be handled with the primary aim of sustaining full employment—a term which most of us can understand better than we can define. He is for the proposition that governmen should make work when private industry can't make enough jobs to go around.

And that is the skeleton of Fred M. Vinson's proposals for postwar prosperity all over the United States—steady and stabilized prosperity.

Vinson may not have all the answers—one man alone hardly could have them all—but his proposals at the very least, provide an excellent instrument with which to orientate your own thinking about how to keep a prosperous peacetime economy. At the most they may turn out to be a reliable road map to the most widely prosperous and happiest era that Americans have yet enjoyed. We earnestly hope so.

Discovery [illegible] YUCATAN

1 **"I literally stumbled on it,"** writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky, "- a centuries-old, exquisitely carved Mayan ceremonial bowl. Holding it, I couldn't help wondering what mystic rites it had seen . . . what secrets it could tell of that amazing Indian civilization whose story may never be fully revealed. That was in Yucatan last Spring while I was awaiting Clipper passage to New Orleans – now just 3½ hours away by air.



2 **"The day** had started out as a [illegible] [illegible]nt, but even the teeming game in this hunter's d[illegible] [illegible]nd couldn't compete for my attention with the fas[illegible] [illegible] of the ruins, the brooding, eerie land itself.

3 **"One memorable** experience was swimming in a *cenote* deep beneath the earth's surface. There are no surface streams or lakes in Yucatan. Swim here, and you *must* go underground (or to the beaches) . . .

4 **"Winding up** that day at an henequen plantation was an eye-widening experience too—eye-widening for two reasons: the fields of spiky henequen (source of rope and twine) stretching to the horizon and . . .

5 **"The magnificent hacienda house** dating back almost to Cortez! I felt I'd been transported back three hundred years – till I sipped a treat that's prized wherever civilized moderns meet. No mistaking its distinctive, one-of-a-kind flavor – Canadian Club!"

Even these days travelers tell of being offered Canadian Club all over the earth —often from a cherished pre-war supply. And why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. It is equally satisfying in mixed drinks and highballs; so you can stay with Canadian Club all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

- That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

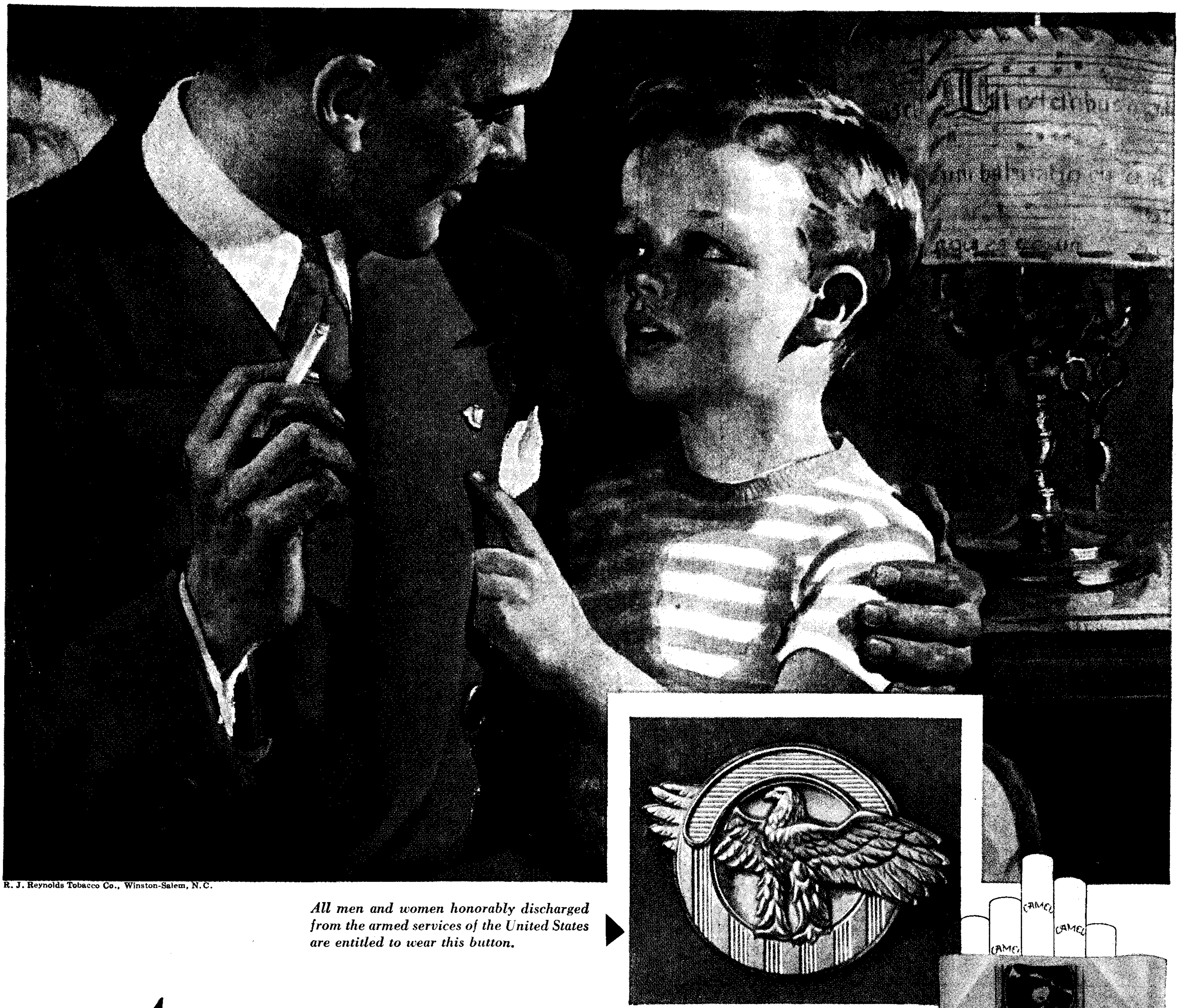
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Hiram Walker & Sons
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

"What does the button say—Daddy?"



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

All men and women honorably discharged from the armed services of the United States are entitled to wear this button.

ACTUALLY, SON, it doesn't really *say* anything. There's no inscription lettered on its face. But in another, larger sense that simple little gilt button in the lapel of your dad's jacket says a world of things.

It says a service well done for our country... for freedom and humanity the whole world over.

It says that America, every American, is proud of the wearer... be it your dad, or any one of the 13,000,000 men and women who, like him, served in the armed forces.

It says that America will not forget their service—but will strive always to make sure that their service was not in vain.

The makers of Camel cigarettes publish this in tribute to the men and women of the armed services, and pledge that as they go on to final victory they have first call on Camels.

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

The Service First Camels

Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard—wherever they go in their winning of the war, they have first call on Camels!

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED